





ENGLISHWOMAN'S
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

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Practical Information, Instruction, and Amusement.

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THE
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.



RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ABOUT COTTON.

It is much to be regretted that so little attention is paid, in the education of children, to the acquirement of information concerning those familiar things which constantly surround

them. Infant prodigies there are who at the age of twelve finger the piano with the rapidity and almost with the precision of a master, who would yet be unable to tell whether the legs of that same instrument were carved with a pen-

knife, or compounded in one of those steam-machines which they saw at the Polytechnic Institution; and many a bright boy could dispute with you the birthplace of Homer, while utterly ignorant as to where his stockings came from. He would probably be in a condition to assert that they had not grown upon his feet; but where and how the cotton of which they are manufactured originally grew, or whether it ever grew at all, that is a question he would defer to your better judgment. And this latter case of ignorance concerning common things is even more heinous than the former; for since cotton is in fact the most important item in the manufactures of the country (not excepting iron)—since it is connected with a branch of industry which affords employment to a far greater number of English workpeople than any other—since, indeed, it is one of the main arteries of our national wealth and most immediately connected with the commercial prosperity of the whole British Empire—not to be acquainted with the manner of its production and the mode of its manufacture is almost unpardonable. We will, therefore, here jot down a few items concerning the growth and cultivation of the cotton-plant, though our remarks must necessarily be restricted by the difficulty of touching so large a subject in so small a space.

Cotton is the product of many different species of a genus of plants called *Gossypium*. This genus or kind is herbaceous, or nearly herbaceous; that is to say, however large or high the plant may grow, its branches are seldom and in few varieties woody. The size of the wild cotton-plant varies considerably, being sometimes three feet, and sometimes even twenty feet high; but the distinctive differences of the plant, which are numerous, have never been sufficiently examined or compared—a neglect which may account for the fact that, until the last five or six years, even the cotton cultivators of the Southern States of America never counted with any degree of certainty upon the crops they hoped for. The plantations might wear a good appearance, might be tolerably well advanced, but the cultivator seldom dared to calculate upon his harvest. Such constant failures of the crops, the disappointment which so frequently recurred to the most careful planters, were charged upon the climate; and there is no doubt that climate has a peculiar influence upon the cotton-plant, from the fact that the situation—damp or dry—of all plants, particularly affects the quantity of down or hair commonly found upon them; and it is an excess of such hair or filament upon the cotton-plant which renders it valuable. Of late years, however, failures of the crop have been far less frequent or important, and

cultivators regard the prospects of each season with greater confidence; we are inclined, therefore, to attribute the disappointment of past years not so much to caprices of climate as to the lack of knowledge, on the part of the planter, of the comparative excellences of various species, and the mode of cultivation best adapted to each.

The cotton-plant as cultivated varies from about four to six feet high. The leaves are downy, and more or less lobed. The blossoms are either yellow or of a dull purple; but the blossoms, as may be supposed, are very little regarded by the cultivator, except as their number and comparative fineness indicate the quantity and size of the seed-vessels which are to ensue in due season. It is from these seed-vessels the cotton is obtained. Each vessel is a capsule, opening when ripe into three, four, or five lobes, and thus exposing the seeds, which are closely enveloped in a filamentous matter. It consists of vegetable hairs, very numerous and of considerable length, which, springing from the surface of the seeds, entirely fill the cavity of the seed-vessel in which the seeds lie. This filamentous matter is the cotton, which adheres to the seeds so firmly that is only separated with great difficulty sometimes. In some sorts it is long, in others comparatively short; giving rise to the common commercial terms of "long staple" and "short staple." Singly, the cotton hairs are very weak, and readily break; and it is only when three or four are twined together that they offer any appreciable resistance. Unlike the fibres from which linen is made, the cotton filaments are flat, and under the microscope resemble transparent ribbands. The material of which linen is made are long tubes or reeds, of a woody nature, which adhere in almost inseparable little bundles. But a more important point of difference between the cotton and linen material is, that each separate tube of the latter, minute as it is, does offer an appreciable resistance to any attempt to break it; which, as we have said, the narrow flat ribband of the former does not. The same superiority is, of course, preserved in the manufacture; and thus our fair readers are acquainted with the reason why linen fabrics are so much stronger than cotton.

The cotton-plant is found wild in both the old and the new world; but there are specific differences between the wild plants of America and those of the old world. It must be observed, too, that the Americans do not cultivate the native plant; but have adopted species indigenous to the Eastern hemisphere. It is said "the situations in which cotton-plants have been advantageously cultivated are included

between the Cape of Good Hope in the Eastern, and between the southern bank of Chesapeake Bay and the south of Brazil in the Western hemisphere. It has not been found to succeed beyond the parallels that limit those countries."

The Southern States of America, Brazil, the West Indies, Egypt, with various other parts of Africa and India, are the most familiar with cotton cultivation. Numerous districts of Asia, apart from India but in common with it, have cultivated it for centuries. The vicinity of the sea in dry countries, and the interior of districts in naturally damp climates, seem the most favourable to its growth; a circumstance which bears materially upon a remark before made. The finest kind, a kind remarkable for the strength and fineness of the filaments that compose the boll, is called "Sea-island cotton," from its having been first (and now chiefly) cultivated in a series of islands stretching along the sea-shore from the mouth of the Santee to that of the Savannah, in South Carolina. These islands are separated from the mainland by innumerable narrow and winding channels, and present a bluff shore and a fine beach towards the ocean; but the opposite sides are often low and marshy. The soil is light, but possesses a fertility unknown in the dead and barren sands of the interior. These lands are protected by embankments from the tides and floods, and the fields are divided and drained by frequent dykes and ditches. Such of them as can most conveniently be irrigated with fresh-water are cultivated as rice-fields; the remainder are employed in the production of the famous sea-island cotton, which almost rivals silk in strength and softness. Sea-island cotton is sown every year; but when cultivated within the tropics the plant will live and yield good harvests for several years.

Contradistinguished from the "sea-island" is the "upland" cotton, a designation expressive of its growth in the interior. It is also called "bowed," from the old process of loosening the seed from the filament, which was accomplished by striking a heap of uncleaned cotton with a bow, the vibrations of the strings (the bow had more than one) causing the bolls of cotton to open and release the seeds from the filaments. Another point of difference between the upland and sea-island cotton, a difference which also gives rise to another local name, is, that the seeds of the former are green, while those of the latter are black: thus the upland is called "green-seed cotton," and the sea-island "black-seed."

By far the greater portion of our imports, as well as the most excellent, comes from the Southern States of America. The cotton from

these States is cleaner and of longer staple than any other. Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida are the most famous for the growth of this kind of produce, though it is cultivated in several other States. Brazil, India, and other parts of Asia supply us with large quantities, and not a little comes from Egypt; but the whole amount from all the rest of the world does not nearly equal the quantity imported from the United States. And enormous, almost fabulous, as is the amount of the raw material imported, it is actually insufficient for the supply of a trade altogether unprecedented for the rapidity and magnitude of its growth. The average crops of the United States for the last ten years are estimated at above two millions and a quarter bales—each bale containing, on the average, 400 pounds of cotton; and of this enormous amount we have taken three-fifths at a price varying from 6*d.* to 5*d.* per pound. We work into yarn nearly two million pounds of cotton *every day*; we have twenty million spindles whirling their rapid course in spinning this cotton into yarn; a quarter of a million power-looms, besides hand-looms, are employed in weaving so much of this yarn as is not exported before weaving; this mass of cotton is spun and woven in two thousand factories, employing daily between three and four hundred thousand persons within the walls, *beside* those elsewhere employed in various departments of the manufacture. These mills require eighty thousand horse-power of steam and hydraulic agency. And the results of this mass of material and labour, as shown in the year 1850, was, that after supplying the home demand, we exported woven cotton goods of the average of four million yards (far beyond two thousand miles) *every day*. Besides this, and besides cotton lace and hosiery, we exported nearly half a million pounds of cotton yarn per day.

Then as to the value of all this, it has been estimated that on an average of the years 1848, 49, and 50, the selling value of the cotton manufactures of the United Kingdom amounted to about £45,000,000, out of which the raw cotton cost £14,000,000; leaving £31,000,000 to be distributed in this country for wages, &c.

And remarkable is the number of Manchester houses engaged in operations quite subsidiary and subordinate to the cotton manufacture. There are bobbin and skewer turners, calenderers and makers-up, card makers, chain and hane (loom) makers, cotton-waste dealers, embossers, engravers to calico printers, fent and patchwork dealers, finishers, fustian shearers, fustian knife and guide makers, heald knitters, iron-liquor manufacturers, jacquard-machine makers, log-wood grinders, loom and warping-mill makers, makers-up and packers, pattern card and book makers, pattern designers, picker makers, print-



THE COTTON PLANT.

Block cutters, reed makers, reelers and makers-up, roller and spindle makers, roller leather makers, shuttle makers, size makers, sizers, spindle and fly makers, stiffeners.*

These statements will give our readers some faint idea of the immense extent to which our trade in cotton has expanded, and will quite prepare them for the fact that these fabrics are exported to almost every portion of the habitable globe. Whenever a savage wears a rag of any sort, it is tolerably sure to be a rag of Lancashire cotton; and nowhere is the produce of our looms more gratefully received than in those very countries where cotton has been the common clothing of the inhabitants for hundreds, probably for thousands of years. It is rarely manufactured in the districts where it is grown, except in India, which still employs its rickety old handlooms in the manufacture of stuffs which no other workmen but Indians could produce from them, so wonderfully contrasted is the fineness and beauty of the fabric with the clumsiness and apparent in-

adequacy of Indian appliances and means. But if no other workmen could produce such fabrics from such looms, it is fair to say that no other workmen could endure the tedium of the process.

Switzerland, we believe, is the only other country which in any material degree directs its cotton manufactures to the supply of a foreign market; and the processes of dyeing and printing have been brought to such perfection in the cantons as to command a large sale in the markets of Great Britain itself. Our fair friends are all well acquainted with the superiority, both in design and colour, of the Swiss cambrics, as well as of the embroidered muslins which reach them, commonly in the form of window-curtains, from the same quarter; though of late years our manufacturers have awakened from those horrible dreams of colour and design they used to perpetrate upon their cloths, and

now commonly produce specimens of taste which may and do rival those of the cantons. A large proportion of the stuffs sold as Swis



POD AND BLOSSOM.

never leave English hands, but their excellence atones for the cheat which ancient prejudice imposes. It is fair to ourselves to state, too, that those beautiful cambrics and muslins which come from Switzerland are often made from our yarn, and are as often English woven cloths, simply dyed, printed, and returned back to us.

We must return for a moment to the plantations, and then adieu. Our readers are aware that these plantations are wholly manned by negroes, who generally work in gangs under the eye of an overseer. Their principal labour is in the picking-season, which no sooner commences than the cultivators urge whip and sinew, reward and punishment, to get in the crops as rapidly as may be. With the early dawn the "hands" are called out of their shanties by the blast of a cow-horn, and, with some little preparation of corn and bacon for the mid-day meal, set out for labours that only terminate with night, or twilight. Stationed before the burdened plants, the negro rapidly picks the tufts of cotton from the capsules, and throws them into a bag or basket at his side, and it is said that "2,800,000,000 cotton-pods have thus to be picked by negro fingers for our annual supply alone." The baskets when filled are conveyed into sheds, and there cleaned from the seeds and other extraneous matter before being shipped. This is mainly effected by means of a "gin," which seems to be of various kinds, but 'all contain teeth, spikes, combs, or saw edges affixed to a rotating cylinder, and made to tear or shake the little knobs so thoroughly as to cause the seeds to separate and fall out.' The plant usually yields two crops a year — one eight months, and one twelve months after sowing, the two gatherings from each plant averaging a pound of clean cotton fibre.

Our engravings will assist this imperfect description.



A PLEA FOR LITTLE WOMEN.

VARIETY is charming, and diversity of taste and opinion is essential and beneficial to all; life is a kind of kaleidoscope, and we view things according to colour and shade, as our imagination or fancy may dictate. Thus, some admire the diminutive, others the stupendous—some the wonderful, others the sublime and the beautiful, others the wild and romantic, and others, again, the still and placid. Some men admire a blonde, others a brunette; some a tall lady, others a short one—so every one to his fancy; but my plea on the present occasion is for the little ladies.

Springs are little things, but they are sometimes sources of large streams. Gems the richest and the rarest, though small, are of great value. An acorn is small, but from it springs the sturdy oak. A word, a look, a smile, or a frown are little things, but powerful for good or evil. A world of meaning is expressed in Yes! or No! They often make a whole life happy or miserable.

A glad smile is a little thing,
Yet how it charms the heart!

The pen seems a little article, but to what useful purposes has it been applied! Its power is legion. Cupid is a little fellow, but he wields a tremendous influence. A wedding-ring is small, but it binds for life. Venus is not large, yet is she beautiful. More pleasurable emotions are excited in viewing anything small than large. It is not the lofty mountain or the foaming cataract which we linger over and remember with pleasure, but the pearly stream, the verdant landscape, the blushing rose, the sweet violet, or the modest lily. In smaller things there seems more beautiful intricacy and delicacy; and the poet says—

The mock-bird and the nightingale
Are small, with tiny wing,
Yet sweeter, clearer music make
Than all the birds that sing.
The smallest flower has brightest hues,
And most of fragrance bears;
Our earth is made of particles,
And oceans come from springs.

Hartley Coleridge says, "In most things I admire brevity, and I am particularly fond of short ladies. I had rather be consorted 'with the youngest wren of time' than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow."

A Yankee poet, in some lines addressed to a little lady, says—

Said Nature, she shall be a first-rate article;
Soul, mind, and person shall not have a particle
Of substance that is not quite divine, ethereal;
But where the dence to get enough material?
It can't be helped—I cannot make her tall—
I'll make her precious, then, but precious small.

In an old magazine, in an article "Little Things are Best," we read—

When anything abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's little of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

The God of Love's a little wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art little, fair as light,
And everything, in short.

We will conclude by quoting a humorous effusion on little ladies, trusting that many of our readers may read their future in it.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream—
A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme;
A pretty little bachelor to win her favour tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride?

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from her pretty little eye,
With her pretty little face behind a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of the pretty little man.

Some pretty "little loves," and some pretty "little dears,"
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little presents, and some pretty little kisses,
Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little blisses.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and the pretty little clerk;

A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
And a pretty little husband had a pretty little wife.

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.—Gurdon, in his "Antiquities of Parliament," says—The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon Witas. The Abbess Hilda (says Bede) presided in an ecclesiastical synod. In Wighlfred's great council at Beconceald, A.D. 694, the abbesses sat and deliberated, and five of them signed decrees of that council along with the king, bishops, and nobles. King Edgar's charter to the Abbey of Crowland, A.D. 961, was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses, who signed the charter. In Henry the Third's, and Edward the First's time, four abbesses were summoned to Parliament—namely, of Shaftesbury, Berking, St. Mary of Winchester, and of Wilton. In the thirty-fifth of Edward the Third were summoned by writ to Parliament—to appear there by their proxies—namely, Mary Countess of Norfolk, Alienor Countess of Ormond, Anna Despenser, Philippa Countess of March, Johanna Fitzwater, Agneta Countess of Pembroke, Mary de St. Paul, Mary de Roos, Matilda Countess of Oxford, Catherine Countess of Athol. These ladies were called *ad colloquium ad tractatum* by their proxies, a privilege peculiar to the peerage to appear and act by proxy.

AUNT SALLY.

My Aunt Sally was a belle and a beauty in her day—for know, fair maiden, that the terms are not synonymous. Many a beauty never was a belle, and there have been belles who were no beauties. But my Aunt Sally was both; and my happiest occupation in childhood was to rummage the top drawer of her old-fashioned bureau (where was deposited a vast collection of lockets, rings, fans, antiquated billets-doux, and other memorials of lovers and admirers, now passed away or changed into unromantic grandfathers or great uncles), while my Aunt Sally sat by my side and gave the history of each flirtation as it was recalled to her mind. But far more valuable, in a practical point of view, was the moral with which she would point each tale, and the shrewd lessons in feminine tactics which she drew from the stores of her experience.

"Depend upon it, my dear," said she, flirting in her still delicate hand a beautiful fan adorned with figures after Watteau—"depend upon it, my dear, there's no use in loving a man too much; it bewilders you, and is no real satisfaction to him; you lose your presence of mind, and cannot really judge what will please him: it's quite enough to have him comfortably in love with you. Now, this fan—it was given me by a young Frenchman. I do believe he would have left his country for my sake, all for the love of '*mes beaux yeux*;' but, child, do you think he would have offered to do such a thing if I had shown that I cared very much for him? Not he! Then it would have been quite enough for him to offer to take me off to France, to live in an old tumble-down chateau with his snuffy old father, the Marquis, and his grand old mother, Madame la Marquise; and a pretty time I should have had of it, when the Revolution came. If I had got back to my own country at all, it would have been without my head, or, at least, with one fastened on with a broad black velvet ribbon, like the woman sitting under the guillotine in the horrid German book you are so fond of reading. As it was, he only tore his hair, and gave me this beautiful fan when he left me; and how much better that was! for he soon got over it."

"It don't hurt a man half so much as you young girls think, to be refused," she continued, taking up a queerly-folded billet-doux, which commenced with "Most respected and admirable Miss Sally," and looked as though Sir Charles Grandison had written it for Miss Harriet Byron. "Now, this note—it's very prettily worded—I don't think young men know how to write notes

to young women now-a-days, they are so free and familiar; well, this note—it was from a Maryland planter, one of the Calverts, a *gentleman* indeed; you never see such young men now, so courtly and dignified; he never met me without bowing over my hand. He was the first man I ever refused; and, do you know, I was simple enough to cry all night about it. Of course I couldn't have him, my dear, for your grandfather, you know, was a Puritan, and would never hear of a daughter of his marrying a follower of 'the Scarlet Woman.' But I thought he would never get over it; he said he never would, and next month he was engaged to his cousin! I knew better, after that, what men meant by saying 'they'd never get over it.'"

Here my Aunt Sally unrolled a piece of silver paper, and drew from it a lock of beautiful chestnut hair. I knew its gloss directly; it was her own. She rolled it over her finger, and half sighed as she went on: "It's one thing to make a man fall in love with you, and another thing to keep him so. An moderate pretty girl who has common sense can do the first, and many an ugly one too, if if she has any kind of understanding of things; but most girls stop there, and let their lovers get into an every-day, matter-of-course way of loving. That's foolish. If a man isn't more in love with you at the end of the year than he was at the beginning, depend upon it you've made some mistake. It all depends on your not being too anxious about the matter yourself; for then you can be grave or gay, kind or cold, as you see best. I wonder what has become of the poor fellow who had this lock of hair! I let him keep it for a week. I suppose I ought not to have given it to him; but, dear me! I was always too good-natured, and it was the fashion just then to wear short curls. He was such a noble-looking fellow, and so devoted. I supposed he dreamed of taking me to his cottage. It was well enough for him to dream, but we should have made each other very unhappy: so I took back my lock of hair, and he went home."

While my Aunt Sally was, half sadly, calling to mind the young hunter and soldier of the Revolution, I had taken a silk bag from the back of the drawer, and was drawing from it a package of letters. She took them from my hand, and as she put them back looked me in the face; her lips quivered, and tears filled her fine eyes as she said, "After all, my dear niece, to a true woman's heart the happiness of loving is far greater than the vain pleasure of being loved."

A woman's heart is "licensed to carry not exceeding one inside."

KATE KILTON.

BY JOHN ST. CLEMENT.

"Pass me that eau-de-cologne bottle, Harriet, there's a good creature," said Kate Kilton to her friend; "for what with the excitement of the last three nights, I feel cold, miserable, shivery, and out of sorts."

The bottle having been duly handed to our dissipated-looking beauty, she proceeded to pour a small quantity into a glass of water, and drank it off at a draught. "There!" she exclaimed, "now I shall be better;" and then looking down at her slippered feet, loose, neglected robe, and throwing back her luxuriant but dishevelled hair, she said, "I wonder what

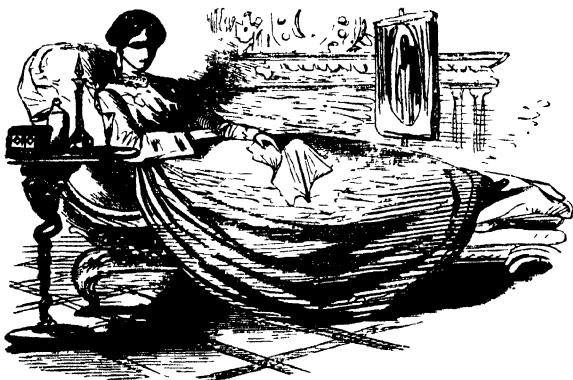
"No," said Harriet, her cheek slightly flushing at mention of the name.

"Do you know, dear, the reason James never flutters about me like the rest?" asked the beauty, turning—slightly excited by the eau-de-cologne and the subject.

"No," said Harriet, "I have no idea, unless it is— No, I've no idea."

"Harriet, I've been thinking about him. He is very well off, I hear; and my funds are getting ridiculously low, and, to tell the truth, I owe a trifle—in short, I mean to marry James;" and Kate spoke with a composure and in a tone of confidence that called forth a strange look of wonder from her friend.

"You—mean to marry James Darrell?" said



some of my admiring slaves would think could they see me *now*!" and then, with a languid movement, Kate threw herself again upon the sofa to which she had just transferred herself from the bed, though the glorious sun had been nourishing and gladdening the more worthy though poorer of Nature's children for some hours.

"What would they think?" returned Harriet. "I doubt if many ever think at all; and as for seeing, I suspect their eyes are far too dazzled to be able to see anything but grace and loveliness in Kate Kilton, however it may be clothed; that is, so long as she can keep up her present position—that *may* make a difference, to be sure;" and there was a slight touch of satire in the tone of Kate's more sober and less flirting friend.

"Ah, you are an odd girl," said Kate. "I don't quite understand you, and am far too lazy to try just now. By the bye, are you going to the military ball to-night? Your friend James Darrell is to be there, I hear."

Harriet slowly and deliberately, her colourless cheeks telling too plainly that something more than interest was connected with her surprise.

"Yes; what is there to be astonished at? He has not proposed, certainly; neither does he speak to me much in a general way—he thinks I'm coquettish, I fancy. But as I *do* know what he *would* like—that's half the battle; and the other half is too easy a matter to trouble *me* much. I shall have pretty well settled it to-night."

"That military ball at — was a thing to be remembered, as it was by more than one or two, who would rather have forgotten it if they could. My eyes seem half-blinded even now by the mere thought of it. The men were certainly not amiss; but bright, gay, and brilliant as they were, the belles bore off the palm. The swan's-down encircling some of their fair shoulders lost its purity by comparison with those rounded forms; while the sparkling eyes, redolent of heart sympathies and mischief, shone more beautiful than any diamond could, from

life and expression being added to their brilliancy. O heavens! as those small and well-turned fairy feet went winding through the witching dance, peeping from out the graceful robes like peris out of paradise, what mortal man but must be held excused if common sense were *not* the standard of his conversation. Yet

movement—all helped to attract if not to enchain admirers. But Kate can be cold as well as gay to night—she can be sober yet bewitching—she can be discreet and coquettish at the same time, in short, Kate has a game to play, and she *can* play it. Why, even James Darrell wonders to see how much she is im-



neither was intellect of a certain class wanting in the scene, the ready compliment and the quick retort, the pointed sally and the cutting repartee, while slander, envy, and all uncharitableness were not missing either, and if many a fancied triumph were achieved that night, many a seed of misery was sown that steyed its thorny growth but in the clay cold grave.

But among the beautiful and the lovely, Kate Kilton was supreme, her fine voluptuous form, her brilliant, speaking eye, now lit with almost too much light, her languid grace of

proved—to see how easily she throws aside those painted moths who *will* burn their wings on the fire of her altar. Really to-night he thinks Kate is as sensible as beautiful, and that combined must form perfection in a woman. James Darrell will, himself, essay a word or two. And so James Darrell does, and finds, or thinks he finds, that what was conjecture before is a certainty now. Kate is without doubt the *beau idéal* of sense, wit, and loveliness.

James Darrell dances with Miss Kilton,

James Darrell accompanies Miss K. to supper afterwards, in short, James Darrell is in the toils; and while lightly placing her cashmere shawl about her beautiful form, James asks permission to escort her home. And so he does.

The air was clear and bright, and the moon looked down unmoved in all her placid beauty on their homeward way, and the silver stars bore witness to the vows and promises interchanged in all solemnity—to be kept or broken who shall say how soon? And oh, James Darrell, where now is all your boasted caution and discretion? Where now, Kate Kilton, those gems which most adorn your sex—the jewels which best befit a woman's brow—honesty, love, and constancy?

"I should think I shall be able to manage with those for a time," said Kate Kilton, while referring her friend Harriet to several piles of linen, silks, satins, laces, and every description of "finery" that an extravagant, reckless girl might think proper to order, regardless of the paying time.

"I should think so, too," said Harriet; "what a sum you must have spent!"

"Spent!" exclaimed the beauty—"perhaps you'll say they're paid for next. Why, my dear Harriet, you must be simple in the extreme. No, indeed—it will be just one of the *little pleasures* James will revel in through *winning* the belle of the season. And after all, this marriage is a bore. It quite worries me. This keeping up the proper and the prudent, and playing propriety, wears me out. I must have excitement of some sort—or die, I shall. By the bye, dear, just pour out a little lime-juice into that glass, and add a little brandy to rectify the acidity—the stand is in the buffet;" and a slight shadow of a blush passed over the face of Kate as she made the latter part of this request. Intuitively she felt the worm was gnawing at her heart, yet had not either strength or energy to crush it under foot.

"Kate," said Harriet, as she performed the kind or unkind office for her friend, "do you really love James Darrell?"

"Love!" returned the beauty, as she replaced the glass upon the table, and a flash of excitement shot from her fiery eyes; "I loved once, Harriet, and shall love no more. But we must not talk of that—enough that it was so; the thought of it maddens me, and drives me to—There, no matter," she added, suddenly rising from her lounge, and walking into the balcony—possibly to cool her hot cheek in the garden breezes. "What do you think of this bracelet? James gave it me last night."

Harriet thought it lovely, and said so. Kate

thought the same, but said it was pretty fair, and that James would have ample opportunities for displaying his taste in that way very soon.

The tan is laid down before James Darrell's residence; and the Death-King is striding with silent tread into the house. There is a hush and a tone of dread pervading men and things. All is quiet, all is solemn; about all there is a stillness and quietude that is overpowering, for in one closely-curtained room lie the ruins of a reckless beauty—the most harrowing of all sights, more especially at the last.

Kate Darrell is dying—has been dying for a year past. The love of "excitement" has been eating its insidious way for six long years of misery to all. James Darrell is by her side, old-looking and wan; his face betokening more of anxiety and fear than either mourning or regret. The expressions of remorse, the maddened ravings interrupted only by the supplications for a few days more of life, the agonising implorings for forgiveness, fall upon his ear, and cut to his heart's core. Writhing in pain lies the "belle of the season." But how changed! No sweet lisping from her little child, just five years old, of "Stay with us, mother dear; do not go away," to soften the rough passage to the grave; no soothing balm from childhood's holy innocence and love on which to rest the hope to "meet again;" but the poor child, pale and frightened, her fair cheeks sunk and wan, the lily growing where the rose should bloom, shrinks in consternation from her mother's grasp.

But the tyrant is at work. See how weak she grows! Cold perspirations stand upon her marble brow, and she stares with a look which, once seen, was hardly ever to be forgotten, expressive of a life's regret, of trembling hope, of memories of wasted years, of virtues sacrificed, of feelings trampled in the dust—all were in that last fixed gaze of misery and woe, while a sense of reason for a moment passes through her mind, and a ray of her old beauty flits across her pallid face, to vanish for evermore.

And the once beauteous, graceful, and bewitching Kate Kilton dies, a victim to a habit which began with a love of "excitement," and ended with loss of reason and the grave. And there she lies, cold and still—the saddest thing this world can show—a mother unmourned, a wife unwept;

QUAINT FOOT-RACE.—In 1778 the Duchess of Charteris beat her husband in a foot-race of two hundred yards for two hundred guineas. The Duchess was allowed (1) to secure her petticoats above the knees.

THE STORY OF MARY WILBUR.

(A scrap of Autobiography found on the body of a woman drowned.)

"WHEN Uncle Holborn's will was read, my dear young brother and I learned, to our amazement, that he had left us utterly destitute. This was so different from all he had led us to expect in his lifetime that we were more than surprised—we were incredulous. But the proof was left before us; it was convincing, indisputable. We were permitted to read the will with our own eyes, and we learned thus, that not only had the grey-headed old man left us penniless, but, by words which I cannot bring myself to write, he had fixed upon my character, with his dying hand, the seal of utter worthlessness! God only knows wherefore this black deed was done—the archfiend must have prompted it. It was a grievous and terrible wrong he did, in daring to fix on me a stain deep and broad enough to cloud my whole life! It was a woe heavier than I had imagined I could bear; but we know not, till the trial is put upon us, how great things it is possible for us to endure.

"Harvey was younger than I. God had greatly blessed him with genius; his soul was finely attuned and keenly sensitive, and the unexpected blow fell upon him even more heavily than upon me for the consciousness of entire innocence of the evil charged upon me, and a firm confidence in the infinite mercy of God, supported me. Oh, how poverty, in comparison with that wrong, seemed a small thing to us!

"Of course it was impossible that we should remain in Hampshire after a charge had been brought against me, which it was out of my power to disprove. We were young, and poor, and destitute. He who had deliberately wrought the great wrong was dead, and his lips were closed irrevocably over that great falsehood.

"From Hampshire, Harvey and I went to Greenbush. We had a few dollars which the poor boy had made by the sale of a picture of his own painting, and with this we set out in life, scarcely knowing whither to go, or in what way to busy ourselves. Our father had been an artist; he lived and died poor. Harvey inherited his genius—both of us his poverty.

"When we went to Greenbush, Harvey resolved to teach drawing, if he could find a small class of pupils. I, who was not in any manner gifted, determined to set him an example of patience and hope, by labouring with my needle; thus thinking to support myself and aid him. For six months we remained at Greenbush, in extreme poverty. We found little encouragement; and without friends, so young and so poor, it was no easy thing for us to work our

way forward. At last we became so destitute that we felt any sort of change would be a relief; for in our case change could not be for the worse. Then we removed to a large city not far distant from Greenbush. Harvey supposed that he should be much more likely to find scholars there; and, as a seamstress, I would surely be able to obtain work.

"My poor brother was not a great proficient in his art. He needed an instructor for himself, for he was only self-taught; but he had more of hope than any other mortal I ever knew, and his sole ambition was to excel in his profession: it seemed great enough to overcome all obstacles. No matter how darkly the days passed with us, we never revealed to one another the despondency within our hearts. We were spared to each other, and we knew that, with health and energy, none need starve in a world that is overflowing with plenty.

"We took lodgings in an obscure part of the great town, in an old house where many other families lived. Our rooms were in the fourth storey—two small apartments, separated by a narrow hall. There were two other and larger apartments on this floor, both occupied by a poor family—a man and his wife, and several children.

"At last, after many unavailing attempts to procure work, through the kindness of Mrs. Hay, whose little girl Harvey was instructing in the first rules of drawing, I was introduced and recommended as a seamstress to a Mr. Woodruff, who kept a large clothing establishment. He promised to supply me with work during the remainder of the winter: this happened on the sixth day of January, a date I can never forget. On the afternoon when this arrangement was made, I returned to my room with the lightest of hearts; though the day was disagreeably wet, and the air damp with heavy fog, it seemed bright and cheerful as a June day to me. I carried with me a large package of work, for which I was to be paid as soon as it was finished. This was one article of the agreement between my employer and myself—the money earned was to be given me at the completion of every job. Oh, how thankful I was then, when I thought of my brother, and of the easy life which we should hereafter lead! No dread of weariness, or of the possibility of failure or fatigue, entered into my head. Work to do, and wages! Ah, it seemed to me that day as though I had reached the very heights of bliss!

"I sat in my room while the shadows of night deepened over the city. A bright fire burned upon the hearth—we could afford that now! and keen was my enjoyment of that warm, penetrating blaze; it was the first time that winter that I had kindled anything like a

good fire. I sat there in the darkness, deferring to light the candle till Harvey should come. Soon I heard a heavy step, a very slow and heavy step, upon the stairway. I knew that it was he; no other person had occasion now for coming up to our storey. Harvey's step had often sounded to me very heavy when he came home fatigued and disappointed. The lodgers who had occupied this storey with us had removed the day before. Supposing, of course, that the person advancing through the hall and entering Harvey's room was none other than himself, I waited for his appearance—most impatiently waited; I so longed to tell him of our good fortune.

"It was probably five minutes—it seemed an hour to me—before I heard his step in the hall again; then there was a tap at the door, and Harvey immediately entered. Certainly it must have been he who had just before come slowly up the stairs, but there was nothing dispirited in his manner, as he stood there looking upon me with the gladdest of smiles. He did not speak, but kissed me twice, and then sat down at my feet. Looking again upon me with that happy smile, he clasped my hand, and exclaimed, 'Long live in memory this day! Mary, we have a fortune at last; the sun shines!'

"Yes, that's the truth," I said, thinking he had heard through Mrs. Hay of my good luck. 'Mr. Woodruff will let me have work enough to keep me busy all the rest of the winter. Won't we live now?'

"To Jericho with your sewing! Don't you know I'm an artist? I've sold my picture, and here, behold! is a twenty pound note! Just think of it! What now?"

"What, to be sure! are you quite certain that you're not a little crazed, Harvey?" I asked in amazement.

"I do so wish now I had shown you the picture before it went," he said in answer, regretfully. 'You didn't know it, to be sure. I've been working on a child-angel's head for several days, morning and evening, in my room. But I fear now you will never see it; for it is sold. Long live this day in memory!'

"Amen!" I shouted, excited as himself; and oh, how long it was before we subsided into calmness, and talked like reasonable beings!

"Harvey had gone out, taking his picture with him; his intention was to visit a celebrated dealer. On the way he was stopped by an old man, who asked to see the painting. When it was uncovered, he looked at it in surprise and delight; he asked my brother what disposition he was going to make of his work, and if he were poor; and then he said he had the exact counterpart of that head among his collection, and he offered £20 for it. This

seemed to Harvey an enormous sum, and he accepted it at once.

"Harvey had taken a violent cold that day, having walked with old, thin boots many miles through mud and thawing snow; and the slight cough with which he was always affected was painfully increased. But this did not trouble him—he thought not at all of it; and when I spoke of seeking an instant remedy, he would not hear of such a thing, declaring that it was too late for me to venture out then, and so he dismissed the subject.

"We did not light any candle that night. The fire-blaze was so cheerful; it made such pleasant light and shadow in the room that we did not need any other illumination. Strong as young giants in spirit, we talked of the great things we would yet accomplish. My dear, young, handsome brother! How his imagination rioted in those delightful visions which flooded his brain!

"It was a moonlit night; the clouds and the mists had given way, and the queen of heaven smiled on the earth. Through the large window at the end of the hall which separated our rooms the light clearly streamed; we needed no candle to light either of us to bed. We would be prudent after all, though we were so fortunate.

"From ten o'clock when I retired till the clock in the spire of St. Mark's told six in the morning, I slept not for a moment. I was so glad, so thankful; I knew then how hard a thing it is to bear sudden prosperity with calmness. But one thought, only one, in all those hours troubled me—the remembrance of the great wrong Uncle Holborn had done me in his death. How could it ever be overcome? The bitter thought took in those still hours that form of a passionate prayer: and oh, how I wrestled with the angel for the blessing of a restored name! Yet even then I felt that it was better to suffer as I did rather than venture, as the old man had, before the Lord of heaven, with a falsehood staining his soul.

"In the morning I sank into a sound sleep. When I awoke again, it must have been near nine o'clock, and there was a sound as of many persons passing along the hall, and in the neighbourhood of Harvey's room. I arose in amazement, and somewhat of alarm, and dressed myself hastily. I could hear men talking all the while with my brother, and heard his voice in answer.

"In a few moments, when my suspense was becoming perfectly agonising, he came to my door, rapped, and called to me. I went out at once. A glance at Harvey's pale face, and the solemn sternness of the men gathered around him, filled me with awful forebodings. He took my hand without uttering a word—his own

were cold as ice—and led me into his chamber I trembled violently, he looked so excited and distressed ‘Be calm,’ he said, with a gently-intreating accent. But I had lost all self-control

fixed his piercing eyes upon me, and demanded, “Give me your name—tell me what you are?” “I am Mary Wilbur, a seamstress, the sister of this young man,” I answered steadily.



“Gentlemen,” he said, then turning to the strangers, “ask this woman all you wish to know.” And Harvey stood back from me, leaving me alone fronting a group of men who looked searchingly upon me.

“One of these persons a commanding, officer-like individual, stepping forward at these words

“What is your brother’s occupation?”

“He is an artist.”

“Where was he yesterday and last evening?”

“Part of the day—that is, in the morning—he was busy with his sketching in my room. In the afternoon he was out till dark giving lessons to his pupils down town. In the even-

ing from seven till ten o'clock, he was in my room."

"Where were you in the afternoon of yesterday?"

"In the street, seeking for work."

"Are you poor?"

"Yes—no, not now," I added thinking of our late good fortune.

"Ah! a fortune has fallen to you, then?" continued my inquisitor, glancing from me to his companions.

"Yes, sir."

"Through whom?"

"Through our own efforts. My brother has sold a painting to a gentleman, and I have succeeded in getting work at Mr. Woodruff's store."

"Look here, madam," said another of the men, with stern impatience. As he spoke, he opened the door of a large closet, which was built when the house was erected, in the wall of the room. I did look, O my God! upon a murdered man, and did not faint nor scream; but I felt that the sentence of a terrible woe was pronounced upon me in that moment.

"The body was bent together and crowded into a box. It was that of a young, slight man, who had evidently come to his death by violent means."

"Have you seen this body before, madam?"

"I drew nearer to the body. I bent my head to look more scrutinizingly upon it; the very blood seemed freezing in my veins, as I did so, and thought of where that corpse was found, and heard that momentous question. I was horror-struck; and for a moment it was utterly impossible for me to utter a word. I turned to Harvey, and his glance instantly reassured me—he was no murderer! Then I felt wonderfully calm and courageous. I answered at once, 'No; I have never seen that person before, either as a dead or as a living man.'"

"My brother was arrested on suspicion of murder. They carried him away to the prison; they left me alone in my misery—my unutterable despair. How those days that followed passed, I know not; they came and went, and were as a long, horrid dream. They left none other than a dream-like trace in my memory."

"At last there came to me a gentleman who had been appointed to defend Harvey. He had visited the dear boy in prison; and he had besought him to come to me and assure me of his entire innocence of that foul deed. And Mr. Curtis wished also to examine me as a witness, before I was called upon at the public trial. The person who was murdered was a young man, an artisan, who had lived in a house but a few doors from the place where we lodged. Neither Harvey nor I had heard even that he was missing. It appeared that he was known by many to have recently become heir to a

small property—to obtain which, it was not doubted, some person had committed the awful crime of murder.

"The body was immediately recognised by the dead man's friends; and in Harvey's room were found tools which had evidently been used for a bloody purpose; and under his bed were found torn and blood-stained clothes. The closet in which the body was discovered was locked—the key found among my brother's things; the door had been broken open by the officers in their search. These men had previously searched through all the lower part of the house. Indeed, the fact that some notorious villains lodged there (of which we were at the time ignorant) had first induced the suspicion that by some of these persons the dreadful deed was wrought."

"Mr. Curtis endeavoured to assure me that there would not be the least difficulty in proving my brother's entire innocence of the crime with which he was charged; but I could not conceal from myself the fact of the great imperfectness of my evidence, and mine was the chief that could be favourably adduced. I had never seen the painting that Harvey sold; the person who purchased it was altogether unknown to either of us; he had not even given my brother his name, but merely purchased the picture in the streets; and there was no clue whereby to discover him. That heavy step upon the stair, which I had supposed to be his, now was I morally certain that another person had entered his room in the night; but where was the proof? Only my conviction. Mr. Curtis wished for testimonials to our past integrity—he wished our friends to come forward, and certify to our good character. Our friends!"

"To this most kind and Christian man, I revealed the sad story of our past life up to that very night which saw the brightening prospect of our future, and he believed me."

"The day of trial came. Until that time I had not seen Harvey since his arrest. My heart died within me as I looked on him then; he had suffered so terribly. The violent cold taken on that dark day which was so bright to us had increased—it had told upon him; for he was very pale, and coughed incessantly."

"The trial was not a lengthened one. It was, of course, a case of circumstantial evidence. Our counsel could do nothing—there was nothing to be done. False witnesses, who testified to the most flagrant falsehoods, were not found wanting. Our ruin was complete."

"They allowed my testimony; but it was outweighed, was made and proved to be nothing worth: all that I could ever was set down on the testimony of an interested person, who was resolved even to swear falsely, if so her brother's life might be saved. Had not the dead declared

that I was unworthy all confidence and respect? Was I not worse than a heathen in the eyes of the pure and holy?

"There was a moment when all hearts were constrained to feel, when many wept. It was when Harvey, at the conclusion of the evidence, arose, and declared before God and man his entire innocence. That sweet and thrilling voice! 'tis ringing in my ear constantly; and that pale, beautiful face, grown at last entirely calm, how is it ever before me! my brother! my brother!

"Many gave credence to his words, I know they did; but the counsel for the Government had not laboured with the jury in vain: they brought in a verdict of deliberate murder, and my darling was condemned to death. When Harvey had finished his earnest, simple statement, I could not resist the frantic impulse that seized me. I stood up in the presence of the mighty throng, and told with voice that never faltered the story of our life. They could not silence me by word or look. I felt that in the moment when they were about to take from me my all, I had a right to put in my protest—they should not work that wrong till I had spoken. 'Anguish worketh inspiration,' and it seemed to me in that hour as though I were inspired and sustained by a spirit not of earth. And they let me speak until, exhausted, I fell to the floor; but my effort was made in vain.

"The day of execution was appointed to be three months from the time of condemnation. The Saturday of every week they suffered me to be with my brother in his cell, and during the other five days I laboured—God gave me strength—to maintain myself. I took lodgings in the house of a poor woman who lived near the prison; all I cared for then was to be near him—to feel that he was near, to see that only a wall of stone interposed between us. That day of the weeks which I spent with Harvey was given to him solely. I comforted and nursed him, strengthened his heart with words which had no balmy influence for me; I made more steadfast his faith, and his hope in Heaven. It was a blessed work the Father in heaven suffered me to do.

"And all this time he was dying—slowly, surely dying; and we both knew it—knew it and were glad. Excitement and despair had given him a death-blow—he would not need that of the law. There was a physician in the prison, a kind, good man, who did much towards allaying the fever of Harvey's mind, but he could not restore the dear boy to health, to life; and it was with joy that we saw this; we could bear all but the thought of that shameful execution for an uncommitted crime.

"His spirit fled away from earth one week

before the sentence was to have been passed upon him. I was with him in that hour alone. I only supported him in his last moments. I only received his last words, his last kiss, his last blessing. My wild sorrow was hushed then; I shed not one tear, but talked with him calmly and peacefully, as though we had been at home, and speaking of an earthly future. I made no effort to call in others when I saw that the time of his departure was at hand. While he lay in my arms, still living, I was strong to bear, for he was mine; but when my tears fell at last upon his face, for one moment, and he knew it not—when I felt the hand which had grasped mine so fondly growing icy-cold—when driving back those tears to my heart which they flooded, I arose and called the keeper, and, pointing to my dead brother, prayed that he might be mine for burial—when I went again from the prison, this plea refused, and sought my dwelling-place, how could I but wonder at the providence of God? How could I keep one human feeling in my heart?

"Sometimes, in my bitterest sorrow, I have wondered if there were indeed a God of mercy. I have had dark and dreadful thoughts; yet, even at such times, I have found my guardian angel. The faith which Harvey kept to the last has tended to re-assure and comfort me. The Almighty is merciful, and shall I hesitate to trust in Him? Shall I not rather prove that trust in hastening from this dreary world? I cannot live in this inhospitable place where human beings have trampled upon and crushed me; among those who have dared take from me the joy of life, who have heaped insult and intolerable wrong upon me, I cannot, I will not live! Father, forgive me, if I hasten before the time!

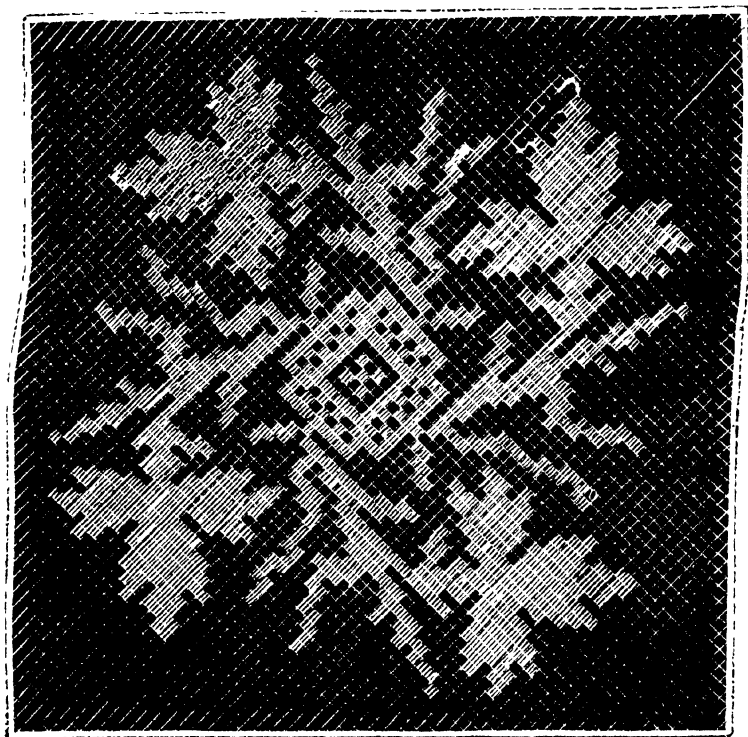
"There is a river dark, and swift, and deep—a current that flows on mightily towards the eternal sea.

"There is a rest for those who weep,
A calm for weary pilgrims found.

"It must be mine. If I fling myself into its embrace, and float on to the land of the redeemed from woe, it is because I cannot longer bear the mortal chastisement. Here I am an outcast from human pity, mercy, and love. There is no strength in the arm of flesh. My heart has fainted, and failed me. To thy surging waters, then, O stream of life, I hasten; bear me quickly to our Father on the eternal shore!"

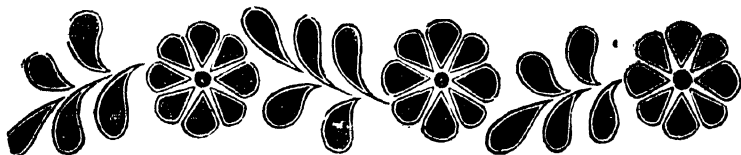
GRACE IN WOMEN.—Hazlitt says, "Grace in woman is the sweet charm that draws the soul into its circle, and binds a spell round it for ever. The reason of which is, that habitual grace implies a continual sense of delight, of ease and propriety, which nothing can interrupt, ever varying, and adapting itself to all circumstances alike."

Netting and Insertion.



NETTED D'OYLEY.

Make a square of netting the size required for a D'Oyley, and afterwards work the design from the pattern given in soft darning-cotton, always taking care to keep the same number of threads in each square and let all run the same way; afterwards finish with either a netted edging or fringe. These D'Oyleys look extremely pretty if the netting is in coloured cotton and the design worked in white cotton.



INSERTION, TO CORRESPOND WITH ENGLISH EMBROIDERY PATTERN, P. 112, VOL. I.

e Fashions.



We think the Paris costume of the present month more elegant than ever. The dress drawn is made of figured silk. The skirt is long and opened fr in the hips, is let in with a breadth of more antique of the same colour, and banded across as in the *Englaving* with velvet. The sleeves are open from above the elbows, and are fastened with bows of the same coloured velvet as the dress. The collar frill and under sleeve in point d'angle. The bonnet is rather larger than last month and is worn much more forward on the head. The one we give is made of satin, with frills of blonde and gauze. A wreath of small pink roses is worn inside. The dress of the little boy is also the newest Paris fashion, and is given to gratify the wish of numerous correspondents.



AN OPERA CLOAK.

To please our fair correspondents, the "Ladies of Hull," we give a pattern of the newest Opera Cloak for the present season. The colour of the Cloak is generally white, with the pattern laid on in crimson velvet: the tassels and the lining of the hood are also of the same colour. Sometimes the Cloak is of a beautiful light-blue. In that case, the braiding, tassels, &c., are in white; which has a very beautiful, chaste appearance.

EDIBLE BIRDS'-NESTS.

AMONG the various articles exposed for sale to the natives in the innumerable streets of Canton, the edible birds'-nests deserve especial notice. They owe their celebrity only to the whimsical luxury of the Chinese, and are brought principally from Java and Sumatra, though they are found on most of the rocky islets of the Indian Archipelago.

The nest is the habitation of a small swallow, named (from the circumstance of having an edible house) *Hirundo esculenta*. They are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet have never been analysed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-coercted, fibrous isinglass, and are of a white colour, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce.

When dry, they are brittle and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose's egg. Those that are dry, white, and clean, are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through them to preserve the shape. Those procured after the young are fledged are not saleable in China.

The quality of the nests varies according to the situation and extent of the caves, and the time at which they are taken. If procured before the young are fledged, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but if the young are in the nests, or have left them, the whole are then nearly worthless, being dark-coloured, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt.

These nests are procurable twice every year; the best are found in deep, damp caves, which, if not injured, will continue to produce indefinitely. It was once thought that the caves near the sea-coast were the most productive; but some of the most profitable yet found are situated fifty miles in the interior. This fact seems to be against the opinion that the nests are composed of the spawn of fish, or of *bêche-de-mer*.

The method of procuring these nests is not unattended with danger. Some of the caves are so precipitous that no one but those accustomed to the employment from their youth can obtain the nests, being only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must often be performed by torchlight, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see

nothing below them but the turbulent surf, making its way into the chasms of the rock: such is the price paid to gratify luxury.

After the nests are obtained, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for the market. The Chinese, who are the only people that purchase them for their own use, bring them in junks to this market, where they command extravagant prices; the best or *white* kind often being worth a thousand pounds per pecul,* which is nearly twice their weight in silver. The middling kind is worth from three to five hundred, and the worst, or those procured after fledging, from thirty to fifty pounds per pecul. The majority of the best kind are sent to Peking, for the use of the Court.

It appears, therefore, that this curious dish is only an article of expensive luxury among the Chinese. The Japanese do not use it at all; and how the former people acquired the habit of indulging in it is only less singular than their persevering in it.

They consider the edible bird's-nest as a great stimulant, tonic, and aphrodisiac; but its best quality, perhaps, is its being perfectly harmless. The labour bestowed to render it fit for the table is enormous: every feather, stick, or impurity of any kind is carefully removed; and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly. The sale of birds'-nests is a monopoly with all the Governments in whose dominions they are found. About two hundred and fifty thousand peculs, at a value of nearly four hundred thousand pounds, are annually brought to Canton. These come from the islands of Java, Sumatra, Macassar, and those of the Sooloo group. Java alone sends about thirty thousand pounds, mostly of the first quality.

* A Chinese weight, equal to 133½ lbs. avoirdupois.

THE BOND OF THE HOUSE.—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *hus* and *band*, which signify the "bond of the house;" and it was anciently spelt "house-bond," and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible after the introduction of printing. A husband, then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles the family into the union of oneness of love. Wife and children, and "stranger within the gates," all their interests and their happiness are encircled in the "house-bond's" embrace, the objects of his especial care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty, and a family's privilege!

SPARTAN MATHIMONY.—The laws of Sparta in relation to matrimony were curious, and might advantageously be brought into use in the nineteenth century. A man was liable to an action for marrying too late, marrying improperly, and for not marrying at all.

THE COSTUMES OF THE WORLD.

We intend to enhance the interest of our Magazine by a few desultory chapters upon dress. We shall not attempt to trace the rise and progress of the hat, or discuss the geographical distribution of the bonnet, nor otherwise enter upon tedious disquisitions; but simply describe, with the aid of illustrations, the costumes which obtain in various portions of this habitable globe. And in order to show that we proceed upon no chronological or geographical system, we hasten at once to assist at the popular toilette in

INDIA.

The costume of the Hindoo woman is peculiarly becoming. It consists of a long piece of silk or cotton tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterwards brought over the body in negligent fold under this they cover the bosom with a short



waistcoat of satia, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls: a variety of gold chains, strings of pearl, and precious

stones, fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They also have gold and silver chains round the ankles, and abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among the former is often a small mirror. They perfume their hair with oil of cloves, cinnamon, sandal, mogrees, and sweet scented flowers, and those who can afford it use the oil or otto of roses, they also make use of henna and antimony, like most other Eastern nations, to heighten their beauty.

The costume of the Mohammedans in India is much like that of the Hindoos, especially the urban, the long white gown, sash, and shoes; but, in addition, they wear full trousers, usually of satin, with gold and silver flowers, and a *calarra*, or short dagger, in their girdle. The Mohammedan women adorn themselves with a variety of jewels, worn over a close gown of muslin, with long sleeves and a short waist; silk or satin drawers reach to the ankles, and transparent veil covers the head.

When the Hindoos and Mohammedans are baptised into the Christian faith, the women lay aside their Eastern dress, and put on a jacket and petticoat; and the men wear as much of the European apparel as they can, with the exception of a coat and stockings, which are only worn on festivals and days of ceremony.

The dress of Hyder Ali, the most formidable enemy the English ever met with in the East, like that of most of the natives of India, consisted of a robe of white muslin, with a turban of the same. The vest, which is fashioned much like the gown of an European lady, is fastened at the body and sleeves by strings; the rest of the robe hangs loosely in folds, so that the grandees of India, when they walk, have a page to support their train.

Forbes gives the following description of the dress of a Mogul lady:—"Her drawers of green satin, flowered with gold, were seen under a chemise of transparent gauze, reaching to her slippers, which were richly embroidered. A vest of pale blue satin, edged with gold, sat close to her shape, which an upper robe of striped silver muslin, full and flowing, displayed to great advantage. A notted veil of crimson silk, flowered with silver, fell carelessly over her long braided hair, which was combed smooth and divided from the forehead, where a cluster of jewels was fastened by strings of seed pearl. Her ear-rings were large and handsome—the ring worn in her nose, according to our idea of ornament, less becoming. A necklace, in intermingled rows of pearl and gold, covered her bosom, and several strings of large pearls were suspended from an embroidered girdle set with diamonds; bracelets of gold and coral reached from her wrist to her elbow, golden chains en-

circled her ankles, and all her toes and fingers were adorned with valuable rings."

The silk-net veil of a crimson or purple



colour, embroidered in silver, which the Mogul ladies wear, either to cover the face or to throw back over the shoulders as an ornament, is similar to that mentioned in the "Odyssey" as being presented by Helen to Telemachus.—

The beautiful queen, advancing, then displayed
A shining veil, and thus endearing said
"Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since in better days by Helen wove.
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride and grace thy nuptial day."

The court of Hyder Ali was the most brilliant of his time in India. His company of comedians was very celebrated, both on account of their riches and the beauty as well as the harmonious voices of the *bayadères* or dancing-girls. The dimpled cheeks of these lovely creatures are tinged a yellow colour, which, though a strange adornment in the eyes of an European, is much admired by the Orientals. Their black hair hangs in flowing tresses to the ground. Their dress is always made of fine gauze, very richly embroidered with gold, and they are covered with jewels. The head, neck, ears, breast, arms, fingers, legs, and toes, have each their own peculiar ornament, and even the nose is adorned with a diamond. Small bells are frequently used as ornaments by these fair maidens.

A zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

The Sikhs, the most rising people of modern

India, next come under our observation. Runjeet Singh, their celebrated chief, like Hyder Ali had a great taste for the adornments of fashion, and was imitated in his love for fine clothes by his whole court, which was in this respect unequalled in all the East.

The Sikhs wear a small, flat turban, which becomes them well, and a short tunic, which only descends as far as the knee, leaving the rest of the leg exposed. Costly brocades and shawls lined with fur are employed by the great for these tunics. The Sikhs wear their hair long; the ladies of the tribe knot it at the crown, and throw over the head a robe, which also envelops the body, and gives them a singular appearance. They pull the hair so tight to form this knot that the skin of the forehead is drawn with it, and the eyebrows are considerably removed from the visual organs.

The glowing descriptions in the "Arabian Nights" are not more gorgeous than the realities often met with in India.



A scene which took place in the Maharnjah's court at Lahore is worthy of description. "The hall of audience is built entirely of marble, and is the work of the Mogul emperors; part of the roof was gorgeously decorated by a pavilion of silken cloth, studded with jewels. The

Maharajah himself wore a necklace, armlets, and bracelets of emeralds, some of which were very large; the nobles likewise displayed upon their persons vast quantities of jewels, and all the court was habited in yellow, the favourite colour of the nation."

The neighbours of the Sikhs, the Scindians, from religious motives, wear garments of dark colour, and form their turbans of tight and round folds of cloth.

The weaving and embroidery of India are justly celebrated, and have been so for many ages. The stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawalpoor are now interwoven with gold, and frequently of a purple colour; and we read that Aurungzebe had a tent lined with Masulipatam chintzes, figured with flowers, so natural in appearance, and of such vivid colours, that the tent resembled a real *parterre*.

The muslin drawers worn by the women in India are frequently most richly and beautifully embroidered with needlework, and some of them are of so fine a texture as only to allow of once putting on. Satins and silks are also embroidered by the hand, in great quantities. One of the garments worn by Aurungzebe is described as having been a vest of white delicately-flowered satin, adorned with a silk and gold embroidery of the finest texture and the brightest colours.

In this country men as well as women devote much time to embroidery; and it is not unusual to see several of the former seated cross-legged on a mat, employed in a manner that in Europe would be considered effeminate, and quite below the dignity of the nobler sex. But in India the needle does not belong exclusively to women: her prerogative is there invaded; and the most delicate patterns of tinted flowers, or muslins fine as the spider's web, are ornamented in gold and silver threads by these industrious workmen.

With the Birmans many articles of daily use as well as of ornament indicate the rank of the possessor. The shape of the betel-box, which is carried by an attendant after the people of distinction; the ear-rings, cap of ceremony, horse, furniture, and even the metal drinking-cup, all indicate the different degrees of society; and we be to him who assumes the insignia of a rank to which he has no legitimate right!

The common dress of a man of distinction consists of a tight coat with long sleeves made of muslin, or of very fine nankeen, and a silk wrapper fastened at the waist. The court-dress of the nobility is very becoming: it is formed of a long robe, either of flowered satin or velvet, reaching to the ankles, with an open collar and loose sleeves. Over this there is a scarf, or flowing mantle, that hangs from the shoulders; and on their heads they wear high caps made of velvet, or silk embroidered with flowers,

according to the rank of the wearer. Ear-rings are an indispensable part of the attire. Some of them are made of gold tubes about three inches in length, expanding into a ball at the lower end; others consist of heavy masses of gold, the weight of which often drags the ear down to the extent of two or three inches.

The Birman women have their distinguishing ornaments as well as the men. Their hair is tied in a bunch at the top of the head, and bound round with a fillet, the embroidery and jewels of which mark their respective ranks. Their dress consists of a short chemise, and a loose jacket with tight sleeves. Round their waist they roll a long piece of silk or cloth, which reaches to the feet, and sometimes trails on the ground.

When women of distinction go abroad, they put on a scarf or shawl made of silk, which they throw round them with much grace and elegance. Women in full dress stain the palms of their hands and their nails of a red colour, and rub their faces with powder of sandal-wood, or of a bark called *sunneka*. Both men and women tinge the edges of their eyelids and their teeth with black, which in the latter case gives them a disagreeable appearance. The lower class of females often wear only a single garment, like a sheet, which, wrapped round the body and tucked in under the arms, descends to the ankle. (See the second illustration.)

Men of the working-classes also wear a very limited quantity of clothing; a mantle or vest is, however, highly prized in the cold season.

Their neighbours, the inhabitants of Siam, wear very little clothing, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the excessive heat of the climate. People of rank tie a piece of calico round the waist, and allow it to hang down to the knees. The lower classes wear a garment that resembles breeches. All have a muslin shirt without a collar, and open in front, with large loose sleeves, and no wristbands. When the weather is cold, they throw a piece of painted linen over their shoulders, like a mantle, and twist it round their arms.

The women's dress is much the same. They wrap a cloth round the waist, and let the ends hang to the ground; they also cover the neck and shoulders, but never wear any ornament on the head. They cover their fingers with rings, and wear numerous bracelets and immense ear-rings. All classes have very pointed shoes, but no stockings.

The king is distinguished by a vest of rich brocaded satin, with tight sleeves to the wrist; and it is unlawful to wear this dress unless it is presented by the sovereign as a mark of favour to a subject.

The court wear red dresses, and the king a cap shaped like a sugar-loaf, surrounded by a

circle of precious stones, and fastened under the chin. Officers of rank have coronets of gold or silver. In travelling, hats are used; but in general no covering is worn on the head. The hair is very thick, and both sexes cut it quite short to the ears; the women make it stand up straight from the head. Beards are never worn in Siam.

MY BROTHER TOM.

BY PATIENCE PRICE.

THERE was a thought of naming him Isaac; at least, that was my mother's thought when Tom was born, for he was the child of her old age. But my father would not listen to it; and so he was christened Thomas.

There were before him six of us, myself the eldest—Miss Price by courtesy, and of the same name still, for no one has thought of changing my patronymic. I am now aged—but no matter; while there is life there is hope, and I can boast the experience of four married women and one married man. I will not anticipate, but begin at the beginning. It is of Tom that I am to speak, and not of myself; and if my own story comes out incidentally, I hope to be acquitted of egotism. Sure I am that I have been so Thomas all my life that I am not quite sure of my own identity.

When Tom was born, there was great rejoicing. For a short time there was also great contention; for my four young sisters and I clamoured which should hold the baby. Mother settled the dispute, and, to my infinite complacency, said, "Let Patience have him; she is the eldest." Short-sighted child that I was, I was delighted at this decision. I am older and wiser now. With what importance did I then assert my right and prerogative! Nobody could hold the baby but mother and I. The young tyrant soon learned to tolerate no one else, and he grew to us like a fixture. To his mother he clung from necessity; to me for recreation. He crowed and shouted with delight at my appearance, and gave his first tokens of appreciativeness by putting out his arms to me. I was in ecstasy. It was delight—triumph; and in the first magnificent feeling of womanly consequence, I twisted up my hair and put in a comb.

"Bless me!" cried my father, "how like an old woman cut short!"

"Indeed," said my mother, "Patience is quite a woman, and I should not know what to do without her."

"Humph!" said my father; but his eye caught the reflection of a grey hair or two in the mirror opposite, and he said no more—if saying "humph!" be saying anything. And I inwardly resolved that the tucks in my present

frocks should be "let out," if the baby ever gave me an opportunity, and that the next should be of greater longitude. Why not? I was in my fifteenth year. It is wonderful how in some respects brother Tom brought me forward; and if in others he has kept me back, perhaps that is only compensatory justice.

My father died when Tom was four years old. Poor little Tom! he was very fond of him, and showed a knowledge and a feeling quite beyond his years in his lamentations. Mother was inconsolable and helpless, and Tom was fastened on me more closely than ever. I was only sixteen, but seemed a woman grown, so much had household cares and duties brought me forward. I was the admiration of all our friends, and was pointed out as the model daughter. Such indeed I was; but if there had been less model in me, my mother would have more wisely shaped herself, and my sisters would not have been quite so useless. I tried to direct them. They rebelled. I appealed to my mother, and she said, "You are a dear good girl, Patience, and it is easier for you to do all than to ask them." They felt the rebuke, and I the praise; and, while they tried to do more, I strove to anticipate them. So at eighteen I was housekeeper in fact, and my mother only my police-force, in last resort, to quell rebellions. It was all on account of brother Tom, for he had placed me in my dangerous elevation.

As Tom grew to boyhood, he became the apple of my eye, and the pride of my life. No lad in the neighbourhood was better dressed. While my sisters slept, and my mother dozed and wondered, my frocks, scarce worn, were transformed into fancy costumes for little Tom. Oftentimes I scripped a pattern, or bought just a little more, to fit him out in a jacket or sack of brilliant colours. I was delighted when the little rogue said, "All Patty's frocks made of a bit of mine!" That idea grew with him. He thought—bless the man! he thinks now—that I and mine, soul, body, and wardrobe, are part of him and his!

Young friends began to cluster about the house. There were five Miss Prices, and it would have been misprision of treason against Cupid if no man called on them. Young lady-friends of my sisters brought their brothers, then the brothers came of themselves, and then their friends came with them. In our bloom we were quite the fashion. We were pretty and well bred, accomplished, and not very poor. In a word, we were respectable. And my eldest brother William, he had his friends too. So, on the whole, in our set we were quite the fashion.

We! I had forgotten. *They,* I should say—for where was I? Overshadowed by Tom—brother Tom—dear brother Tom! At eight

years of age he would not go to sleep unless some one sat in his room. Sisters had company. The housemaid, like all housemaids, was *always* out. Mother was busy. "Couldn't I just sit in his room and draw up his day's rents, or sew a button on to-morrow's trousers?" I could just do nothing else. The company was always sisters'. And Tom waked up and cried so. It was croup, or carache, or colic, or cholera morbus, or terror, or—no matter what. Sister Patience was the catholicon, the panacea, the anodyne. The others always asked, "How can you hear him cry so?" It was as if I alone had the key of his vocal organs, and the charge of grand pacificator. Our guests must not hear his noise; but nobody thought of anyone's quelling the riot except Patience. All fell on poor me! And this was in part the reversion of my mother's praise—"Patience is the eldest. Patience is quite a woman." I submitted, and looked forward with hope.

I waked from my dream to hear that sister Carry was to be married! She was the next eldest, and had fairly, or rather unfairly, stolen my turn. Thomas—dear brother Tom—consoled me. "You won't go and get married, and go away to leave us, will you, sister Patty?" And mother, with a sigh, said, "No, Tommy, sister Patty is too good a daughter. We could not live without her." There was a half tear in mother's eye, and a whole one in my own. It was not that I wanted to be married. Oh, no! But any other servant who had been so long in the family would have been trusted with the secret before quite all the arrangements were determined on. However, I had some solace. Caroline grew affectionate. There were worlds to do, and sister Patience—dear sister Patty—was quite in request. She helped to get up various dresses, and even Tom was a little taken off her hands. I must say, however, that they neglected him. His hair was not half combed, and his jackets got all out at elbows; and, to crown all, they made him sick with cake; and I held him on my knees in the nursery, while my sister Caroline promised to love, honour, and obey at the church. They were all so sorry! "But then," they said, "nobody could take care of Tom but sister, and they were afraid he would be sick." Why didn't they prevent it?

I need not dwell on collateral matters. All were married, brother Will bringing up the rear—*all*, I mean, except Tom. He grew up to a fine lad, and sister Patty became more obsolete than ever—obsolete except in cases of croup, convulsions, christenings, fittings out for the country, and the other demands of a baker's dozen of aunts and cousins. In the ailments of all their mothers, sister Patience is invaluable. *But these things are not my theme.*

I only mention them in vindication of my boast before spoken, that I have the experience of four married women and one married man.

Now came Tom's youth, and now came my hardest trials. Four young married sisters and a brother kept open house for him. Sister Patience dropped in upon them with their mother in a sociable way. Brother Tom was the Mercury for each. He sang at their young parties, and turned over the pages for musical misses. Sister Patience never was asked, for they "knew she would not come." How they knew without asking is a mystery to my powers of divination. Sister Patience never would get married—for who could take care of Tom? Mother could "visit round," or keep house very comfortably alone—but poor Tom! They were horrified on his account, mother and all. And sister "was really getting old; she never liked society, and she could not begin now."

Heigh-ho! I found I had raised a brother for my sisters. I was always his favourite—when he was sick; I was his dear sister—when there was a vest to embroider; I was his angel—on slippers and watch-cases; his divinity—when he needed a new dozen of shirts. But the others found him such a delightful stop-gap when their husbands were morose or busy, and would not go out, so useful in summer picnics and winter parties, so capital a hand to fight up to the box-office for star-tickets, that mother and poor I had no knowledge of him except to keep his wardrobe in order; and that all fell on me. Mother declared that Patience always was such an assistance to her! And to think that Tom has the assurance to offer me a shilling's worth of entertainment at some wandering lecturer's levee once every winter, and, because of civility, goes away and declares that he would gladly wait on me out, but I prefer to be at home with mother! "She is so good and daughter-like!" Was there ever such kind appreciation!

I cannot understand where the man spends his evenings—all his evenings. I know that a portion of them are spent at his sisters'; but where does he wind up? He is always out till eleven o'clock, and often until midnight. His clothing, his hair, his very imperial, stuff dreadfully of cigars. And yet he is a great invalid, my brother Tom. He never has any appetite in the morning, except when I can manage to get up something unbecomingly for him. He frequently begs me to bring him a cup of coffee, to his _____ that I cannot refuse. I rebel inwardly; but when I see his face—Tom is handsome—and when he "dear sisters" me, do? I am so afraid he will get married, and his wife will not take half care of him! He is so fragile and delicate! Several times he

has attempted business, but is always driven back by indisposition. Indeed, the very thought seems to throw him into a fever.

My mother is as anxious as I am. She says Tom is the stay of the house, now that the others are all gone. (I am only a parenthesis, and can be dropped out.) Indeed, he does furnish us with occupation—mother with sighs, and wonders, and ejaculations; and me with labour, from morn till dewy eve, and so on till midnight. Something is always to be said, or feared, or hoped for Tom. That is mother's province. I have her to cheer, and Tom to labour for. I could wish that he were a thought more grateful and considerate; but mother says that all men are like him, and that they feel more than they express. Indeed, it is to be hoped they do.

There is an end to patience, and I fear sometimes Tom will make an end of me. He cannot pack his trunk. He cannot even hang up his coat. He does not so much as put away his tonsorial apparatus. He drops his garments, pocket furniture, his books, papers, pencils—everything but his loose change—all over the house, and for whatever he wants raises a hue and cry like Giant Grim for his supper. He borrows all the money I have, and anticipates mother's semi-annual dividend. He dines out on a sovereign, wines and cigars included, and mother economises a half-crown on her marketing and treats herself to "a tea dinner." All his shirts must be made in the house, and my eyes ache over the fine stitches. Mother says that what it would cost to make them fit for Tom's wear is an item in housekeeping, and must be saved. That is true, and I submit. But I overheard him say the other day to a friend who sometimes calls to take him out, when he might chance to stay at home, that if he (the friend) could find cigars fit to smoke for a guinea a pound, "it was an object." He (brother Tom) could find none under thirty shillings. And I am sure he smokes a box in a week—I mean a month. And is not eighteen pounds a year a pretty item to burn up? say, mamma! And must we eat cold mutton and hash to his *ragouts* and *palés*, and turn the carpets, and renovate the beds, and alter the curtains, and buy our frocks off the same piece, that my skirt may make her a new body, and *vice versa*, that he may figure at the West end, and quarrel about opera people? Must I make fifty shirts to find him in smoke for a quarter? Must we do the shabby-genteel to keep him in cruet suppers, and not save enough in a year to give him extras for a month?—and, after all, he be "ashamed of our appearance!" O Tom, dear brother Tom—*dear* with a money mark, which is worse than dear with a vengeance! And yet I love the fellow!

It is wonderful the troops of friends he has, and the hopes he entertains from them. He is quite a Mæcenas in a small way; a patron of the fine arts. His portrait is extant in as many forms as a popular preacher's—all presents; first attempts of aspiring genius, presented with compliments, but costing each, in the long run, more than a miniature by the most celebrated artist of your acquaintance, dear Mr. Editor. He is always "forced by position" to take boxes at benefits, and figures in complimentary committees. Such very neat presents as he receives from various people! And so many, many times he has been groomsmen! The brides all say he has such a delicate taste in his presents on such occasions! My bonnet has been altered the third time after the fashion-plates of "La Follet"—and by my own fingers! I *did* intend to put new material in the last time, but dear brother Tom had a wedding-tour to make. He couldn't be mean. He did not want to go, and he told me so when he borrowed my last sovereign, and mother's too. "Dear Patty," he said, "I wish I was out of it. My friend offers to pay all the expenses; but that would be small in me to accept, you know." So off he went. I did keep back a reserve fund, of which he knew nothing; but a tailor's bill came in, of his, while he was gone, and swept the last corner of my *porte-monnaie*. I did not want mother to hear of it, so paid it, and said nothing.

People say it is all our own fault—mother's and mine—that we have spoiled him; but his younger sisters and their set need not make him such extravagant Christmas and New Year's presents. They know he will not be outdone, though his mother and I go naked for it. If he is spoiled, how is he to be unspoiled?—that's what I would like to know; and what ~~am~~ I to do? Do tell me, dear Editor; for in a few months or years more I shall be a ruined spinster. He has even now begun his approaches to induce mother to mortgage the house, which she holds in her own right, that he may "go into business." Business, indeed, it will be! I shall have to take up his notes for him, for anything harder to draw than an Havana cigar will certainly make him hopelessly sick.

P. S.—Tom is to be married!

I have just learned it, confidentially, from mother. And he has actually, the ingrate, served me as all the rest did! And they have combined to entertain mother at a round of visits among them; and the house, the old family mansion, is to be mortgaged, to refurbish the parlours; and my room is to be taken for the bridal chamber; for Tom, dear brother Tom, says it is the best in the house. And I ~~am~~ already looked to for various ~~emblems~~ and

preparations. Tom says he will give me a home as long he lives. Will he, indeed? And am I to be Aunt Pattied quite into my grave by a troop of new-comers? Am I to hold the babies while my new sister receives her guests? Am I to take care of Tom's wardrobe while he and his bride are spending evenings out? O Tom, dear brother Tom!

Shall I submit? What else can I do?

SECOND P. S.—I am to be married!

A widower, with ten children, has proposed, and I have accepted him. That is about the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time, instead of being brother Thomas into a nonentity. I would not accept any man if he had one child less, for ten is the very least number that will give me a title to stay at home and mind my own business. The care of my six sisters' and brothers' families threatens to be quite too onerous; and since Tom turns me out of my own house—fairly and properly mine—and then coolly offers me, with great condescension, a part of my own, "as long as I live," it is high time I sought a more permanent establishment.

Thomas is highly indignant. Even the girl in the kitchen declares against my marrying a "widow man." My mother begs me, on account of "poor Tom," to think better of it. Poor Tom, indeed! Where is poor Patience? If the boy will get married, his wife may take care of him, and I wish her joy of it.

Here end the confessions of a maiden sister; for, before this appears in print, Miss Price will be no more. I ought, perhaps, to go back and correct the doubts at the beginning of my confessions; but no matter. I might harmonise some apparent incongruities; but they are no matter either. The thing, as it stands, is a sort of a diary, which Miss Price leaves as a legacy to the mothers of our land, to warn them against patting and wheedling girls of domestic inclinations into old-maid nurses of brother Toms. Let the boy creatures learn to take care of themselves!

But then, after all, I do hope, when my son is born, that his ten eldest sisters and brothers will be kind to him!

CHILDREN may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind Nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is more happy than the duke's. Free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

WONDERFUL CHILDREN.

It is a curious fact that in the present times we have none of those precocious prodigies so numerous in the olden time. It seems to have been one of the peculiar privileges of the wisdom of our ancestors to produce those infant miracles of learning and science, the "admirable Crichtons" of the nursery, who studied in cradles and lectured from go-carts. "I was not," says the quaint but most amusing Mr. Evelyn, "initiated into any rudiments till I was four years old; and then one from taught us at the church-door of Wotton!" This—"till I was four years old"—marks his conviction of his own backwardness, in comparing himself with other children of his age and times; but it was more particularly in reference to the superior wit, talent, and learning of his own son, at that early period of his brief existence, who was, to use his afflicted father's words, "a prodigy for wit and understanding." A prodigy, indeed! for, "at two years and a half old, he could perfectly read any of the English, French, Latin, and Gothic characters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly," &c. &c.

The termination of this most short, splendid, and unnatural career is worth remarking: "He died," says Evelyn, "at five years, after six fits of quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visit him; though, in my opinion, he was suffocated by the women and maids who tended him, and covered him too hot with blankets, as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire (in a quartan fever)!" I suffered him to be opened, when they found he was what is vulgarly called livergrown! What a picture! what a history of the times, the state of science, and the wisdom of our ancestors! In the first instance, the attributing an infliction to the Divine visitation, which was, at the same time, assignable to vulgar nursery-maids and hot blankets. In the next, the vain father not perceiving that the genius of his child was but disease, and his supernatural intelligence only the unnatural development of faculties, most probably produced by mal-organisation, which the style of his rearing and education was so calculated to confirm. "Before his fifth year, he had not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all nouns, conjugate the verbs, regular and irregular, learned out 'Puerilis,' got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, construe and prove what he had read, knew the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's 'Janua,' and had a strong passion for Greek."

This is too frightful—it makes one shudder.

to transcribe it. Such, however, was the education by which an accomplished and really knowing parent—knowing for the age in which he lived—hesitated not to hurry his wonderful child to an untimely grave.

Such, however, were the times when learning was dearly prized, and knowledge little diffused; when monastic universities, founded by the Church, through the influence of its royal and noble dependents, were the sole depositories of the little that was known worth the labour of acquiring; and when the most learned of the community had less solid practical information than the operative mechanics of the present day. Such were the times when plague, pestilence, and famine were events of ordinary occurrence; when corruption in morals and baseness in politics flourished, even to the extent of surrounding a king at the altar of his God with the ministers of his vices, and converting the "brightest" and the "wisest" into the worst and meanest of mankind. These were the times of the most brutal ignorance in the people, and the greatest profligacy in the nobility; and these were the times that produced such learned little prodigies as young Evelyn, under a system of education calculated to make such prodigies; but not to form citizens for a free state, nor legislators for a great nation.

Whatever may have been the natural abilities of this poor child, to have made such a progress in the learned languages at five years old he must have been the object and victim of a very laborious system of study, all applied to the exercise of his memory. He must, therefore, have submitted to close confinement in warm rooms, to the privation of air and exercise, and to a sedentary and cramped position; and he was probably much injured by the gross habit of eating and the want of personal purity so remarkable in an age when meat was devoured three or four times a day, even by the most dainty, and when general ablutions were resorted to more as a remedy than a daily habit.

The overworking of the brain at the expense of all the other functions must also have had a fatal effect even on children of robust temperaments; and the Indian practice of flinging their offspring into the sea to sink or swim, as strength or feebleness decided, was humanity and civilisation to the system pursued in times quoted with such approbation—a system by which infant intelligence was tortured into intellectual precocity, and hurried to an early tomb under the precipitating concurrences of "maids, women, hot blankets, and excessive hot fires."

What is most notable in all this is that Mr. Evelyn, the father of the unfortunate infant, was one of the cleverest and most advanced men of his time, and much celebrated for his translation of, and his essay prefixed to, the "Golden

Book" of St. Chrysostom, "concerning the Education of Children."—LADY MORGAN.

THE MANY CAN ALWAYS HELP ONE.

A SONG.

SOME sayings are censured because they are false,
Some are valued because they are old,
But there's one for its truth that most truly deserves

To be written in letters of gold.
That this is the case I've no doubt you'll agree
With the singer before he is done—
" 'Tis little for many that one man can do,
But the many can always help one."

Our health may be jolly, and all may seem well,
Our prospects be cheerful and bright,
But blights fall in summer, and health may decay,
While our prospects grow dark as the night.
'Tis then that the truth of the saying is seen,
When the good that it teaches is done—
" 'Tis little for many that one man can do,
But the many can always help one."

Then as to misfortune we're all of us prone
(To deny it but few will presume)—
Since prudence and care will not always prevent
The ^a1 proach of dread poverty's doom—
As we know not how soon we assistance may need,
Let our duty be readily done :
" 'Tis little for many that one man can do,
But the many can always help one."

M. F. W.

THE PAX.—No article so simple, perhaps no thing at all, confers so many benefits to society, or adds so much to the happiness of mankind. It enables the wise to bequeath wisdom more precious than gold to posterity. The good can by its means speak to the senses, soothe the rugged spirit, and pour balm into the wounded mind. Daily it refreshes and enlightens the minds of millions; and, not the least of its virtues, it enables friends to hold sweet converse, to exchange ideas, indulge in the courtesies of civilised existence, and add to each other's happiness though widely separate. Nations may go on erecting statues to their warriors and statesmen; but there are many who receive the honour far less deserving of it than the man who first cut a quill, or even than the man who instituted the penny postage.

NEW MUSIC.

HELP FOR THE TURK.—Written by J. St. Clement, composed by J. T. Cooper. London: Sheppard, Newgate-street.—In the old days of Greek and Hebrew history, and later in the times of chivalry, the song was inseparable from the sword. Legions went to battle chanting hymns of war; and when they came from battle were met by bands of virgins, who, with cymbal, and tabor, and their own more musical voices, proclaimed the bravery and the victories of the soldiers. Much as we admire, however, the picture which the mere imagination of such a scene presents, we by no means recommend its revival to our fair readers; such an exhibition of female patriotism would be more calculated, perhaps, to astonish than to gratify our gallant warriors upon their arrival at the dépôt of the South-Western Railway. Nevertheless, we think it their decided duty (the ladies, we mean) to sing patriotic songs in the parlour, and recommend "Help for the Turk" as a very good song to begin with. Both words and music are stirring; it is, in fact, a capital song.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.—Under this odd title a work of fiction lately appeared in America, and has created quite a "sensation." It has been republished in England, in cheap form, and is certainly an excellent story—graphic, original, and deeply interesting. It has, besides, the advantage of being "a story with a moral," pathetically told; and gives us the most unvarnished idea of society in America we have yet obtained. That the work will be received here with at least great favour, therefore, we have no doubt.

FRENCH SURGERY.—The following anecdote is told of Sir Astley Cooper. On visiting the French capital, he was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the Empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat in surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lose them all; but de operation was very *brillante*."

"I was travelling," says M. Blaze, "in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses, I saw a good-looking poodle dog (*chien caniche*), which came to the coach-door, and sat upon its two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something. 'Give him a *sou*,' said the postilion to me, 'and you will see what he will do with it.' I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, ran to the baker's, and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account."

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

TO COLLAR BEEF.—Choose the thin end of the flank of fine mellow beef, but not too fat; lay it in a dish with salt and saltpetre, turn and rub it every day for a week, and keep it cool. Take out all the bone and gristle, remove the skin of the inside part, and cover it thickly with the following seasoning, chopped small: a large handful of parsley, the same of sage, some thyme, marjoram, pepper, salt, and allspice. Roll the meat up as tight as possible, bind it in a cloth with tape, and boil gently for seven or eight hours. Put the beef under a weight while hot, without unfastening the cloth; the shape will then be oval.

HAM TOAST.—A quarter of a pound of ham, minced fine, the yolk of an egg, a table-spoonful of cream, and a little good gravy, seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil all together. Have ready some toast, and pour upon it; cover it with fine bread, and brown it nicely.

SEA-KALE.—Cut out the black part of the roots, well wash them, and tie them together about six in a bundle. Boil as asparagus, and serve in the same manner, with a toast under, and melted butter or cream sauce.

POTATO-SNOW.—Pick out the whitest potatoes, put them in cold water; when they begin to crack, strain and put them in a clean stewpan before the fire, till they are quite dry and fall to pieces; then rub them through a wire-sieve on the dish they are to be served in, and do not disturb them afterwards.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Pound the coral, pour on it two spoonfuls of gravy; stew it with some melted butter, and then put in the meat of the lobster. Let the whole boil up once, and add a little lemon-juice.

A GOOD SAUCE FOR STEAKS.—Pound fine one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, an ounce of salt, half an ounce of grated horse-radish, and the same quantity of shalots carefully picked. Put these ingredients into a pint of mushroom ketchup or walnut-pickle, and let them stand for a fortnight; when it may be strained and bottled. Either pour the sauce over the steaks or mix a little in the gravy.

OXFORD PUDDING.—Halt a pound of grated bread, halt a pound of currants, six eggs, a little nutmeg, three quarters of a pound of sugar. Mix together, and boil one hour.

BRITISH CLARET.—Mix well a quart of cider with an equal quantity of port wine, and add two ounces of French brandy; fine down, and bottle at the end of five weeks. A most excellent wine is the result.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES IN WINE.—Put a quantity of fine large strawberries into a wide-mouthed bottle, and strew in three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine, or sherry.

SAGO PUDDING.—Boil a quart of new milk with five or six spoonfuls of sago, with lemon-peel, cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar. Mix with four eggs, put a paste round the dish, and bake in a slow oven.

Wit and Wisdom.

The following is the conclusion of a conversation between two high-spirited Irishwomen, who were enjoying a "dudeen" together:—"Bother the Reform Bill, Judy," said the lady in the variegated petticoat; "what good has it done us?" "Devil a bit, that I know of, darlint," said the heroine in the military jacket. "You've just guessed it, sure; myself is the one that got nothing at all, at all, by the Reform Bill; but by the cholera I got seven good yards of flannel." "True enough, darlint, the cholera's the thing; and, with the blessing of God, we'll have it again this season."

A common councilman's wife, who had been his servant, paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered, "Pretty good, madam. Miss is very attentive; if she wants anything, it is a *capacity*; but for that deficiency, you know, we must not blame her." "No, madam," replied the mother; "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before, for her father, thank God! can afford his daughter a *capacity*; and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; but for my part, I hold a middle course, and allow you to wear it on one cheek."

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest stings.

Those who command themselves command others.

A horsedealer had a son, who, being a lad of spirit, proposed as a novel experiment, to open a stable on the principle of honest dealing; but the father, prudent man! discouraged the idea, remarking that "he disliked speculation."

An American paper states that a minister baptising some negroes in the Missouri, having allowed a fat negress to slip through his fingers into deep water, where she was drowned, exclaimed with great *sang froid*, "There's one gone to glory! Fetch another!"

Egotism is a horse that never tires.

Lawyers are like nutcrackers; if you come between them, they are sure to make you come out of your shell.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions when performed by ourselves.

We are grumblers against fate fairly to compute the hours which they pass in ease and pleasure, they would be found far to exceed those which are spent in pain, either of mind or body.

A good name will wear out; a bad name may be turned; but a nick name lasts for ever.

No man ever offended his conscience, but, first or last, it was revenged upon him for it.

The vine bears three kind of grapes: the first, pleasure; the second, vice; the third, repentance.

Things worth Knowing.

FLOWER POTS FOR ROOMS.—Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in this moss; it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament a drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt, by the earth washing out of them when watered. For transportation, plants rooted in moss are said to be better adapted, on account of their lightness. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould; and it is well known that very pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained, with any certainty, by the use of earth.

TO WASH AND CLEAN GLOVES.—Wash them in soap and water till the dirt is got out, then stretch them on wooden bands, or pull them out in their proper shape. Never wring them, as that puts them out of form, and makes them shrink; put them one upon another and press the water out. Then rub the following mixture over the outside of the gloves:—If wanted quite yellow, take yellow ochre; if quite white, pipe-clay; if between the two, mix a little of each together. By proper mixture of these any shade may be produced. Mix the colour with beer or vinegar. Let them dry gradually, not too near the fire, nor in too hot a sun; when they are about half dried, rub them well, and stretch them out to keep them from shrinking, and to soften them. When they are well rubbed and dried, take a small cane and beat them, then brush them; when this is done, iron them rather warm, with a piece of paper over them, but do not let the iron be too hot.

TO IMPROVE TEA.—M. Soyer recommends housekeepers to place the teapot with the dry tea in it upon the hob for a little while before making. This plan certainly improves both strength and flavour. Rain-water, when pure, is the best for making all infusions, including tea, of course; since the solvent powers of water are great in proportion to its freedom from earthy salts.

AN EXCELLENT COSMETIC.—An infusion of horseradish in cold milk.

A NATURAL DENTIFRICE.—The common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and its juice, without any preparation, dissolves the calcareous incrustations of the teeth, and renders the breath sweet and agreeable.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry well before you use it; it will then burn sweet and pleasant, and amply compensate for the trifling trouble of preparing it.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

IS ISSUED

In Twelve Monthly Numbers, 2d. each,
AND

In Yearly Volumes, 2s. 6d.

Every Purchaser of Twelve Consecutive Numbers, or a Volume when completed, is entitled to a Chance of obtaining one of the prizes annually distributed by the Proprietors; for particulars respecting which, see the Wrapper.

THE PRIZES.

For notice concerning the Prizes, our readers are referred to the wrapper.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

In order to give competitors ample time to mature their Essays, we now announce the subject of the second Prize Composition of the present volume, "THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN," treated with especial reference to the American movement, which aims to obtain for women admission to the professions of law, medicine, the church, &c. &c., and their participation in political and senatorial privileges. Essays on this subject must be sent in before the 15th of June.

Notices to Correspondents.

* * * Almost every post brings us communications applauding the continued improvement of our little Magazine. If hitherto we have not noticed them, our subscribers are assured that we are none the less gratified or grateful; and they will perceive from the present number that we are striving to win a continuation of those encomiums they so plentifully shower upon our efforts. It is our resolution to make the Magazine, by sure and swift degrees, the handsomest, the most entertaining, and the most useful that ever was placed before the public at such a price; if, indeed, the present number does not already warrant us in claiming that distinction for the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

MARY F.—Several depilatories are sold at the hairdressers, but we will not venture to recommend any, from the destructive effect they generally produce upon the skin.

Y. W. Z.—Perhaps some one of our correspondents is able to supply Y. W. Z. with a receipt for razor-paste; also, to make ale "clear and lively."

A. A.—N (Haslingden, near Manchester) has sent us eight cheques of the second volume, and

four of the first volume, which relate only to the watches, already distributed. The latter cheques, therefore, are now valueless. To obtain a chance for a gold chain, our subscriber must forward the other four cheques of the second volume; which are printed in the numbers of January, February, March, and April, of the present year.

M. M. D. is thanked for her very complimentary lines, which, however, it would be scarcely modest to insert.

F. K. D.—Your verses "To my Baby asleep" are very feeling, but from errors of construction we are compelled to decline them.

P. P.—To be candid, it is by no means excellent.

MARY M.—With a few corrections, the song is inserted, for the sake of its heartiness and its usefulness. The articles you name were chiefly from the pens of Grace Greenwood and Fanny Fern.

MARIA M. L.'s verses have so genuine a ring, that we are loth to print them disfigured by a few small faults. If MARIA M. L. will favour us with her private address, we shall be happy to point out those few errors, and to receive the poem amended.

H. S.—Your poem betrays originality and a cultivated ear. Like the above, however, we do not print it, because, being so good, it might easily be made to read so much better. If H. S. will also oblige us with her address, we will gladly communicate our opinion and advice in detail. We have never received, in one day, two poems which *promise* so fairly as those of H. S. and MARIA M. L.

H. P. is already answered privately.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The marriage would be legal.

C. L.—Tibbenham Hall, though by no means ill written, we are compelled to decline.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Ashton-under-Lyne) shall be accommodated.

M. R. P.—Try this remedy. Fill a wine-bottle with hot water and hold your ear over the mouth to receive the steam. Closely bind your head up in flannel, upon removing your ear from the bottle, to prevent cold. But the ear, like the eye, is a very delicate organ, and it would be far best to consult an aurist or surgeon.

S. A. T. (Derby) must send the Publishers not the number of her cheque alone, but the cheque itself, with her address written on it; and with this *first* cheque she must send the eleven others which she will find printed on the wrapper of her magazines. The feature of our Magazine to which S. A. T. alludes cannot be renewed.

EMILY (Cheshunt).—A cover (or case) being bought, any bookbinder will bind the volume for a few pence.

Mrs. M.—The dinner-mat does not possess sufficient originality.

L. M. T.—"Moore's Grave" is too much like the "Woodpecker tapping" to command our sympathies, to say nothing of the fact that in

twelve lines there are only three rhymes. It opens thus—

I knew by the quietude reigning around
That the sweet spot I sought for at length must be
near—

a wicked plagiarism of the "Woodpecker."

FAUCHETTE will find a cheque in every one of the last twelve numbers. These she must send at once to the office, with her name and address on the first cheque. They entitle her to a chance of winning one of the chains.

M. H. (Rugby), and LIZZIE (Northampton).—By an error of the press, w. c. and w. was printed for d. c. and d.

J. D. (Ormskirk).—We are unable to inform you.

M. J. M.—The question is too delicate to decide. Since fair heart never won fair lady, we should advise "the gentleman" to put the best interpretation on the matter.

MISS C. (Bexley) has been answered privately.

HATR-DYE.—A subscriber asks for a receipt for dyeing hair of the "lightest shade." Perhaps one of our many correspondents can furnish her with a receipt.

E. J. is very sincerely thanked for the interest she appears to take in the Magazine. Her suggestion shall receive our best consideration, and we hope by following out the improvements she so flatteringly commends to retain her good opinion.

GLERMAN PATTERNS.—Can any subscriber inform E. J. of the German method of taking a paper measurement for a dress?

F. M. B.'s second attempt is better than the first; yet it contains too many commonplaces, and is too often unrhymical, to qualify it for insertion.

J. H. S. (Cirencester).—See the answer to S. A. T. above.

MARY EVANGELINE S.—We hope to be pardoned if we decline to assist you in the solution of "the puzzle set from Scripture," or to furnish you with any new "puzzle" from the same source.

TOPEY.—Exercise and spare diet. The advice of Mr. Abernethy in regard to the gout may as truly apply to you, "Live on threepence a day, and earn it." The application you name should be external.

M. S.—There is so striking a disparity between the diction of the poem you send us and its orthography that we are inclined to ask if it be really original. Almost every line is perfectly rhythmic, and some are unusually elegant; and yet there is scarce a line without a word mis-spelt.

F. M. B.—Your Essay on Education was privately acknowledged some weeks since.

F. F.—The cheques were right. The subject for a Prize Composition will be found under the head "Notices to Correspondents," both in the last number and the present.

MAYBIRD.—We believe the derivation, as you state it, is the correct one.

BESSIE.—You have overlooked the cheque. You will find it on the wrapper, as usual.

BARBARA, FLORENCE EMILY, and other correspondents who write for patterns, are informed that, if possible, we will oblige them.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

THE CASE OF ALBERT.—In the March number of the present year we granted publicity to the wishes of a certain ALBERT, who needed "a woman to wife." Perhaps we were rather unpropitious of the result when we printed the gist of ALBERT's letter. Perhaps we did not expect to receive nine communications on the subject from nine several gentlemen—almost all (evidently) well educated, several very serious, and all claiming what we are bound to accord, courteous attention. However, here, O happy ALBERT! here on our table lie these nine letters all of a row—each silently asserting its pretensions; and we feel that we can do no less than to quote them, *sciatim*. The first, HONORIA FANNY GORDON, begs modestly to present herself as a candidate for ALBERT's affections. Although HONORIA does not think (*like some*) that mere beauty is requisite to make one beloved, she thinks it best to begin with a description of her personal appearance. In height, HONORIA is about five feet five; in figure, the medium between too stout and too thin; her hair is of a glossy black, which she wears disposed in ringlets. HONORIA is a brunette. The expression of her features when in repose is rather melancholy—her eyes like those of "the lonely sphinx;" but, when animated, some of her admirers go so far as to say that they are "very wicked." HONORIA believes she is easily won by kindness, and knows she can never be forced. As to her accomplishments, they are rather solid than numerous. HONORIA suggests that of course she is young; and should ALBERT fancy her description of herself, she will be happy to enter into a correspondence with him; but must first be perfectly assured that he is a man of honourable character and occupying a respectable position in life, of educated mind and gentlemanly bearing. Exit the well-spoken HONORIA.—ELLIE E. wishes to know what kind of a wife ALBERT desires. She wonders if she should suit him, and still more if he would suit her? And, in short, if he can satisfy her on those important points, character and position, she will not object to an introduction. ELLIE apologises for her *brusquerie* and retires.—A. S. begs to bring herself before ALBERT's notice, feeling assured he would find in her every accomplishment befitting a true Englishwoman. A. S. is twenty-three; but before saying more for herself will await the particulars ALBERT proposes to give, and most anxiously too.—A. B. C. is equally frank. If ALBERT is an honourable man, she will be glad to be introduced to him. A. B. C. is twenty, tall, fair, not thought plain, a good housekeeper; and though she plays the pianoforte, sings, dances, and visits in good society, can make a shirt as well as anyone, and undertakes to keep all the buttons on! O rare A. B. C.! And in a postscript, intended for editorial eyes alone, we are informed that she actually makes "her own and her sister's dresses!"—JESSIE MAY is ashamed to answer ALBERT's note, and under other circumstances should not do so. JESSIE's father has resolved that she shall marry the son of an old friend—one whom she can neither love nor respect; and is anxious to escape a fate that at present

seems inevitable. JESSIE speaks French, reads Italian, sings, plays, and draws; her hair and eyes are dark; and her age is eighteen. JESSIE is not portionless; but as she trusts ALBERT only looks for a wife who would love him dearly, will say nothing of that. Of course ALBERT must give the particulars he promises. And we put aside JESSIE MAX's elegantly-written note. — GERALDINE B. begs to offer herself to ALBERT's notice. She thinks, although his words are few, she shall find in him a kindred spirit. Is it allowable for her to make a few inquiries about ALBERT? Is the beauty in his heart equal to that of his outward appearance? Has he sufficient to allow an ample supply of "pin money." And, finally, is he calculated to make a good husband? She will not be vain enough to mention her personal appearance, but she has a cheerful and amiable disposition, and would do everything she could to make ALBERT happy. She has £400 per annum. — JANET insists that ALBERT ought to be very grateful to the kind Editor for inserting his request, and begs to propound the following questions:—"How is it ALBERT cannot meet with a partner for life if he be kind, amiable, and anxious to meet with one? Is he living in some secluded spot where there is no one of suitable rank or position willing to become a comforter and consoler in time of trouble, and the companion and sharer of his 'oys'?" JANET confesses herself interested in his case; and, if ALBERT feel inclined, would like to hear further particulars from him. Letters sent to an address in the Editor's keeping will, she assures us (and ALBERT), meet due attention. — SNOWDROP would also like to hear more of ALBERT. Her situation peculiarly shuts her from acquaintance, and she offers herself to ALBERT if he thinks an affectionate heart, without beauty or fortune, worth accepting. SNOWDROP is rather tall, and inclined to *embonpoint*, and has dark-brown hair. Her education is plain, but she is considered a good housekeeper. She does not wish for wealth, but would like a husband who would be happy by his own fireside, and return the love he would wish she should entertain for him. SNOWDROP is sure she should make a devoted wife. — The last remaining letter is from ISABELLA, and is addressed more immediately to the Editor. ISABELLA begs she may not be thought bold or presuming in presenting herself to ALBERT's notice. She is nineteen years of age, about five feet five inches in height, and of fair complexion; "but," says ISABELLA, "I am poor, though I flatter myself I could make as good a wife as if I had a fortune of my own." But being poor, ISABELLA thinks that, if ALBERT is a rich man, of course he would not think of her; and, if we know him to be rich, begs as a favour that her letter may not be communicated to him. ISABELLA would not have taken this method of introduction but for the dreary and unsympathetic nature of her position; which she describes with such simplicity and frankness as commands belief. And so we have run through the communications of ALBERT's fair friends, and presented them to him in their own language. It may be fair to add that his note seemed perfectly in earnest, whatever may be the disposition of those who have replied to it. W. H.—"I am a timid young man, but have fallen desperately in love with a young lady, and

I have every reason to believe that my suit is favourably received, but I am too timid to propose. Do you think it would be according to etiquette if I employed a friend of mine to propose for me? He is a married man, but I do not like even asking him without your advice."—Propose for thyself, W. H.

E. S. M.—Take the straightforward course; speak quietly to him of what you have heard, and ask to know the truth.

E. L. (Dorset).—"Will you give me a little advice in your next number, as I have got into great difficulty, and between two stools am almost afraid of coming to the ground. My case is as follows:—A young man has been paying me great attention, and avowed his love for me, which was quite agreeable to my feelings, but I had an attachment for another at the same time. My first lover went to America, and has been corresponding with me for the last six years, unknown to my other suitor. However, my first is now in good circumstances, and expected shortly in England, with the intention of making me his wife. Will you kindly give me your advice, saying which I ought to accept. I have made promises to both?"—We admire the frankness of our correspondent's statement; and as she does not seem to be bored by "feelings," we advise her to settle the matter as many more important things have been settled. Toss up a halfpenny, and cry "heads" for the American suitor; if, however, it comes up "tails," she must of course decide for the other happy man.

EDITH (Dalston).—You must seek an answer in his character.

MINNIE's difficulty is embarrassing. A gentleman treats her with marked affection; MINNIE looks cold. Gentleman sends presents; MINNIE refuses them. Nevertheless, the gentleman perseveres—sends his presents in such a manner that they cannot be returned, and otherwise continues his assaults upon the heart of MINNIE. But business calls him away; he still writes to MINNIE, but says not a word of love. Meanwhile, she says, she has found that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and now she is "deeply in love with him." What is to be done? MINNIE has a wilful mind; she must now tarry till the gentleman renews his attentions, and smile upon him—when she gets an opportunity.

EMILY S.—There is a young gentleman who is always looking at our correspondent in church; and if she should by any chance happen to look up, their eyes meet! He smiles if he meets her, but doesn't speak. He is of good character, EMILY has heard. If he should happen to speak, may EMILY answer him or not? All depends upon the nature of his observation; but if it be of a trivial and not impertinent nature (and it is pretty sure to be about the weather), she may answer with propriety.

ANNE (Hyde Park).—We feel that your position requires very careful consideration, and confess ourselves loth to advise. It would be unwise to do violence to your feelings, and many and many a woman is made unhappy by taking as her lord and head a man of inferior capacity and manners. (Read Thackeray's "Esmond.") Consider, however, whether your pride does not mislead you, and carefully estimate the character of your friend.



THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,
 For we knew that she must die :
 It was night within our bosoms—
 It was night within the sky.

There were seven of us children—
 I the oldest one of all ;

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So I tried to whisper comfort,
 But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knee my little brother
 Leaned his aching brow and wept,
 And my sister's long black tresses
 O'er my heaving bosom swept.

C

it must belong, overcame all his scruples ; and, quieting his conscience with a determination to use the advantage he had gained solely for her benefit, he knocked boldly at the gate, and when Jenkins appeared requested permission to enter.

The usual answer was given, and Jenkins was turning away when Frank cried out, "Hark you, my friend ! do not move off so hastily, or refuse attention to these words : ' Faithful to thy trust ! ' "

Jenkins bowed low ; "The watchword was known but to one person besides myself," he said ; " I never betrayed the secret, and he would not have given it to any but a friend ; " then, turning the lock he opened the gate, and Egerton found himself almost at the goal of his wishes.

When he entered the cottage, the old woman started up, and, looking at him in astonishment, she exclaimed, " Mercy on us ! whom have we here ? "

" I know not," said Jenkins in a whisper, " but mayhap he is a physician." Then, turning to Egerton, he asked what object he had in coming there ? "

" Now impudence befriend me ! " thought Frank. He felt his heart beat quickly ; he paused for a few seconds, and then stammered forth, " I wish to see the lady." "

The old man bowed respectfully, and, desiring him to follow, he led the way to a room at the farther end of the cottage—the identical room from whence Frank had heard the music proceed. The key was in the lock, Jenkins turned it, then cautiously opened the door ; and Egerton felt his heart beat still more quickly as his guide bade him enter. The apartment was small and scantily furnished, but it was clean and neat. A bed stood in one corner ; the curtains were closed around it. Jenkins advanced, looked in, and then beckoned Egerton to approach ; " But tread lightly," whispered he, " for the poor lady sleeps." "

Egerton paused ; the impropriety of thus obtruding himself into the apartment of a young lady rushed to his mind, and he hesitated whether to advance or retire, when a low and murmuring sound, succeeded by a scream from the invalid, arrested all his attention. Jenkins pulled aside the curtains of the bed ; and, instead of the fair and beauteous form which fancy had pictured to Egerton's imagination in glowing colours, he beheld the emaciated frame of a weak, infirm old woman ; the dull and joyless expression of whose countenance, and the wild glare of whose eyes, told that reason had lost its empire in her brain, and that she was a victim to the heaviest calamity with which the Almighty can afflict his fallen creatures. Our hero, whose heart was feelingly alive to every

sentiment of humanity, was horror-stricken by the sight that met his view. He gazed for a moment at the unfortunate being who lay before him, then suddenly passed his hand across his brow, as well to conceal his emotion as to hide the maniac from his sight.

She appeared to notice the action ; and, starting up, she fixed her wild and frenzied eye on him whilst thus she muttered : " He is come—he is come at last, old man, to free me from your thralldom ! Reach him the knife. Oh, quickly, quickly give it him, and let my disembodied spirit riot in the joys of liberty ! Come hither, friend," she added, as she stretched her withered arm towards Egerton. " I am your willing victim ! Slay me, if you will ; but spare my son ; and oh, I conjure you, spare my Rosalie ! Look where she sits to watch you ! " and she pointed to the ceiling, and screamed again and again.

Egerton approached the bed, and knelt beside her. She placed her long bony fingers on his head, and laughed wildly as she touched him. His blood thrilled at the touch ; but pity soon overcame every other feeling, and he spoke to her in a tone so soothing that she became calm, and listened with unexpected composure.

He remained for some time talking to her ; but when at length he arose to depart, she tossed her arms wildly in the air, and exclaimed, " I thought you were a pitying angel come to save me from the power of that old man ; but you are wicked like the rest, and care not for the deed of murder which he is prepared to do." "

" Unhappy lady ! " murmured Frank, and his moistened eye showed how much he felt for her misfortune. Then addressing himself to her, he said, " I leave you now, but I shall return ; and, meanwhile, will take care that this old man does not molest you." "

" Yes ; you think you will prevent the dreadful deed," she said ; " but when the father of my Rosalie was borne away to execution, you could have saved him, and you would not. I saw him then ; I see him now—in agony ! May heaven have mercy ! Oh, have mercy ! "

She raised herself in the bed, and made a desperate effort to spring from it ; but her strength was insufficient for the purpose, and she sank back quite exhausted, as well by her mental as her bodily struggle.

" She will remain quiet now for some time," said Jenkins ; " for the present, therefore, you had better leave her, sir." "

He obeyed ; and on reaching another apartment, whither Jenkins followed him, he inquired how long the lady had been in the deplorable state in which he found her.

Jenkins, believing him to be a physician, hesitated not to reply that her malady had lasted for three years. " Ever since the mis-

fortunes of her family," added he, wiping away a tear that rolled down his cheek at the mention of them.

"Have you perceived any change for the better in her disorder during that time, my friend?"

"Never, till within the last few months. Since then, she has at times been much more calm and rational; and has even had some glimmerings of reason. They were faint, and of short duration; yet they afford a hope that her senses will return."

"You have strong ground for hope," said Egerton: "and, with proper care, I trust ere long we shall see her senses restored." He then said he would return on the following day, and departed, leaving Jenkins fully convinced in the opinion that he was a physician.

"And thus," thought Egerton, as he left the cottage with feelings which it would be difficult to define, "thus the fair romance which I in fancy formed has faded like a fleeting cloud. But if age and infirmity has been presented to my view instead of the youthful harmonist whom my imagination pictured fair as the early dawn, shall I withhold the relief it may be in my power to bestow? No; I banish every idle wish connected with this mysterious place; and, although the words of the poor maniac convey the idea of a dreadful crime having been committed in her family, it shall not prevent me from doing my utmost to relieve and comfort her."

Faithful to his resolution, the sun was not more true in his diurnal course than was Frank Egerton in his visits to the cottage; and his kind heart could not have been more gratified than by finding his visits useful. It was true, as Jenkins had told him, that some momentary intervals of reason had been felt by the invalid; and now, when he talked to her with kindly interest, with calm and rational piety, he frequently enjoyed the happiness of perceiving a change for the better. Gradually these improvements continued to progress; and soon the violence of her disorder had abated at all times, save when the misfortunes of her family seemed to strike upon her recollection. Then she would rave in a frantic manner; and her words always tended to confirm Egerton in the belief that some fearful crime had been committed. He endeavoured, therefore, to avoid this subject in all his communications with her; and, to his honour be it spoken, he carefully avoided it in all his conversations with Jenkins. His garrulity led Frank to believe that he could procure from him any information he could wish for; but he had already done more than was justifiable, and he determined not to add to his fault by asking intelligence from a servant which might lead him to betray his master.

Happy in the power of dispensing good to an

unfortunate fellow-creature, Frank continued his visits to the cottage; and the thoughts of the sweet vocalist died away as all chance of his discovering who she was seemed over. He was destined, however, to have his curiosity respecting her gratified in a very unexpected manner.

Having been detained one morning by the departure of some company from the castle, it was beyond the accustomed hour when he arrived at the cottage; and when, as usual, he asked permission to see the lady, Jenkins seemed doubtful whether or not to grant his request. Not noticing his embarrassment, however, Egerton led the way to the apartment. He was surprised to find the door unlocked; but had not time to comment on the circumstance, for as it opened he perceived the figure of a youthful female kneeling by the bed of the invalid. He started involuntarily at the sight, for each bright day-dream of his fancy seemed to be realised in the interesting and lovely girl before him. Her figure was slight and graceful, and her features beautiful; but a soft shade of melancholy cast a cloud over the bright and sunny expression of her countenance, as a light vapour obscures for a time the brilliant rays of an autumnal morning. The rich and luxuriant tresses of her dark brown hair had fallen in confusion over her face and neck; and, while they partially concealed her features, they gave added lustre to her beauty. She arose from her knees as the door opened; and her pale cheek became slightly tinged with red when she perceived a stranger in the room.

(To be continued.)

THE WOLF IN THE NURSERY.

"AN Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their Dens" is the title of a most extraordinary pamphlet lately published in Plymouth. The author is stated in a leading magazine to be a distinguished Indian officer, and one who possessed unusual means of obtaining information; circumstances which warrant us in reproducing, for the amusement (and astonishment) of our readers, some of the startling stories contained in his pamphlet.*

The wolf in India is looked upon, as it formerly was in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying, or even of injuring it; and the village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in the districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very

* Our thanks are due to a writer in "Fraser's Magazine"—first, for introducing us to the curious "Account," and secondly for the excellent *resumé* of its contents we here adopt.

numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest, leading a vagrant life and bivouacking in the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch them; even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, and are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens or haunts, seldom attempt to capture: in all probability from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by children whom the wolves have carried to their dens; and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of these dangerous ornaments. The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder than man.

In the neighbourhood of Sultanpoor, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtee river, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a wolf-nurse occurs in that district. A trooper passing the river bank near Chandour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions; and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper; who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to cut off and secure the boy; but the ground was uneven and he could not overtake them. All reached the den; and the trooper then assembled some people from Chandour, with pickaxes, who dug into the den six or eight feet, when the wolf bolted, followed by her cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and boy (who ran quite as fast) back upon the party on foot. They secured the boy, and allowed the others to escape.

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour, he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown-up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away; but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw with eagerness; putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily when anyone approached him while eating, but made no objection to a dog's coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the Rajah of Hunsinpoor, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterwards, he was sent, by the Rajah's orders, to Captain Nicholetti, at Sultanpoor;

for although his parents are said to have recognised him when first captured, they abandoned him upon finding that he displayed more of a wolf's than human nature. He lived in the charge of Nicholetti's servants nearly three years, very inoffensive except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather; and on one occasion tore to pieces a quilt wadded with cotton, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, every day with his breed. When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all fours like a wolf, and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. He was never known to laugh or smile, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank, and died.

In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles east of Sultanpoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only recently recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, and caught him up, and made off with him toward the ravines. People ran to the aid of the parents, but soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey. About six years afterwards, as two sipahees from Singraur, about ten miles from Chupra, were watching for hogs on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the Khobac rivulet, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down to drink at the stream. All four then ran towards a den in the ravine. The sipahees followed; but the cubs were already entered, and the boy was halfway in, when one of the men caught him by the hind leg, and drew him back. He was very savage, bit at the men, and seizing in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, shook it fiercely. The sipahees, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly on hares and birds. His captors then found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable, till he might be recognised and claimed by his parents.

One market day, a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return described him to his neighbours. The cultivator, father of the boy, was dead; but the widow, asking for a minute description of the boy, found that he had the mark of a scald on the left knee, and the marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. Finally, she went to the bazaar, and found, in addition to these marks, a third on his thigh

with which her boy had been born. She took him home to her village, where he still remains; but, as in the former case, his human intellect seems but all to have disappeared. The front of his knees and elbows have become hardened from his going on all fours with the wolves; and although he wanders about the village all day, he always steals back to the jungle at nightfall. He is unable to speak, nor is he able to articulate any sound distinctly. In drinking, he dips his face into the water, but does not lap it up like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh; and when a bullock dies, and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body in company with the village dogs.

Passing by a number of similar stories, we come to one which is in many respects the most remarkable. About seven years since, a trooper in attendance upon Rajah Hurdut Singh of Bondee, in passing near a small stream, saw there two wolf cubs and a boy drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed about ten years old; but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes, and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah at first had him tied up in his artillery gun-shed, and fed him with raw meat; he was afterwards allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's, and another of the bazaar-keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad named Janoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant, then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, and extracted the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under the mango-tree where he himself lodged; here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin. Up to this time, he would eat nothing but raw flesh; but Janoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse. In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright; hitherto he had gone on all fours. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. In this manner he was taught to prepare the hookah, put lighted charcoal on the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or whomsoever he pointed out. He was never heard, however, to utter more than one articulate sound; this was, "Aboodeea," the name of the little daughter of a Cashmere mimic, a player, who had once treated him kindly. The odour from his body was very offensive; and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard-seed soaked in water in the hope of removing it; this was done for some months, during which he was still fed on rice and flour, but the odour did not leave him.

One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Janoo saw two wolves creep stealthily towards him, and after smelling him

they touched him, when he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hand upon their heads, and they began to play with him, capering about him while he threw straws and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but could not; and becoming much alarmed, he called to the sentry over the guns, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, "Come away, or they will eat you also." But when Janoo saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided, and he continued to watch them quietly. At last he succeeded in driving them off; but the following night three wolves came; and a few nights after four; who returned several times. Janoo thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found; and that they would have seized him had they not recognised him by the smell. They licked his face as he put his hands on their heads.

When Janoo's master returned to Lucknow, he was persuaded to allow Janoo to take the boy with him. Accordingly, Janoo led him along with a string tied to his arm, and put a bundle of clothes on his head. Whenever they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down the bundle, and make desperate efforts to escape; when beaten, he raised his hands in supplication, took up his bundle, and went on; but the sight of the next jungle produced the same excitement. A short time after his return to Lucknow, Janoo was sent away by his master for a day or two, and found upon his return that the boy had disappeared. He was never heard of after.

About two months after the boy had gone, a woman of the weaver caste came to Lucknow, with a letter from the Rajah of Bondee, stating that her son, when four years old, had (five or six years before) been carried off by a wolf; and from the description of the boy whom Janoo had taken away with him, she thought he must be the same. She described marks corresponding with those on Janoo's boy; but, although she remained some considerable time at Lucknow, no traces could be found of him; and she returned to Bondee. All these circumstances were procured by the writer of the pamphlet from Janoo's master, and from Janoo himself both of whom declared them to be strictly true. The boy must have been with the wolf six or seven years.

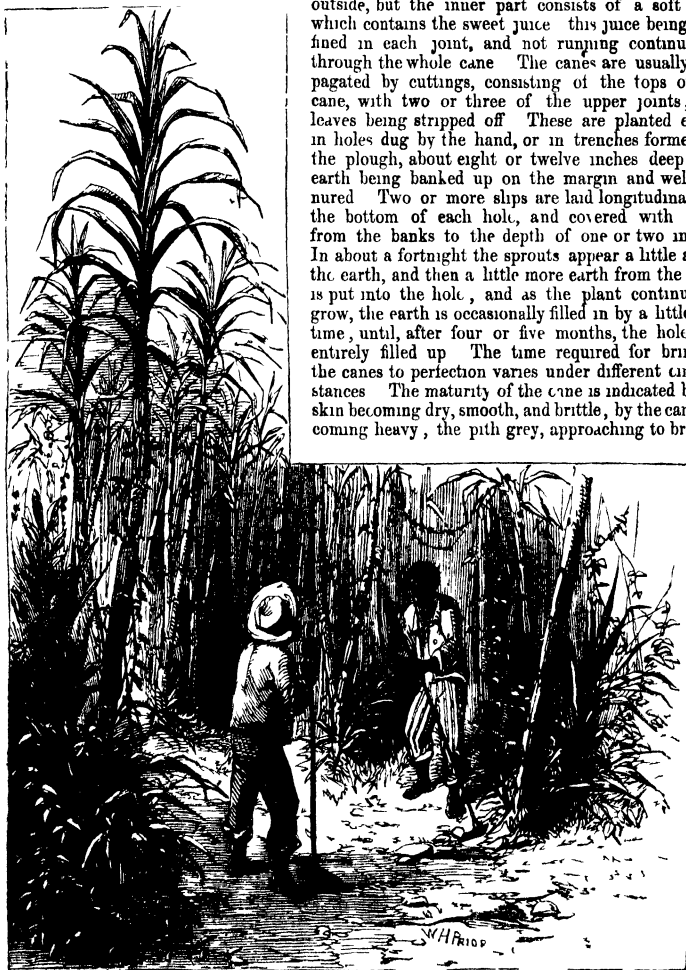
Strange as it may be, there seems no room for questioning these facts. Our readers, however, must judge for themselves. These extraordinary statements have at least a retrospective interest in connexion with the old story of Romulus, and many other legends of a similar character, to be met with among various races; and in which, though stags, bears, and dogs are introduced as foster-mothers, wolves most frequently appear in the exercise of their amiable office.

ABOUT SUGAR

THE sugar cane and its uses were known in very ancient times. It is believed by some that a Hebrew word in the old Testament, which is sometimes translated *sweet cane*, refers to the sugar cane, and the "honey" of the ancient writers frequently means sugar. It seems to have been introduced into Europe, like many other useful things, by the Crusaders.

The growth of the sugar-cane, like almost all other vegetables, is considerably influenced by the character of the soil and the mode of cultivation, and there are several species. The stems, consequently, vary from eight to twenty feet in height, and are composed of a series of annular joints, from each of which the leaves sprout. These are long and narrow, and, as the cane approaches maturity, fall off from the lower joints. The canes are hard and brittle

outside, but the inner part consists of a soft pith, which contains the sweet juice. This juice being confined in each joint, and not running continuously through the whole cane. The canes are usually propagated by cuttings, consisting of the tops of the cane, with two or three of the upper joints, the leaves being stripped off. These are planted either in holes dug by the hand, or in trenches formed by the plough, about eight or twelve inches deep, the earth being banked up on the margin and well manured. Two or more slips are laid longitudinally at the bottom of each hole, and covered with earth from the banks to the depth of one or two inches. In about a fortnight the sprouts appear a little above the earth, and then a little more earth from the bank is put into the hole, and as the plant continues to grow, the earth is occasionally filled in by a little at a time, until, after four or five months, the holes are entirely filled up. The time required for bringing the canes to perfection varies under different circumstances. The maturity of the cane is indicated by the skin becoming dry, smooth, and brittle, by the cane becoming heavy, the pith grey, approaching to brown



and the juice weet and glutinous. The canes are cut as near the ground as possible, because the richest juice is found in the lower joints. One or two of the top-joints are cut off, and the remainder is divided into pieces about a yard long, tied up in bundles, and carried immediately to the mill. The uppermost branches of the cane are used as food for cattle; and the remainder of the waste

forms a valuable manure. The operation of cutting the canes is so adjusted as to keep pace with the action of the mills by which the juice is to be pressed out; so that the canes may be crushed or ground while quite fresh. In the East Indies, mills of a very rude description are used; some of them resemble mortars, formed of the lower part of the trunks of trees, in which the canes are crushed by the motion of a pestle. The expressed juice runs off by a hole bored obliquely from the lower part of the mortar-like cavity, and is conducted by a spout to a vessel placed to receive it. This rude machine is worked by oxen. The common vertical mill of the West Indies consists of three rollers, with straight grooves extending from end to end. They are usually from twenty to twenty-five inches in diameter, and about forty inches long. In using the mill, a negro applies the canes in a regular layer or sheet to the interval between the first and second rollers, which seize and compress them violently as they pass between them. The ends of the canes are then turned, either by a negro on the opposite side of the feeder, or by a framework of wood called a "dumb returner;" so that they may pass back again between the second and third rollers. As these are placed nearer together than the first and second, they compress the canes still more; so that on leaving them they are reduced to dry splinters, which are used as fuel. Channels receive the liquor expressed from the canes, and conduct it to the vessels in which it is to undergo the succeeding operations. The construction of the mill is, however, very defective; and an improved mill, in which the rollers work

vertically, has been introduced.

Cane-juice, as expressed by the mill, is an opaque, slightly viscid fluid, of a dull grey or olive colour, and of a sweet and balmy taste. The juice is so extremely fermenta-

ble that, in the climate of the West Indies, it must be conducted immediately to the clarifying apparatus as fast as expressed from the canes. It is conducted by gutters from the mill to one or more large flat-bottomed coppers or open pans, called "clarifiers," which sometimes contain as much as a thousand gallons of juice. Each of these clarifiers is placed over a fire, and each is supplied with a syphon or stopcock for drawing off the liquor. When the clarifier is filled with juice, a little slaked lime, which is called "temper," being, in most cases, mixed with a little juice to the consistence of cream, is added. As the liquor becomes hot, the solid portions of the cane-juice coagulate, and are thrown up in the form of scum. The heat is urged nearly to the boiling-point, but the liquor in the clarifier should not actually boil. The proper heat is indicated by the scum rising in blisters, and breaking into a white froth. The fire is then



damped out, and, an hour after, the liquor is withdrawn for removal to the first of the evaporating-pans. The clarified juice is bright, clear, and of a yellow wine colour.

From the clarifier the purified juice is removed to the largest of a series of evaporating coppers or pans, three or more in number, in which it is reduced in bulk by boiling. In the last and smallest of the evaporating-coppers the liquor is boiled down to as thick a consistency as is considered necessary for granulation; this point being commonly ascertained by observing to what length a thread of the viscid syrup may be drawn by the thumb and finger.

The concentrated syrup is laded into open wooden boxes, called "coolers," or into a large cylindrical cooler; from which it is afterwards transferred to the wooden "coolers," or rather crystallising vessels. In these vessels the sugar is brought to the state of a soft mass of crystals, imbedded in molasses. The separation of this fluid is the next part of the process, and is performed in a building called the "curing house." This is a large building, the floor of which is excavated to form the molasses-reservoir, which is lined with sheet lead, boards, or cement. Over this cistern is an open frame of joists, upon which stand a number of empty casks, or hogheads, called "potting casks." Each of these has eight or ten holes bored through the lower end, and in each hole is placed the stalk of a plantain-leaf, which is long enough to descend a few inches below the level of the joists, and to rise above the top of the cask. The soft concrete sugar is removed from the coolers into these casks, in which the molasses gradually drain from the crystallised portion, percolating through the spongy plantain-stalks, which act as so many drains to convey the liquid to the cistern beneath. The sugar is now made. Upon leaving the "curing house" it is packed in hogheads for shipment as "raw," "brown," or "muscovado" sugar; and in this state it is commonly exported.

WAGES UNDER EDWARD III.

In the reign of Edward III., the daily price for works of husbandry was as follows: Five-pence for mowing, either by the acre or the day; one penny for hay-making; two-pence for reaping in the first week of August, three-pence in the after weeks; threshing, two-pence farthing the quarter of wheat or rye; a penny farthing for the same quantity of beans, peas, barley, and oats. In all these cases this was the maximum; in some places the usual rate was less; and neither meat, drink, nor other courtesy was to be demanded, given, or taken. Twice in the

year servants were sworn before lords, seneschals, bailiffs, and constables of every town to observe this ordinance, and not to leave their winter places of abode, for the purpose of seeking work in the summer, if employment were to be had at the fixed rates at home. There was, however, a saving clause for certain counties in this point. Stocks were to be set up in every township for the punishment of those who should refuse to take the oath, or who should break the ordinance. They were also to be punished by fine and ransom to the king; but the pecuniary penalty was, after a few years abolished, imprisonment being substituted for it; and at the same time the wages of master-carpenters and masons were raised from three-pence a day to four-pence, and of inferior workmen in proportion. Men absconding from service were to be outlawed, and burnt in the forehead, when taken, with the letter "F" in token of fealty, if the offended party chose to sue for such punishment; but this pain of burning was respited till the ensuing Michaelmas; and then was not to be executed except by advice of the justices. This clause, therefore, appears to have been deemed unduly severe, even by the very persons who enacted it, and to have been put forth merely *in terrorem*.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

[We have received a dozen essays on the subject of "Married Rakes," and confess ourselves pleased with at least half of them. Almost all creditable in some important respect, the majority are elevated in tone, and, in point of literary execution, beyond our hopes of amateurs in general; while they are strongly impressed with that certain stamp of womankind, *feeling*. A short remark on one or two may be acceptable to the writers. ANN's essay has many excellences, the chief being that all-important one, earnestness, which ever commands respect. Earnestness, however, like a fiery horse, must be well and vigilantly governed, or it runs away with its owner.—FANNY M. B. is a youthful writer, with youthful errors; sometimes commonplace—at others too ornate. She has, nevertheless, a thoughtful and logical mind, and we think we perceive in her essay many of the qualities (in little, at present) of a really good writer.—CLARA MARSHAM writes well, and several of her arguments are as important as clever; but she wanders a little too much from the subject.—MRS. L.'s essay treats the subject in a bold, clever, common-sense manner, and is written with considerable nerve. For a long time we were in difficulty between the merits of this competitor, Mrs. J. T., and the lady to whom the prize is finally awarded. Mrs. J. T.'s paper is really eloquent sometimes, well written always; and we will even confess

* This account is condensed from the Penny Cyclopaedia.

PRIZE COMPOSITION

that the superior brilliancy of the last essay on the list that of Beatrice B. *did* have some influence in the award.

We must remark that the essays are unanimous that married rakes do *not* make the best husbands.

The prize is awarded to Beatrice B. Criticatus of merit to Mrs. L. and Mrs. J. I.

DO MARRIED RAKES MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS?

MARRIAGE is so much wrapped up in poetry that it may seem passionless and most unscientific thing to analyse the probabilities of the bright day-dream of future happiness soon vanishing, or shuddering its sunny radiance over all its future pathway. But this great action in one's history has other aspects than the poetic one; it is a sober reality, a movement either for better or for worse, a stepping-stone to more extended influence, higher dignity, greater happiness, or a sinking lower in the social scale, the disappointment of the hopes that were once so joyous, the first taste of the chief ingredient of which is misery.

It is at the height of the highest moment to weigh the matter well and before the die is cast to think much of the character of him who is to be a life's companion. Do married rakes make the best husbands? Without question in the case of those who try it such a consummation is devoutly to be wished, and such a consummation is not impossible, but it is a difficult task. Through the opening vista nothing can be distinguished clearly; all is dim, vague uncertainty, the prospects of the issue so undimmed and in such a maze that there can be little faith in suspense and doubt. We think that in a rake there are but few of the elements required to make a good husband. He may possess a kind and some figure, fine countenance, bland and courteous manners, and even be solicitous about the well appearing of his wife, but these are not enough; a oneness of sentiment, sympathy of feeling, tastes and pursuits, a blending of mind with mind, a union of thoughts, aims and ends—are required to render marriage what it ought to be, the happiest state on earth. Such undoubtedly it is when both hearts beat in unison and the two are one. Strong indeed must be her faith and hope who thinks such a result will accrue from union with a rake. When the contract is signed upon with the laudible motive of working a reformation, the chance of happiness is very meagre, the difficulties then in the way are no trifles. To burst from the bonds of dissipation, to break free from the trammels of profligacy, require a stern will and steady purpose which few "rakes" possess. It is no little thing to shake off long continued practices, to eradicate deep-rooted habits, to

endure the jeer of companions and associates, though doubtless the hope (we almost said the vain hope) of a wife's accomplishing these has often led to a life of immmoral misery. But if all these were easy and were effected, and a married rake to make a good husband, there remains a kind of slur upon his character—he is *but* a reformed rake, unable by the force of the very fact to attain that high position which undeviating rectitude insures.

Let not those who may entertain the fond hope and purpose of reclaiming a wandering one be disheartened; our argument is against marrying profligates, not reclaiming them. To be the means of effecting such a change is no slight and evanescent honour. It is a noble work—a work which has employed the energies and lives of the greatest and the best which brings its own reward imparting more real joy than all the honours and pleasures ambition can think of or wealth purchase. And should a wife reclaim a husband from the paths of vice, hers may be a happy lot though the advantage so strictly true. Reformation is better than cure; in the latter delight may be the keener from the remembrance of what her prospects once were, and her trembling dread that the lottery in which she has staked so much should turn out worse than a blank—a life of wretchedness and hopeless acquiescence.

But would we do not understand how a right-minded high-souled woman *can* marry a rake though her ultimate object is a virtuous prize-winning? If we can she vows to love and honour on his character and habits she loathes so, with that her only chance of future comfort is in the hope of the bias of his mind being entirely changed, and things that once were his delight becoming the objects of his abhorrence? We think the idea a fallacious one (which is believed by so many, and which so often leads to marriages which end in misery) that a wife possesses more influence in the reformation of right principles than a friend, in some cases it may be so, but they are exceptions, not the rule. The power of truth is in itself not in the medium of its communication, and it impressed upon the mind and heart, fixed there as the germ of a life beyond life, it can lead to as high and holy resolves, whether imparted by friend or stranger, prince or peasant. Therefore, Englishwomen, exert your talents, powers influence, all, for good. Disseminate to the utmost of your ability those principles of moral purity and that high morality which the Divine word, the one guide of life, inculcates, but commit not the joy of your lives, the gladness of your homes, to those as yet strangers and enemies to them.

BEATRICE B.

THE GOLDEN MORNING.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEARER still bend o'er me—
 Nay, embrace me, I implore !
 Ah, my pride is dead before me,
 And its ghost has gone before !
 And now leave your locks to wander
 With the tresses of my hair,
 And leave your soul to ponder
 How my love was left to wander
 In the gloaming of despair.

Not to chide, and scarce in sorrow—
 For its fires are spent and past,
 Glowing idly o'er the embers
 Of consumed life at last—
 But unvexed and unrepining,
 And to close the sad arrears
 Of my dreaming and divining,
 With your presence round me shining,
 I besought your presence here.

Tis yesterday no more
 When to-morrow is arrayed :
 And the beautiful adorning
 Of the everlasting morning
 Stills my spirit in its shade—
 A soft and slumberous shadow,
 Where it slumbers unafraid.
 Yet talk with me of yesterday
 Till all you loved is sleep—
 My yesterday, 'tis present,
 It is sobbing while you weep.

Till all you loved is sleep!—
 For 'twas not the priceless treasure
 Of a woman's trust and truth,
 Stored through innocence and youth,
 And bestowed in boundless measure,
 But a countenance love-lighted
 And accidentally fair:
 To these your love was plighted—
 And then again was plighted,
 To loveliness more rare.

Yet fain I would believe
 That you loved me truly still!
 Oh, assure me!—reassure me!
 I believe it, and I will!
 Whether fortune, fault, or folly,
 Loosed the floods of melancholy
 It is all too late to care;
 But you loved me always, wholly—
 And 'tis not too late to care.

Then you, too, know the secrets
 Of a spirit poised for ever,
 Sick and reeling, o'er the darkness
 Of the stolid Stygian river:

And your eyes have been a-weary,
 And your arms have been a-weary,
 Strained through unrelenting blackness,
 Stretched upon the vacance dreary.

And indeed I do remember,
 Now that memory is to cease,
 How some frequent spirit sought me,
 Subtle as my soul, and brought me
 Uninterpretable peace.
 But, rejoicing, now I know
 That, attaining wings to flee
 Of its own intensity,
 And impelled of bitter woe—
 'Twas your love, escaped and trembling,
 Seeking respite in my breast—
 Bringing, seeking consolation,
 Refuge with my love, and rest:
 And they slept and dreamed together
 In the chill and harried nest.

No more, I must be still !
 There are many things to ponder
 In the sad and solemn umbrage
 Of the valley where I wander:
 For the distant hills are golden
 With the golden morning yonder :
 And now—Good night, and bless you!
 Give, oh give your lips to mine,
 That my latest breath caress you,
 And the last of life be thine.
 Quell them, dearest, these alarms!
 Hold me fast, nor now forsake me,
 That when angels stoop to take me,
 They may take me from your arms.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF FURNITURE.

THE true philosophy of furniture does not consist of the mere *display of wealth*, or the parade of costly appurtenances; for these create no impression of the beautiful in respect of the articles themselves, or of taste as regards the proprietor; on the contrary, confining itself within the strict limits of legitimate taste, it rather avoids than affects that mere costliness which is no test of merit in a decorative point of view, and which only a vulgar *parvenu* rivalry would attempt to defend.

There could be nothing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed—and supposed to be, by many—a well-furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture—for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art; and nearly the same laws by which we decide on the higher merits of a painting suffice for decision on the adjustment of a chamber. A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colours or modes of adaptation to use. *Very* often the eye is offended by their inartistic arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent—too uninterruptedly continued—or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. By undue precision, the appearance of many a fine apartment is utterly spoiled.

Curtains are rarely well-disposed or well-chosen in respect to other decorations. With formal furniture, curtains are out of place; and an extensive volume of drapery of any kind is, under any circumstances, irreconcilable with good taste—the proper quantum, as well as the proper adjustment, depending upon the character of the general effect.

Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colours. *The spirit of the apartment is the carpet.* From it are deduced not only the hues, but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be a genius*. Yet we have heard discoursing of carpets, with the air *d'un mouton qui reve*, individuals who should not and who could not be intrusted with the management of their own moustaches. Everyone knows that a large floor *may* have a covering of large figures, and that a small one *must* have a covering of small; yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture, the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels

is the preter-pluperfect tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching pattern, a carpet should *not* be bedizened out like a Riecaree Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock's feathers; in brief, distinct grounds, and vivid circular or cycloid figures *of no meaning*, are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should not be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or tapestry, or ottoman coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. As for those antique floor-cloths still often seen in many dwellings, of huge, sprawling, and radiating devices, stripe-interpersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible, these are but the wicked invention of a race of time-servers and money-lovers—children of Baal and worshippers of Mammon—Benthams, who, to spare thought and economise fancy, first cruelly invented the kaleidoscopes, and will next establish, we suppose, joint-stock companies to twirl them by steam.

Glare is a leading error in the philosophy of most household decoration—an error easily recognised as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. We are too much enamoured of gas and of glass. The former is totally inadmissible within doors; its harsh and unsteady light offends; while a mild, or what artists term a cool light, with its consequent warm shadows, will do wonders for even an ill-furnished apartment. Never was a more lovely thought than that of the astral lamp. We mean, of course, the astral lamp proper—the lamp of Argand, with its original plain ground-glass shade, and its tempered and uniform moon-like rays. The cut-glass shade is a weak invention of the enemy. The eagerness with which it is adopted, partly on account of its *flashiness*, but principally on account of its *greater cost*, is a good commentary on the proposition with which we began. It is not too much to say that the deliberate employer of a cut-glass shade is either radically deficient in taste, or blindly subservient to the caprices of wealth. The light proceeding from one of these gaudy abominations is unequal, broken, and painful. It alone is sufficient to mar a world of good effect in the furniture subjected to its influence. Female loveliness, in especial, is more than one-half disenchanted beneath its evil eye.

In the matter of glass, generally, we proceed upon false principles. Its leading feature is *glitter*; and in that one word how much of all that is detestable do we express! Flickering, unquiet lights are *sometimes* pleasing—to children and idiots always so; but in the

embellishment of a room they should be scrupulously avoided. In truth, even strong *steady* lights are inadmissible. The huge and unmeaning glass chandeliers, prism-cut, gas-lighted, and without shade, which dangle in the fashionable drawing-rooms, may be cited as the quintessence of all that is false in taste or preposterous in folly.

The rage for *glitter*—because its idea has become, as we before observed, confounded with that of magnificence in the abstract—has led us, also, to the exaggerated employment of mirrors. Our dwellings are sometimes lined with large surfaces of plate-glass, and we then imagine we have done a fine thing. Now, the slightest thought will be sufficient to convince anyone who has an eye at all of the ill-effect of numerous looking-glasses, and especially of large ones. Regarded apart from its reflection, the mirror presents a continuous, flat, colourless, unrelieved surface—a thing always and obviously unpleasant. Considered as a reflector, it is potent in producing a monstrous and odious uniformity; and the evil is here aggravated, not in merely direct proportion with the augmentation of its sources, but in a ratio constantly increasing. In fact, a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room of no shape at all. If we add to this evil the attendant glitter upon glitter, we have a perfect sarrago of discordant and displeasing effects.

Men of large purses frequently have a very little soul, which they keep in them. The corruption of taste is a portion or a pendant of the money manufacture. As we grow rich, our ideas grow rusty. It is, therefore, not among the £ s. d. aristocracy that we must look for the spirituality of a *tasteful boudoir*. But we have often seen apartments in the tenure of gentlemen of moderate means, which, in negative merit at least, might vie with any of the *ornolud* cabinets of our more noble countrymen. Even *now* there is present to our mind's eye a small and not ostentatious chamber with whose decorations no fault can be found. The proprietor lies asleep on a sofa—the weather is cool—the time is near midnight; we will make a sketch of the room during his slumber.

It is oblong—some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth—a shape affording the best (ordinary) opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It has but one door—by no means a wide one—which is at one end of the parallelogram, and but two windows, which are at the other. These latter are large, reaching down to the floor, have deep recesses, and open on an Italian verandah. Their panes are of a crimson-tinted glass, set in rosewood-framings, more massive than usual.

They are curtained within the recess, by a thick silver tissue adapted to the shape of the window, and hanging loosely in small volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich crimson silk, fringed with a deep network of gold, and lined with the silver tissue, which is the material of the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric (which are sharp rather than massive, and have an airy appearance) issue from beneath a broad entablature of rich giltwork, which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The drapery is thrown open also, or closed, by means of a thick rope of gold loosely enveloping it, and resolving itself readily into a knot: no pins or other such devices are apparent. The colours of the curtains and their fringe—the tints of crimson and gold—appear everywhere in profusion, and determine the *character* of the room. The carpet—of Saxony material—is quite half an inch thick, and is of the same crimson ground, relieved simply by the appearance of a gold cord (like that festooning the curtains) slightly relieved above the surface of the ground, and thrown upon it in such a manner as to form a succession of short, irregular curves, one occasionally overlaying the other. The walls are covered with a glossy paper of a silver grey tint, spotted with small Arabesque devices of a fainter hue of the prevalent crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of the paper. These are chiefly landscapes of an imaginative cast; such as the fairy grottoes of Staunfield. There are, nevertheless, three or four female heads, of ethereal beauty—portraits. The tone of each is warm, but dark. There are no “brilliant effects.” *Repose* speaks in all. Not one is of small size. Diminutive paintings give that *spotty* look to a room which is the blemish of so many a fine work of art overtouched. The frames are broad, but not deep, and richly carved, without being *dulled* or *flagreed*. They have the whole lustre of burnished gold. They lie flat on the walls, and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves are often seen to better advantage in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured. But one mirror—and this not a very large one—is visible. In shape it is nearly circular; and it is hung so that a reflection of the person can be obtained from it in none of the ordinary sitting-places of the room. Two large low sofas of rosewood and crimson silk, gold-flowered, form the only seats, with the exception of two light conversation-chairs, also made of rosewood. There is a piano-forte (of rosewood also), and thrown open. An octagonal table, formed altogether of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near

one of the sofas. Four large and gorgeous *Sèvres* vases, in which bloom a profusion of sweet and vivid flowers, occupy the slightly-rounded angles of the room. A tall candelabrum, bearing a small antique lamp with highly-perfumed oil, is standing near the head of my sleeping friend. Some light and graceful hanging-shelves, with golden edges, and crimson silk cords with gold tassels, sustain two or three hundred magnificently-bound books. Beyond these things there is no furniture, if we except an *Argand* lamp, with a plain crimson-tinted ground-glass shade, which depends from the lofty vaulted ceiling by a single slender gold chain, and throws a tranquil but magical radiance over all.

THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and battle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her ease is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure, or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and, if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and, if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry Sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and, as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunder-bolt that could have smitten it with decay.—*Washington Irving.*

DISTINCTNESS OF SPEECH.—Mr. Jones, in his "Life of Bishop Horne," speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was in the superior degree; but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which Mr. Jones assigned was, that he made it an invariable rule to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels would speak for themselves.

THE SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.—We are at first to import knowledge (says Dr. Channing), then to export it. Write daily and elaborately, if only for one hour. Avoid verbiage, do not multiply but select your words, and lop off redundancies as you would scatter chaff. In the hands of a writer who adopts these precepts, a multitude of words is not verbiage, because each gives some new view or adds to the effect of the old. There is a splendour in his strength, and a strength in his splendour; because there is a weight as well as brightness in the metal. Nothing so fixes and consolidates your views on any subject as this practice.

CROCHET AND THE FASHIONS

Crochet and the Fashions.

CROCHET PURSE

Black squares—blue silk, white—gold, tinted squares—green silk.

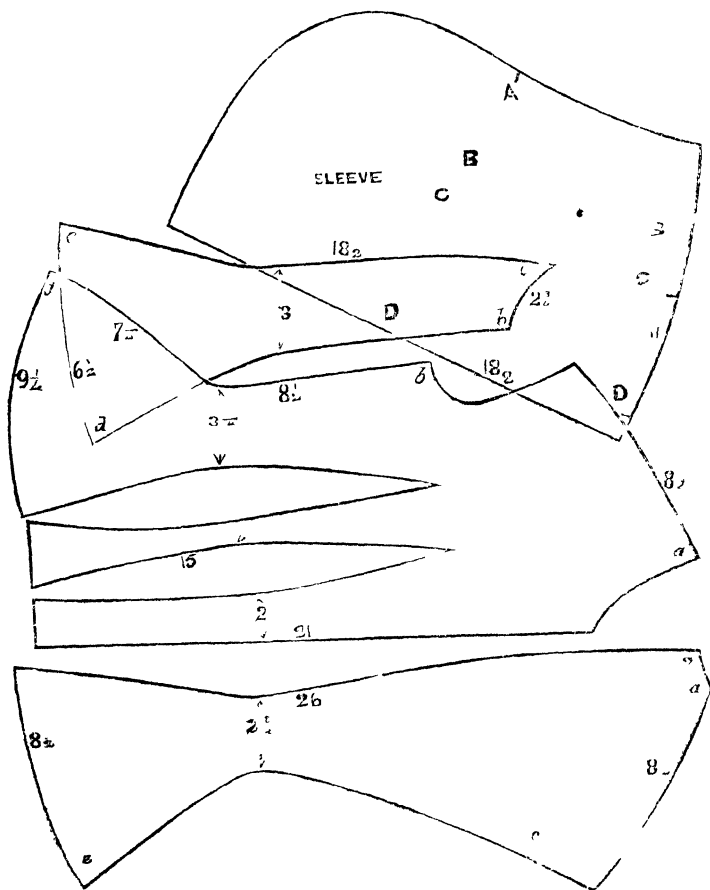


Bonnets are still worn small, and are made of almost any light material, lace being the most prevalent. The trimmings are either small flowers or feathers. The inside trimmed with small roses and ribbons. Primrose coloured bonnets trimmed with white lace are most in vogue.

The Fashions.



We this month give one of the most beautiful of the Paris costumes. The robe is of printed taffetas, with four embroidered scalloped flounces. The body is open over a chemisette of plaited muslin. The sleeves are open, the sides being held together with bands of quilled ribbon. The under sleeves are of muslin, to match the chemisette, and are fastened round the wrists by ribbon bracelets, with long ends, to correspond with the colour of the dress. The bonnet is of lace, with
 The child's dress is also very elegant. Her bonnet is of silk,



CARACO EUGENIE.

with plated trimmings and feather. The frock and trousers of white muslin, richly worked in broderie Anglaise. The pelisse is made of silk, with ribbon and fringe trimmings.

The above is the pattern of the "Caraco Eugenie." The sizes, given in inches, will show it is for a lady of middle height and youthful proportion. It may be made either of the same material as the robe or dress, or of any light material. It will look extremely elegant if made of muslin lined with primrose, blue, or pink silk. When worn without shawl or mantle, the bottom will require trimming with deep lace. We give only half the sleeve pattern, it is very beautiful. In making, it must be left open from A downwards, and must have three double plaits, as marked B B, C C, and D D, the other, D, B, and C, being on the half of pattern. The bottom of pattern must be finished with bows of ribbons, with long ends.

HILDEGARD.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

Ah Heaven! he is in the whirlpool,
And boatman and boat are gone,
And that, with her wild sweet singing,
The Lorelei hath done.

HEINE.

"HUNDRED thousand thunders!" cried the Baron von Katzenellenbogen, striking the table in a rage.

"Calm yourself, my good lord," said Dietrich Klautz, his squire.

"A mixx like that! I shall burst with rage! Get me a flagon of Marcobrunner;" and the Baron threw himself into a huge arm-chair, and leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the table.

Katzenellenbogen, as you all know, is now but a ruin; but in *those* days it was a mighty fortress, a castle of the most Gothic nature comprehensible by the human mind: huge battlemented towers, stalwart as mountains; grim dungeons, damp and unlighted save by a twilight that struggled through the grated *wickets* of the doors; a mighty hall, hung with trophies of war and of the chase; loopholes in the massive walls for arbalast-bolts to rain from; quaint lancet-windows, interlaced roof-beams, portcullises, mouts, and other matters orthodox and suitable under the circumstances.

There it frowned from the hill-top across the Rhine at Saint Goar, and the wild river roared along below, its powerful tide dragging spoils from the shore into its dim waters.

Below was the holy shrine of Bornhofen, built to our Lady by Broenser von Rudesheim, who slew a dragon, went to Palestine, and, being taken by the Saracen, vowed to dedicate his only child to God, should he recover his liberty. But she, poor girl! had given her heart away to human keeping; and when her father came home and would have compelled her to take the veil, she threw herself into the swift Rhine, and was swept away, with her golden hair floating on the waters, and her pale face turned toward the sky, while the suicide soul went up and stood in His presence who had made it.

Higher up the river, you saw stern Castle Rheinfels, also the Baron's property; and where the vexed waters flowed most furiously, and writhed themselves into a whirlpool, was the rock where the Lorelei, the fatal siren of the Rhine, was wont to sit, combing her golden hair, or sweeping with white fingers the ravishing chords of a lute, and mingling the enchantment of her weird, sweet song with the ringing harmony of the strings. And when the boatman saw and heard, he would forget the wrathful maelstrom, and, with his eyes and

heart fixed on the Undine, would be drawn into the vortex, whirled round and round, and swallowed by the fearful gulf, having for his death-dirge the weird, sweet song of the Lorelei, and the ringing harmony of the golden strings.

That was the position of Castle Katzenellenbogen.

The Baron of Katzenellenbogen was a large man: six feet of muscle and bone was he, with a true German foot, brood as a barge and flat as a flounder, and a brawny hand that could have broken the horn from the head of an ox. The Baron inclined to corpulence, and to violence, and to Marcobrunner, and to Rudesheimer, and to Liebfraunlich: in short, to anything that was potable except water. Therefore the Baron's nose was red and bulbous, and in its general look, with small, dark veins meandering under the tight skin, like the tracery of a mulberry-leaf.

He had had an unpleasant day of it. In the first place, he learned that a party of rich merchants had shipped by his very door while the sentinel was dozing. He said, "Himmel!" and had the sentinel hanged, as an encouragement to the rest of the garrison.

Then a party who had been sent out to forage were met by Otto von Schoenberg and nearly cut to pieces. The Baron said, "Donnerwetter!" and broke the messenger's head with a flagon.

Not yet recovered from this, he received news that he was about to be placed under the imperial ban for plundering some servants of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne; and this made him say, "Hagel sapperment!"

Finally, his squire brought him a letter in which Hildegard von Salis utterly and decidedly refused and abominated his proffered hand and heart, and expressed herself to the effect that "she would rather die first." This it was that capped the climax, and produced from the Baron those memorable words found at the opening of this narrative, "Hundred thousand thunders!"

The Marcobrunner quenched his thirst without allaying his wrath; and, driving his squire from his presence, he strode furiously up and down the room, meditating condign vengeance upon everybody in general, and Hildegard in particular.

"I'll teach her," he said, "to refuse to be the wife of Katzenellenbogen! I'll send a few troopers who shall sack her castle and bring her here by force—I will!"

"So I would, Baron," said a voice beside him.

The Baron turned to look at the speaker. He was a small man, dressed in black like a notary; his face was pale, his features of the most ordinary description. The only thing re-

markable about him was a long tail like a monkey's, which kept switching backward and forward and wreathing itself into all sorts of graceful curls; and the end of this tail was a whistle!

"Who der Teufel are you?" asked the Baron.

"So I would teach her better—if *I could*!" was the unresponsive reply.

"If I could, little fool! I will send twenty-five troopers to-morrow to take possession of her house and of her."

"But, unfortunately, Graf Max von Steinrad is guarding her with fifty."

"I will claim her from the Emperor, as a ward of my estates."

"Yes; if the ban does not reach you beforehand for robbing his Grace of Cologne."

"I will invite her here on her birthday, which is next week, and when I get her I will keep her."

"Having just refused your hand, I don't think she will come."

"But I *will* get hold of her in some way!" roared the Baron.

The little man sneered.

Then his lordship became wroth, and, striding toward the stranger, he raised his ponderous jack-boot and gave a furious kick, crying, "Get out!" But, to his utter surprise, his foot met with no resistance; but, passing through the figure without in the least disturbing it, the leg flew up in the air, and the Baron of Katzenellenbogen fell upon his back. At the same moment the stranger placed the end of his long tail in his mouth, and produced such a whistle that it made the Baron's brain reel and grow dizzy. It was like the united screaming of a field of frantic locomotives.

"Get up!" said the stranger; and the Baron obeyed. "I think you missed a rich troop of merchants this morning?"

"I did, curse them!"

"And had a nice party of men cut to pieces?"

"Yes."

"And were refused with little show of tenderness by the Lady von Salia?"

"Kreutz-donnerwetter! it is true."

"You appear to be in ill luck, Baron von Katzenellenbogen. There, don't lose your temper, or I shall be obliged to whistle again." And the stranger took hold of his tail. Then, with a persuasive and insinuating smile, he continued: "My dear friend, I am come to do you service, not to vex you. Would you like to be indemnified for your unmerited loss of those miserable merchants?"

The Baron's eyes glistened with avarice.

"Would you like to avenge yourself on Von Schoenberg?"

"Wouldn't I!" said his lordship.

"Would you like to catch the pretty Hildegard to-night? If so, I can help you to all this."

"My dear friend, let me embrace you."

"One moment; business is always business. You will please to sign this contract;" and the stranger drew a bit of parchment from his pocket, smoothed it out upon the table, and, producing a pen, handed it to the Baron.

"What is that, then?"

"Only a little agreement that you will become my property, if I fulfil my promises."

"Yours? become yours?"

"Oh, only after death, you know."

"Humph!" said the Baron doubtfully.

"Think of vengeance, my lord, and of Hildegard."

"But I cannot write."

"Never mind; just make your mark there."

Then, as the worthy lord took the pen, the curious tail was curled rapidly round and touched the back of his hand. He jumped; it was as if a needle had been stuck into him, and from the spot touched by the whistle there oozed out a large drop of blood.

"Just dip the pen in that," said the stranger;

"I have forgotten my ink-horn."

Von Katzenellenbogen obeyed, and appended his mark to the contract.

"Good!" said the stranger, as he refolded the parchment and put it back into his pocket. "And now listen to me. This afternoon at four o'clock, you and twenty of your troopers will post yourselves in the wood that marks the limits of Von Schoenberg's property; and if anything passes that you would like to take, why, take it. I will attend to the rest."

So speaking, the little man walked slowly through the middle of the wall and disappeared. The Baron rubbed his eyes, and would have fancied that he had been dreaming but for the little wound upon his hand. Then, as he reflected upon all that the little man had promised, he grew cheerful; and when the squire entered to tell him that they had just caught an old Jew whose doublet was full of broad pieces, he became positively gay. After ordering the Jew to be stripped, he added—

"And make him write an order for a thousand broad pieces on one of his brethren at Frankfurt."

"But if he resist, my lord?"

"Humph! ah! Then pull his teeth out, one by one, until he consent."

Then the Baron took a flask of Rudesheimer, and then a flask of Johannisberger, and then mounted his horse, called his troopers, and set off for the Schoenberg wood.

"Dearest Hildegard, I cannot leave you here with the retainers only. I *must* go to meet

the Emperor; and then there will be no one to protect you from the old Katz. I will not leave you until you promise to go to-morrow to your Cousin Schoenberg's, to remain there until I return. Will you do so?"

"Yes, dear Max, although there is no danger for the three or four days that you will be absent."

"Well, I have your promise, and another one, eh? On your birthday you go with me to Steinrad as its darling mistress; is it not so?"

And the Lady Hildegard blushed; and Graf Max von Steinrad put his arms about her, and their lips were pressed together. So Max departed.

Now this happened the very day before our history opens; and on the morrow Hildegard donned her riding-attire, and, attended by her maidens and six men-at-arms, rode gaily for Schoenberg. The sun shone, the girls prattled, the sweet brown eyes of Hildegard noted the scenery, and her heart remembered Max; and so they rode slowly along till the sun began to decline in the heavens, and to slant his golden rays through the foliage of the wood. Then one of the troopers rode up to Hildegard, and, doffing his banet-cap, said, "Would it please you, noble lady, to prick on a little faster? I do not think we will reach Schoenberg before nightfall."

"I don't think you will," cried a gruff voice from the bush; and then there was the tramp of mailed steeds and the ring of arms, and twenty troopers headed by Katzenellenbogen surrounded the party of Hildegard. Resistance was useless, and the poor lady found herself by nightfall a prisoner in one of the turret-rooms of the fierce Baron.

And when the moonlight was clear in heaven and gleamed upon the swift Rhine, she, tired with weeping, sat leaning her head upon her hand by the window. She was watching the foam about the rock of the Lorelei when she saw a light cloud rise up slowly and hover above it, and then float down the river.

"Poor Lorelei!" she thought; "doubtless she has suffered much to have so sad a part to play; and I at least pity her."

As she said this, she felt something brush the back of her hand, and a drop of water fell upon it. She started, but only saw the light cloud float slowly back up the Rhine.

"The dews are beginning to fall," she said, and was turning from the window, when she heard a splash in the moat, and, looking down, made out the figure of a man swimming. He soon crossed the moat, and in a little while his head appeared above the wall, which he had climbed by the aid of a long poleaxe. Dropping inside the court-yard, he came directly

under her window, and said in a low voice, "Hist! Hildegard! it is I—Max!"

She restrained a cry with difficulty. "O Max!" she said, "do not stay there; you will be lost!"

"I suspect he will," answered the voice of the Baron; and in one moment a dozen retainers had surrounded Graf Max, beaten down his defence, and made him prisoner. His presence was explained by the fact of his having met a messenger from the Emperor dispensing with his attendance; and on his return a peasant had informed him of the carrying away of his betrothed.

Poor Hildegard had sunk back nearly fainting, when the entrance of her persecutor forced her to summon up all her courage.

"Well, fair dame, as your intended mate is now caught and caged, perhaps you will think better of the proposal I made you. I have broad lands, and a stout arm. You cannot do better."

"Sir Baron, the detestation that I had for you is now coupled with the deepest contempt. You are as cowardly as you are brutal, or you would not thus misuse the inoffensive. Know, then, once for all, that Hildegard Countess von Salis, rather than even touch your hand, would have her own right arm hewn from the shoulder. And now give me at least relief from your presence; and ye maidens, keep better watch and see that ye keep the bolt in the staples."

Then did the high and mighty Franz Baron von Katzenellenbogen return to his hall in a rage. "Curse that little manikin!" he cried; "what good hath it done to catch birds, if I cannot make them sing? Curses on the little wretch!"

Scarcely had he said this when a whistle was heard behind him that pierced into his very brain, and seemed as if it would cut the nerves in two.

"Hark you, Baron," said the little man: "don't curse your friends before they fail; but to-morrow do as I tell you." He whispered a few words in the Baron's ear, and walked through the wall as on the first occasion. And the lord of Katzenellenbogen looked pleased, and, having chuckled mirthfully over his nightly posset, retired to his couch and snored.

The morning rose fresh, dewy, and serene. The glad voices of the birds mingled with the scent of the flowers, and went up through the pure atmosphere toward God. And the beautiful Hildegard rose early, and seating herself sadly by her bedside, when her morning prayer was ended, began to think of her mournful lot. A brattling fanfare of trumpets startled her from her meditations, and drew her to the window. In the court-yard below was a scaffold erected, hung with black cloth, and surrounded

skirts of which appear as if hanging from the shoulder-blades; the arms, wrists, and ankles are bound with broad metal rings, and the waist is encircled by a belt profusely studded with some shining substance, intended, probably, to resemble precious stones. The crown of the head is covered with a compact sort of network, interwrought with plates of gold and silver, so arranged as to conceal a part only of the hair, which flows in profuse ringlets over the neck and shoulders; but even this natural ornament is much injured by a custom very prevalent, of interweaving the extremities with silk ribbons, that descend in twisted folds to the feet. The supplemental tresses would inevitably trail on the ground, were it not for the high clogs, or rather stilts, on which women of condition are always raised when they appear in public; many of these are of an extravagant altitude, and, if the decorations of the head were of correspondent dimensions, a lady's face would seem as if fixed in the centre of her figure. The impression made on a stranger by such an equipage is certainly very ludicrous. There is, indeed, a whimsical phantasy here, almost universal in its application, which seems utterly irreconcilable with all ideas of female delicacy. Not only are the cheeks plastered with vermilion, the teeth discoloured, and the eyebrows dyed, but the lips and chin are tinged with a dark indelible composition, as if the fair pro-



prietors were ambitious of the ornament of a beard."

The *haik* forms the principal garment of the modern inhabitants of Palestine. It is of different sizes and degrees of fineness, usually six

yards long, and five or six yards broad, serving frequently for a garment by day and a bed and covering by night. It is very troublesome to



manage, often falling upon the ground; so that the person who wears it is every moment obliged to tuck it up, and fold it anew about the body.

The Jewish females in the East do not wear stockings, and generally use slippers of a red colour, embroidered in gold. They are very much addicted to the use of ornaments. From the lower part of the ears they suspend large gold ear-rings, and three small ones, set with pearls, on the upper part. They load their necks with beads, and their fingers with rings: their wrists and ankles also are adorned with bracelets and anklets of solid silver, and long gold chains hang from their girdles.

"The dress of the Arabs in Syria," says Dr. Clarke, "is simple and uniform. It consists of a blue shirt, descending to the knees, the legs and feet being exposed, or the latter sometimes covered with the ancient *cothurnus* or buskins."

Near Jerusalem the ancient sandal is frequently met with, exactly as it is seen on Grecian statues.

"A cloak," continues Dr. Clarke, "is worn, of very coarse and heavy camel's-hair cloth, almost universally decorated with broad black and white stripes passing vertically down the back. This is of one square piece, with holes for the arms." In this we probably behold the form and material of our Saviour's garment, for

which the soldiers cast lots, being without seam, woven from the top throughout. It was the most ancient dress of the inhabitants of this



country. The women of Syria do not veil their faces so closely as those of Palestine. They wear robes with very long sleeves, hanging quite to the ground; this garment is frequently striped in gaudy colours.

The Druses, who inhabit part of Syria, wear a coarse woollen cloak, with white stripes, thrown over a waistcoat and breeches of the same stuff, tied round the waist by a sash. They cover the head with a turban, which is flat at the top, and swells out at the sides.

The women wear a coarse blue jacket and petticoat, but no stockings. Their hair is plaited, and hangs down in tails behind. They wear a singular shaped head-dress, called a *tantoor*. Page, in his "Travels," speaks of it as a silver cone, and says it is evidently the same as Judith's mitre. Dr. Hogg thus describes one: "In length it was, perhaps, something more than a foot, but in shape had little resemblance to a horn, being a mere hollow tube, increasing in size from the diameter of an inch and a half at one extremity to three inches at the other, where it terminated like the mouth of a trumpet." This strange ornament, placed on a cushion, is securely fixed to the upper part of the forehead by two silk cords, which, after surrounding the head, hang behind nearly to the ground, terminating in large tassels. The material of which it is made is silver, rudely embossed with flowers, stars, and other devices, and the tassels are often capped with silver. The *tantoor* of an unmarried

female is generally made of stiff paper, or some similar material. On being married it is the custom for the bridegroom to present his bride with one of silver or silver tinsel. A veil is thrown over the smaller extremity of this head-dress, which descends nearly to the feet, and is drawn over the face when the wearer quits the seclusion of her home.

Tyre, once the "Queen of Nations," was formerly celebrated for the renowned purple dye, which is often mentioned by ancient writers, particularly by Homer and Virgil, who generally arrayed their heroes in vests and tunics of Tyrian purple, sometimes plain, at others ornamented. We read in the "Æneid" of

The vests embroidered of the Tyrian dye
and, in another part—

Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost.
Of purple woven, and with gold embossed,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hand Sidonian Dido wrought.

This queen, so celebrated in olden time for being the supposed founder of the renowned city of Carthage, appears to have possessed the talents of her countrywoman in the use of the needle; for Virgil often alludes to her skill; and probably the scarf she presented to Æneas



was the work of her own fair fingers. Her dress is thus described:—

The queen at length appears; on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flowered cymar, with golden fringe she wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden curl restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

FOR CHILDREN, LARGE AND SMALL

LITTLE MARY

The father and mother of little Mary were dead, and a woman had taken her, who was hard and unkind to her. She made the child work so hard that she was faint and unhappy, and often cried and wished she was with her father and mother in heaven.

In the winter little Mary often had to go out to the woods to pick up sticks, and if she did not bring home enough the woman would scold her and beat her. Once when she went out into the woods she went down crying, for though the winter was almost over it was cold, and little Mary's frock was short and full of holes; she had never had a new one since her father and mother died. When she got into the forest she went to work very industriously, collecting the dry branches, stooping for them here and there till her little arms were so full they could hold no more. Then she started for home and came to an open spot in the wood. There she saw a snowdrop under a tree, and as she was tired with working and giddy with stooping so much she sat down by the snowdrop and placed her head of wool beside her. As she sat there she could not help saying, "Dear little snowdrop, what a pretty green dress you wear, and how splendid it makes you look! You never freeze in the cold like me, with my frock so thin and torn, and I shall never have such a beautiful little white cap as yours, I'm sure."

Saying this she laid her little head down on the bundle of sticks, and began to cry till at last she felt sleepy, and went to sleep. Then she had a dream and saw a gentle wind moving the snowdrop, and listened as it began to tinkle like a bell. The other snowdrops which were still asleep under the ground heard the ringing, and rubbed their eyes open, and stretched themselves till they rose up out of the ground into the daylight, and then they began to ring their bells too, till you could hear it all through the wood.

But little Mary did not wake up from her beautiful dream, but went dreaming up to her father and mother in heaven.

The next day, when they went to look for her, they found her dead, and in the night the snowdrops had grown up all around her just as she had dreamed so that their flowers bent over her as she lay upon the snow, and kissed her face with their green leaves.

THE COCKEREL AND THE HENS

There was once a great farm-yard, in which there lived a splendid-looking cockerel with his

wives—a whole flock of beautiful and well behaved hens, black, white, and grey and brown some with proud crests, like ladies going to ball, and some without. They all lived in great peace and harmony, for everything went well with them, and every day they got a large heap of barley corns for breakfast, and another for supper. But one thing troubled them, that their eggs were always taken away from them. The hens had often had their nests in the wood shed sometimes in the barn so that the eggs might not be found by the great rosy young woman who hunted for them, and one time they had actually saved up quite a mount of eggs. But the rosy young woman soon found the mount, and carried it away in her apron. And indeed, the hens could not expect any thing else than that their eggs should be found for it is soon as a hen laid one—no matter whether she was grey, or black, or brown—she set up such a noisy cackling that every body could hear. And then all the other hens came running to look at the wonder. Some boasted how white it was, others praised its beauty, and it was made such a clucking and clucking that the master soon knew where an egg was to be found.

The old cockerel was troubled at the loss of the eggs as much as the hens if not more. He thought a good deal about it. One day after he had been walking up and down thinking, he flew upon the edge of the water trough, shut his eyes, and crowed along and picking coal a doodle do. At this well known call the hen came rushing and tumbling towards him from all sides, and assembled round the cockerel. Then although he was much agitated and troubled in his mind, he made a very long speech to the meeting upon the loss of the eggs, saying that after long reflection he could think of nothing better than to leave the farm-yard and fly off to the woods. If they were willing to do this they should get up early the next morning. The hens agreed, and they all went to roost rather earlier than usual, that they might rise early.

The next morning the cockerel waked up his wives with a sort of low crowing and he started in perfect silence out of the farm-yard. But as the last of the hens left the yard, he flew upon a gate and crowed so loud that he woke the rosy young woman, who only wished he was a boiled fowl, and then went to sleep again.

The cockerel and his hens went a good way and then a good way further till at last they came to the woods. There they made a great nest in a thicket for their eggs, and at night they roosted on the trees. For a while they got on pretty well, only the hens still insisted upon cackling so loud when they laid an egg

that once the fox heard it; and he came at night and carried off a lovely white hen, and broke all the eggs in the nest. This was a great affliction for the old cockerel, and the hens went about quite down-hearted; and when the autumn winds came and shook the leaves from the trees, and the hens often had to scratch all day before they found enough food for breakfast, and the fox came and stole their young chickens as often as he liked, they went to the cockerel and begged him to take them back to the farm-yard. There, they said, it was true their eggs were taken away from them, but they had a warm roost and plenty of good food; while in the woods they not only lost their eggs, but sometimes their lives.

The cockerel, who had himself privately longed for the heap of barley-corns, agreed at once to go back; but advised the hens to leave off cackling for the future, so as not to betray where they laid their eggs. But they were not disposed to be advised by him. They said that when they cackled they did it because they knew they had done a good thing; but that he often set up his voice without reason. At least, none of them had ever seen that he had laid an egg; so he had nothing to say about the matter. The cockerel felt ashamed of himself, as he ought, and led his family back to the farm-yard and the heaps of barley-corns; and there they live to this day, and cackle all the same, and have just the same trouble with the great rosy young woman; but they have no idea of going back to the woods again.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Evening had come over the earth, the sacred eve of Christmas; and a poor woman was sitting with her two children in a little room in a small house of the suburbs. The father of the children had died, after having been ill for a long time, during which he had earned nothing; so that he left his family in extreme poverty. The mother, too, was unable to earn anything, for she had to stay with the youngest child and nurse it, and take care of it, because it was always ill.

Now the poor mother was sitting crying to herself, for she had no fire to warm the room; and on that day when everybody else was rejoicing, and parents everywhere were lighting up Christmas-trees for their children, she had to sit in the dark because the last drop of oil in the lamp was burned out. When the elder boy heard his mother crying, he threw his arms round her neck and said, "Oh, mother, if we only had a light! If I could only see you! I believe I should not feel so cold, and you would not cry so any more, if you could only see us!" At this the poor woman almost broke her heart with grief. Then she put her hand in

her pocket, and said, "Go, my child, and get some oil. Here is my last penny—I meant to have brought bread with it to-morrow; but who knows whether the good Saviour may not give us bread in some other way?" The boy took the money, and ran to get some oil.

The boy went further and further till he reached the broad street full of shops, all lit up splendidly. In the tall houses there lived rich families, and in the windows Christmas-trees were shining brilliantly. Finally he came to the market-place, where booths stood all of a row; and he could not wonder enough at all the magnificent things exposed for sale, the sweetmeats and fine painted toys. He went about here and there, looked at one thing after another, and was so happy that he did not feel that his hands and feet were growing numb with cold. At last he came to a booth that was lighted up more finely than any of the others, and a great many people were crowded before it. As he looked in he forgot everything else; for there he saw all that his mother had told him about the image of holy Christ wrought finely in wax. He saw in the booth a figure of the Virgin Mary sitting in a stable, and holding the infant Saviour in her lap, while shepherds were kneeling before them, and corn and sheep were there, just as in a real stable; and above his head the little boy saw waxen angels, with silver wings. He had never seen anything half so beautiful; and I don't know how long he would have stayed looking, if a crowd of people had not pushed him away.

Then he suddenly remembered that his mother was sitting in the dark at home with his little sister, and that he had come out to get some oil. But how was he frightened when he found that the penny had fallen out of his numbed hand! He could not help crying aloud; but though the people around him were constantly going into the booth, and carried the beautiful things they had bought there past him, not one asked him what was the matter, and his grief remained unnoticed.

He went slowly back through the lighted street; but now he looked neither to his right hand nor the left, for he had lost his penny, and was too sorry to notice anything. At last he came into the dark street where his mother lived; and as he thought how sad his mother would be about the lost penny, he could not make up his mind to go home, but sat on a door-step and cried bitterly. So he sat a great while, till he heard the watchman on the other side of the street call the hour: he came down the street with his lantern, and sang,

In the sacred, silent night,
Christ the Lord came down from Heaven;
Peace to us he brought, and joy
To every pious soul hath given.

Then by the light of the lantern the boy saw something shining on the snow before him, and picked it up to play with. The watchman came up, and asked why he sat there in the street, in the dark and cold, and did not go home. In tears the child told how he had lost his mother's last penny which he had been sent to get oil with; how his mother was always crying since his father died, and how he could not bear to go home and see her grieve for the loss of his last penny. "Well, come with me," said the kind watchman; "I will give you some oil, and then you must run home, for your mother will be troubled about you. And as he took the child by the hand to lead him along, he felt something hard, and asked what it was. The child showed him the shining thing he had just found in the snow. "There, now," said the watchman. "See what the holy Lord has sent you! That is a gold piece; and for a gold piece you can get a whole hatful of pennies. Now your mother can buy bread and wood for to-morrow."

At this the boy jumped with delight; and after he had got the oil of the watchman, ran home to his mother, and told her everything that had happened. His mother cried to him, but with joy; and she took her children on her lap, and taught them to thank the holy Christ child, because he had remembered their poverty, and made them so rich.

SORROWS AND THEIR USES.

IN the time of sorrow and care, souls draw near to one another. When outward adversity storms around us, we gather together, and the most beautiful flowers of friendship and intimacy spring up and grow beneath the tears of sorrow. In the family circle, a common source of grief destroys all little dissensions and disagreements, and brings all hearts, all interests to one point. Especially if the death of one of the family is threatened, then all discords are silent; then all hearts throb harmoniously, though mournfully; all thoughts agree and form a soothing garland of peace, in whose bosom the loved invalid rests.

And yet earthly cares, wasting sorrow, those sharp swords that pierce the inmost soul, do not kill! The wonderful germ of life can draw nourishment from sorrow; can, like the polypus, be cut apart, grow together again, and live, and suffer. Mourning mother, wife, bride, daughter, sister—hearts of women, which care ever crushes and wounds the deepest—bear witness to it! You have seen your beloved one die, have longed to die with him, and yet live, and cannot die. What do I say? If you can resign yourself to live, is it not true that a breath from Heaven will pour consolation

and strength into your soul? Can I doubt of this, and think of thee, noble Thilda R., mourning bride of the noblest of husbands? Thou didst receive his last sigh, thou lost with him thy all upon earth; thy fortune was dark and joyless, and yet thou wert so resigned, so genial, so kind, so good! Thou didst weep, but saidst, trustingly, to thy sympathising friends, "Believe me, it is not so very hard to bear!" Ah, that was a peace which the world cannot give. And when thou saidst, to dissipate thy grief, "I will not disturb this peace with my sadness," we believe that he from his grave cared yet for thy happiness, encompassed thee still with his love, and strengthened and consoled thee—"And there appeared an angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him."

Patient sufferers, blessings on you! You reveal God's kingdom on earth, and show us the way to him. From the crown of thorns we see eternal roses spring.—*Frederika Bremer.*

CHARADE.

THE history of my first has caused me many tears;
A child so strong in faith, and yet so young in years.

With looks of innocence she heavenly precepts taught

And of my second spoke, with all its glories fraught;

She pointed to its path, and, with an angel's car,
Directed friends to pastures green, and to the fountains there.

My whole she never knew, so truthful was her life,

And charity for all mankind in her pure heart was rife.

The same to her their creed, their colour or their skin—

All were to her in truth but of one home and kin.
But the destroyer Death soon called my first away:
May she blossom in eternal spring in glorious array.

C. M. B.

THE ALLIGATOR IN DOMESTIC LIFE.—It is not generally known that the alligator, like the turtle, lays her eggs upon the land. She crawls from the water for some distance into the dense cane-brake, and then paws up, with her immense paddles, big clumps of muddy earth, until a pile is formed a few inches high, and some four feet diameter. Upon this she lays her eggs, then heaps dry leaves above them, with sticks and mud, until the mound is nearly as high as a man's head, and the good lady returns to the element, leaving the heat and moisture to do the rest. As soon as the progeny is hatched, they hasten, like ducks, to the water; and if they escape being eaten by the turtles, catfish, or their own tender mammas, they attain, in a few years, a good size, and are allowed to participate in the fights, feasts, and frolics of the lake. The great part, however, are destroyed in infancy.

Sick Room and Nursery

CURE FOR STAMMERING—Where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation, stammering may be remedied by reading aloud with the teeth closed. This should be practised for two hours a day, for three or four months. The recommender of this simple remedy says, "I can speak with certainty of its utility."

TO PURIFY THE AIR OF A SICK CHAMBER—Take six drachms of powdered nitre and the same quantity of oil of vitriol mix them together, by adding to the nitre one drachm of the vitriol at a time, placing the vessel in which you are mixing it on a hot hearth or plate of heated iron, stirring it with a tobacco pipe or glass rod. Then place the vessel in the contaminated room, moving it about to different parts of the room. Dr J. C. Smith obtained £5000 from Parliament for his receipt.

TO CURE A COLD—Put a large teaspoonful of linseed, with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of sun raisins and two ounces of stick liquorice, into two quarts of soft water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart. add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of pounded sugar candy, a tablespoonful of old rum and a tablespoonful of the best white wine vinegar, or lemon juice. The rum and vinegar should be added as the decoction is taken, for if they are put in at first the whole soon becomes flat, and less efficacious. The dose is half a pint, made warm on going to bed, and a little may be taken whenever the cough is troublesome. The worst cold is generally cured by this remedy in two or three days, and, if taken in time, is considered infallible.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING SICK ROOMS—Never venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration (if circumstances require your continuance there) for the moment your body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection, and give you the disease. Nor visit a sick person (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, as this disposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapour in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing in it.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART—Where palpitation occurs as symptomatic of indigestion, the treatment must be directed to remedy that disorder. When it is consequent on a plethoric state, purgatives will be effectual. In this case the patient should abstain from every kind of diet likely to produce a plethoric condition of body. Animal food and fermented liquor must be particularly avoided. Too much indulgence in sleep will also prove injurious. When the attacks arise from nervous irritability, the excitement must be allayed by change of air and a tonic diet. Should the palpitation originate from organic derangement, it must be, of course, beyond domestic management. Luxurious living, indolence, and tight lacing often produces this affection, such cases are to be conquered with a little resolution.

Things worth Knowing.

TABLE OF ADMEASUREMENT

An English mile is 1760 yards or 5280 feet
The Roman mile is $\frac{1}{5}$ th of a degree
A Scotch mile contains 1500 paces
A Swedish and Danish mile are 2000 paces each
The Russian mile is 750 paces
The German mile is the $\frac{1}{15}$ th of a degree of latitude or more than 44 miles English
The Italian mile is 5 $\frac{2}{3}$ feet
The Neapolitan mile is $\frac{1}{4}$ German miles, or the 60th of a degree
A sea mile is 1078 feet
The Spanish league is 4 miles English
A sea league is 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles or the 20th of a degree
A league is 3 sea miles
17 Spanish leagues are a degree or about 4 miles which is the Dutch and German league
The Persian league or parasang, is 30 stadia or furlongs
A great league in France is 3000 paces, and a mean league 2500
The Hebrew foot was 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ English feet
The Hebrew cubit 1817 the sacred cubit, 2 English feet and the great cubit 11 English feet
The Paris foot is nine lines shorter than the English foot or 0.11 to 1
The Roman foot was 0.915
The Russian verst is 3.008 English feet, about two thirds of a mile
The Scotch ell is 37 inches and two tenths
The French metre is 3.443 French inches, or 37.1 English, or 32.81 feet
The Irish acre is 7540 square yards
A hide of land was one plough's work
A hand used for horses is 4 inches
A degree of latitude is 3 English miles and 17th at the equator
A nail's breadth is the 16th of a yard, or 24 inches
A hair's breadth is the 48th of an inch
A barleycorn is $\frac{1}{60217}$ th of a cubic inch, about 40 make a cubic inch or 3 to an inch in length
A geometric pace is 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet English
A digit measure is $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch or 4 barley corn 16d breadthways

CAUTION TO DARK EYES—That the colour of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be proved and those whose eyes are brown or dark coloured should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes, than grey or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are *cateris paribus*, generally the most powerful, and next to these are grey. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain—*Curtis on the Eye*

FLY PAPERS—Fly papers may be made by melting four ounces of resin with two ounces of molasces, and a drachm of Venice turpentine. Spread the mixture on sheets of paper. Great care, however, must be taken in melting the ingredients, as they are very inflammable.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF MABOGANY—Dilute about half a tea spoonful of vitriol with a table spoonful of water. Dip a feather into this mixture and touch the ink spot with it carefully, for if the vitriol be allowed to remain too long it will leave a white mark on the wood. The best plan therefore, is to wipe off the solution immediately upon its application, doing so repeatedly till the spot is removed.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

OMELETTE.—Beat well seven eggs; season them with pepper and salt; add a little shalot, cut as small as possible, and some shred parsley. Put into a frying-pan half a pound of butter; when it is boiling-hot, throw in the eggs, and keep stirring them over a clear fire till it has become thick. After being sufficiently browned on one side, double it together and put it on a dish, pouring over it a little strong veal gravy.

MINCED CRAB, OR LOBSTER.—Take out the meat, mince it small, and stew for about ten minutes with a glass of white wine, nutmeg, cayenne, salt, and two tablespoonsful of vinegar. Melt about an ounce of butter, and mix it well with an anchovy and the yolks of two eggs; stir this in with the crab, or lobster, adding some breadcrumbs to thicken. Garnish with thin pieces of toast.

BAKED VEGETABLE PUDDING.—About six ounces of scraped carrot, raw, the same quantity of mashed potatoes, currants, flour, and beef-suet; mix with a little milk and an egg.

YEAST.—Yeast for home-made bread may be made as follows. Boil a pound of pure flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of salt in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle, and cork close. It will be fit for use in nearly twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

VICTORIA SANDWICHES.—Cut up a thick sponge-cake into slices about a quarter of an inch thick; spread some apricot or raspberry jam on the top of one slice, cover with another, press them together, and cut into diamonds. Cover it with icing, and put in an oven to set.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—Rub the fruit through a sieve, and afterwards squeeze it through a fine linen cloth; put it into a preserving-pan with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pint of juice; place it over a brisk fire, stirring it occasionally with a skimmer. Keep it well skimmed; when it is done it will fall from the skimmer in sheets; then take it up, pour it into pots, and cover them closely. A little raspberry-juce will improve it.

GOOSEBERRY VINEGAR.—To half a peck of ripe gooseberries put four gallons of cold water. Mash them well together with a wooden spoon, and let them stand a week or ten days. Strain the liquor off, and to every gallon add a pound and a half of moist sugar. Mix this well. Take off the scum as it rises, and let the mixture ferment. When this process is completed, add an ounce of cream of tartar to every gallon.

WHITE CURRANT BRANDY.—To one gallon of best white brandy add three pints of white currant-juice, three pounds of loaf-sugar, the peel of three lemons, half a pound of bitter almonds, blanched and bruised; put into a pint of spring water, to stand four or five hours; frequently mix the almonds together with the other ingredients for three days; then strain it through a jelly-bag till quite clear, and bottle for use.

TO KEEP GREEN PEAS.—Shell, scald, and dry them perfectly in a cloth. Put them, on tin or earthen dishes, into a *coul* oven, once or twice, to harden. Keep them in paper bags hung up in the kitchen. When they are to be used, let them lie an hour in water; then set them on the fire with cold water, a piece of butter, and a sprig of mint, and boil them till tender.

Wit and Wisdom.

The human heart is like a feather-bed; it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

A lawyer being much indisposed in court, told the witty Erskine that he had a violent pain in his bowels for which he could get no relief. "I'll give you an infallible remedy," said the other: "get you appointed *attorney-general*, and then you'll *have no bowels*."

Young people, when once dyed in pleasure and vanity, will scarcely take any other colour.

How easy and pleasant it is to assign motives for the conduct of our neighbours when we gather them unconsciously from our own hearts.

Nothing doth so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools which are so.

A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education. "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir" was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the latter, "occurred in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

To know how bad you are, you must become poor; and to know how bad other people are, you must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be careful, and do not mistake possessions for principles.

Commerce gives gold; religion makes it gain. No degree of temptation justifies ANY degree of sin.

The true recipe for a miserable existence is this: "Quarrel with Providence."

The best snuff in the world is a snuff of morning air.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable for the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

It was formerly the custom in Lyons to present a purse filled with gold to a general who passed through the city on his march to Italy, to undertake the command of an army. On such an occasion the burgo-master of the city presented such a purse to Marshal Villars; concluding his address with the following words: "Monseigneur, the great Turenne was the last general who honoured this city with his presence on his march to Italy; but he only took the purse, and gave back the gold." "Ah!" replied Villars, snuffing the well-filled purse into his pocket, "I always considered the great Turenne *unimitable*."

An elderly gentleman was accustomed to go regularly every day, at a certain hour, to take his morning gill at a tavern near Charing-cross. One day, to his surprise and disappointment, he found the door locked, and he was not able to obtain admittance. After knocking for some time, a servant-maid appeared at the window. "Why, hussey?" cried the old gentleman, "what do you mean by shutting your friends out?" "Oh, sir," replied the girl, "master and mistress are gone to church; this is fast day." "Fast day with a vengeance!" returned the irritated man. "But if your master, and mistress, and all of you choose to fast, is that any reason why you should make your doors fast, too?"

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

IS ISSUED

In Twelve Monthly Numbers, 2d. each,

AND

In Yearly Volumes, 2s. 6d.

Every Purchaser of Twelve Consecutive Numbers, or a Volume when completed, is entitled to a Chance of obtaining one of the prizes annually distributed by the Proprietors; for particulars respecting which, see the Wrapper.

THE PRIZES.

For notice concerning the Prizes, our readers are referred to the wrapper.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that essays on the "RIGHTS OF WOMAN," announced last month, must be sent in on or before the 12th of June. The subject of the next essay (for the August number) is "FIRST LOVE, ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCES." The Prize in each case consists of a magnificently-printed Volume.

Notices to Correspondents.

*. We must beg our correspondents to abandon the signatures "Subscriber," "Constant Reader," &c., and use initials only, or some other distinguishing signature.

K. F. V. (Wals.)—If but slightly decayed, and at the crown, they may be stopped by a dentist; if greatly decayed, they had better be extracted. It is scarcely probable, however, that their place will be supplied by new ones.

MISS B. will feel greatly obliged to any correspondent who will inform her how to make a round chain in silk braid.

A. F. H.—The processes are unknown to us, and would certainly be impracticable in a domestic point of view, if known.

MISS C.—We have searched for "Berthe de la Gaillie Fontaine" without success, which we sincerely regret.

H. E. B.—The "National Drawing Master" will probably answer your wishes. Its lessons are given on a new and excellent plan. It is published in sixpenny parts.

T. B. (Dorset)—You are perfectly eligible.

A. L.—The "Request" is respectfully declined.

MISS D. (Swansea)—"Spring" is very pleasing and harmonious, but it arrived too late for insertion.

SUBSCRIBER.—We believe there is no such institution.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Wals.)—With real respect for our correspondent, we beg to decline giving the information.

W. G. (Boston)—A receipt for black ink will be found at page 126 vol. ii.

E. R.—We cannot deny our admiration to the "Honeymoon," but it is so like the pointed and epigrammatic verse of the writers of the last century

that we are inclined to ask whether it is original. Perhaps our correspondent will favour us with an answer.

LADY FLORENCE will find recipes for cold cream at pages 282, and 371 of the first volume.

A SUBSCRIBER is referred to page 59 of the first volume for the recipe she requires.

SWEET APPLE.—It will not be renewed.

M. A. G.—Your presence is not necessary at the drawing, though it would be perfectly welcome.

MABELLA.—Declined.

SOPHY.—Nugent's dictionary is both cheap and good.

EMMA B.'s lines on a "Family Bible" bear every evidence of a sincere mind, but we are compelled to decline them on account of faulty composition.

ROSA.—All preparation for whitening the skin should be jealously used. We know no safer method than to wash your hands frequently with Castile or the common yellow soap (in rain-water, if procurable), with a handful of oatmeal thrown into the water.

C. L.'s communication is thankfully acknowledged.

F. C. de L.—Our best thanks are yours.

MICHAELINA'S interesting Essay arrived too late. We are bound by a rule to consider no compositions which arrive after the 12th of the month.

T. C.—We think the lines "A pretty little maiden," &c., in our last number, have not been set to music.

CLARA R.—We have discontinued our hints on the management of "F. m. s. t. c. Pets," having exhausted the more interesting subjects. Your second suggestion is under consideration.

DECLINED.—"I love Thee."

ONE WHO PERSEVERES.—It may be done with common gun-water, carefully applied.

KATE.—See pp. 123 and 150, of Vol. I.

J. W.—The question shall be answered, as you appear so anxious.

MISS D.—"Old Maidenism" will appear in our next number.

MIRIAM.—We have no doubt that your ill success in your profession is greatly attributable to the causes you suggest, and we should be most happy to point out a remedy for so important an evil. There is, however, none that you must not seek in the very citadel of your enemy, yourself. Endeavour—if need be, compel yourself into society and social converse; you may thus acquire habit and manners which will serve, at any rate, to disguise the natural reserve of your mind, and strengthen your nervous temperament. No amount and no choice of reading will remedy the evil.

SNOWDROP.—A French Verb-book is published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, at a shilling. De Porquet's publications are, we think very good.

BERtha.—A light cloth.

E. A.—To E. A. and other subscribers we respectfully reply that it is impossible to give all the patterns for which we are asked. To do so would be to fill the magazine from the first page to the last with patterns and instructions in fancy-work. We are therefore obliged to select those which are most likely to be acceptable to the greatest number.

H. E. B.—Respectfully declined.

O. W. is afflicted with an inveterate weakness—to wit, blushing on all occasions; and I playfully—seriously desires to know how she may overcome it. We know of but one remedy, and that is freely mixing in society.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

THE CASE OF ALBERT—We have received a communication from this gentleman, and (with out comment) print it *verbatim*—though we are inclined to judge him the space. Our subscribers and correspondents will draw their own inferences from the style and contents of the letter.—“When I proposed the question of introduction, I first expected your own reply however obliged for your kindness in placing my request in the Magazine, and do sincerely thank all the fair ladies that have taken knowledge of the same. Now in accord-ance to their wishes, will proceed to do what I find ought to have been done before, i. e. to give a description of myself, and of the sort of partner I desire to meet with. In height I am five feet five and half inches, my age is 28½, but look younger by several years. I am not robust but good looking, although I protest I am no egotist, still will flatter myself so far as to say that the beauty in the heart is at least equal to that of my outward appearance. I have no income beyond a moderate salary derived from a respectable situation which I occupy so that I am not rich. Should like to meet with a female of a good, plain education—not one of the gay or highly fashionable, but one that is neat and comely in appearance, with moderate views, of an amiable, loving, and affectionate disposition, thoroughly domesticated—one that would make a real, interesting, loving, and useful wife age from twenty to twenty seven or eight, and has an income of one or two hundred pounds a year. Albert is a man of honourable character and possesses in a high degree every good and moral quality. He is of a kind, liberal, and loving disposition, and every reason to assure him in saying he would make a most devoted and loving husband, if you did to one of a kindred spirit which he trusts to be. Shall be most happy to hear from any of the ladies that think Albert's description and their own would suit.”—We have received a communication from another candidate for the hand and ‘beautiful heart’ of this most eligible person and cannot deny her the opportunity which now offers. **M. F.** confesses herself quite interested in **ALBERT**, and lays claim to his attention by the following description of herself—“I am rather above the middle height, have hazel brown hair and eye-brows, dark eyes (“loving” sometimes but “laughing” generally) with very long and thick lashes, my complexion is good and my nose very straight, my lips small and well shaped—teeth very white. I can sing, am generally considered a very good player on the piano, and a good dancer. Last, but not least, I am quite domesticated.”

A. P. is an unhappy male correspondent, who has often tried to commit his sorrows to the post-man, but, being overcome by his feelings, constantly failed. At length he has succeeded in informing the God of Love (on our staff) that he does most sincerely love a lady whom he met five years ago; but that some treacherous friend (whose conduct we strongly reprehend) has been whispering away his morality in the ears of the lady's friends. The consequence is that he has been obliged to subsist for two years on stolen interviews. Of course, that is a dreadful state of affairs, especially as the lady doesn't believe the accusation of **A. P.**'s calumniation, and remains faithful to her troth. And **A. P.** wishes to know whether they had better give up acquaintance, “or still plead to see each other!” He is twenty-

two years of age, the lady is twenty five—We think that, notwithstanding **A. P.**'s helpless condition at present, he had better “plead” a little while longer, for who knows whether he may not one day grow courageous, and actually think of marrying a lady whom he loves, who loves him, and who for four years has had her hand at her own disposal.—Oh, the times!

AMANDA—With feelings of indignation and sympathy—mixed—we print your grievance. ‘Four young ladies all of them good looking and well educated are kept in the strictest retirement, living in the country, and never seeing anyone!’ How would you advise them to get out of this distressing position?”—Seriously, if there is no other reason for their retirement than their good looks and accomplishments it is as injudicious as unjust. But the only suggestion we can hit upon is a gentle remonstrance to the governing powers.

SYLVA B.—There is no impropriety, and, under the circumstances, Sylva should guard against a too rapid disclosure of her feelings. Such a course often makes a woman seem not only indifferent, but repulsive and repulsion is a thing that the fondest Adonis rarely consents to endure.

FENELLA and the **LILY** of **ST LEONARDS** are one and the same person. Her questions are unanswerable.

MYRTLE—We cannot too strongly deprecate unequal marriages, and the difference in **MYRTLE**'s case is altogether on the wrong side. Something, however, depends upon circumstances. **MYRTLE** may be very youthful at thirty, her friend very manly at nineteen, if so the disparity is really lessened, and the possibility is that a few years would render it still less, for years in one sense, do not make age. On the other hand, **MYRTLE** may have reached mature womanhood, and her friend remain a boy, in which case there would be very small chance indeed of a happy or even concordant union.

A. A.—Be assured, but be frank. The unhappy termination of your quarrel seems chiefly due to yourself and when the opportunity occurs which your lover (if he be your lover and never so proud) will be sure to seek, a pleasant look will bring back the ‘old days’ you now regret.

KATE would not trouble us with her nonsense, but seeing so many ladies have received such excellent advice through our “dear magazine,” wishes to consult cherub Cupid too. She has fallen in love with her brother's friend. They attend the same church, and they (brother, and Kate, and friend) walk home together. He holds very little conversation with her, but seems to listen with devout attention when she speaks, and on meeting or parting treats her with extreme cordiality, as if he really loved her. And if he does, how happy she will be! Kate writes like an innocent young girl whose heart is lost and wandering in the mazes of first love, as undoubtedly it is. But the question is, how can she find out whether he loves her or no? We do not wish to be saucy, but if we know ever so well we wouldn't tell her. Why, bless her soul! the spontaneous discovery of that fact is all the fun of it! And that discovery will be made one of these dusky summer evenings we believe as devoutly as we hope.

DELILLO followed the advice we gave her (under another signature, which we are forbidden to repeat) in the April number, and now writes a very flattering letter to thank us for the result. We confess ourselves almost as pleased as she herself seems to be.

SARA is a wicked person.



A MISTAKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY J. ST. CLEMENT.

I KNOW not if the words of an old man will have much weight with my young fair friends, more especially when that old man is, too, a

bachelor; but let me hope that if my words have little force, my sorrows may have more; and if my pen is disregarded for the truths it

tells, then let the heart's still eloquence speak through the pangs it suffered—ay, and suffers yet. Time may, and often does, soften the poignancy of many an unconsciously self-created cause of life-long grief; but memory will assert its own supremacy, and while imagination is picturing the happiness which *might* have been, olden recollections tell, too truly, alas! why such felicities are *not*. So that if I am garrulous, as old men are wont to be, I pray you to bear with me; if tedious, pardon me: but if from my narration you can gather aught that may save you one tithe the pangs I suffer, then will you freely forgive me all my faults, and I shall sip one drop of happiness from having preserved it to others, and, by dwelling on my own sorrows, perhaps save many an one endurance of the like.

Oh, who could have foretold, when, wandering beneath the umbrageous foliage of our favourite haunt—my Emmeline on her palfrey, which she loved, for it was my gift on her eighteenth birthday, I walking by her side, listening to the sweetness of her voice, and the intellectual effusions of her cultivated mind—now the maiden blush suffusing her fair cheek, as she checked the warmth her love for the beautiful around us had betrayed her into; then the soft, blue, bewitching eyes, bent on me, with the slightly parted lips, as she listened to my fervent sequencence in the truths she uttered; and then the pallid hue, and then once more the transient blush, as, carried away by the extasy of my feelings of devotedness, I spoke of love and future happiness when we should be—ay, who could have foretold?—but I am dwelling too long upon such joys—all passed—all fled—all nothing now but sad remembrances.

Two years passed on—and two such year! No matter the carking cares of the outer world to me; let but some anxious trouble come, she stilled the whirlwind with a smile, and all was calm. What was the winter storm to me? The winds might howl their utmost, the elements in fury roar—but by her parents' fireside, it was one continual summer—the sunshine of her looks warming and cheering me and every one; and the gladdening smile of the mother always met me, the hospitable, open heart of the father always welcomed me. And, as we two young people played at chess on winter nights, he would laugh and say, as I triumphantly cried "*Checkmate!*" "Not yet, my boy, not yet your mate," for he loved his little joke, and laughed right heartily, like many others, at his own. I never discovered but one cause of trouble in that happy circle. There was a graceless son, but what had been his fault or his misfortune I never asked, and was never told. I only knew that mention of

his name brought a cloud to the father's brow, a tear to the mother's eye. *He* seemed to think of him as the cause of blight to many of his cherished hopes—she, of what he had been rather than of what he had become, yet never forgetting, either, what he was—her child. At any rate he was an exile from his parents' roof.

And now, at the height of the sunshine of my happiness came a cloud. The day for our wedding was fixed; the world to me seemed one large paradise, and Emmeline the queen of it. And if my love for her was strong, passionate, and warm, I was not selfish in my love, but felt a kindness for all the human race; people, places, circumstances were tinted by the reflection from my inmost heart—and there was bliss, indeed; but, as I have said, the cloud was gathering—small at first, yet enlarging as the days passed on to such gigantic magnitude, that all my happiness was shrouded in its deep, black folds.

There came a look of thoughtfulness over the brow of Emmeline. Her joyous, buoyant step had less of lightness in it, and a look of brooding anxiety stole over her face. The wonted smile seemed, to me at least, forced and strained; the tone of fervour in her conversation faded, and a coldness grew about her that struck a chill to my poor hoping heart. And yet we were to be married—the day was fixed. What could it mean? She said she did not know there was a change; but I, alas! too truly felt it. She said she loved as truly, my devotedly, as ever; but I had feelings of mistrust. She marvelled at my doubts, but I saw cause enough to raise them. And yet she tried to be as she was wont; she strove to smile, and laugh, and talk as but a month ago; but the effort was in vain. All inexplicable—all excruciating torture to my distracted brain. But the end was coming—the cloud was about to break; and with its lightning smite my hopes, my bliss, my airy castles in Elysium, crumbling down, deep down, a wreck.

Our favourite time for walking was in the summer evening; and once, as we were tracking our way through the silent leafy paths, Emmeline said, in a voice nervous, soft, and tremulous—“Here I must leave you for to-night: I have a call to make;” and then, as if in answer to my inquiring looks, “I dare say, you will wonder, but I will tell you all about it soon: but I cannot, may not speak about it now.” I stood as in a trance. Her form was receding through the leafy shade, and I was left alone with my thoughts, my doubts, mistrusts, my fears and hopes. More inexplicable than ever! What *could* it mean? If worthy of her love, was I not also deserving of her confidence? Was it only friendship, esteem, regard—call it what you

will but love—that she had felt for me; and the touch-stone of approaching matrimony had revealed the truth to her? Had I been made a blind, a cat's-paw, a dupe, a scape-goat, to hide some other lover's treachery? Oh, how my brain reeled as these tormenting furies in the shape of thoughts pressed through my tortured mind. One thing I could do: I could follow her. My nature rebelled at first to act the spy; but fury, jealousy, my revenge, all urged me on; and so, with stealthy step and cautious movements, I passed through the underwood. As I arrived at the outskirts of the copse, at but a short distance before me stood a cottage. At the door was stationed Emmeline's old nurse. "Ah! ah!" thought I, "a plot complete!" And she, whose age and gratitude should have led her charge to virtue, was guiding her to vice. Carefully concealed behind a tree, I watched, my heart nigh bounding from my breast with over-wrought anxiety. Minutes—to me like hours—passed, and then just inside the porch stood Emmeline, and by her side man—young and handsome. He looked with a gaze of love and fondness, and she returned his gaze. And then—Oh! would that I had fallen to the earth ere I had seen it—they kissed and parted. A cold sweat suffused my throbbing brow, my eyes refused their office, my limbs shook, and with a deep groan I fell upon the sword.

Let me pass by the night and day that followed. No pen can depict my grief, my rage, my jealousy,—nought but imagination can do justice to my state of mind. And as evening again drew on, and our usual time of meeting approached, how I revelled in the very thought that I should soon unmask this traitress.

As I reached the usual spot, I saw her. Oh heaven, what I felt! There was no shade now, there was the old look of happiness and love, there was no anxious cloud upon her brow. "Oh, hypocrite!" said I, between my teeth, "was ever treachery so base embosomed in a form so fair!" Oh, how lightly she came to me—how eagerly put forth her willing hand!—but no—to be deceived again!—never! I saw it all. She had suspected my discovery, and this was meant to throw me off my guard. No!

I clutched her hand, I grasped her wrist. I looked with a mad gaze upon her till she shrunk with fear. "Ah, guilty, guilty!" thought I; "she dare not meet my eye." "False, false!" I cried; "the veil is rent, the mist has passed away; no: can even your fair form hide from me now your black, perfidious heart! I know it—saw it all. Away from me! away!" And with a jerk of the arm I threw her from me, and hastened from the spot. Oh, I was

mad—I know I was—and do, dear reading friend, in mercy call me so—and so indeed believed me. For I loved Emmeline—*ah*, too well!

* * * * *

Five years had been added to my life. Five years of restless wandering through the high-ways and the byways of the world. The winds of the ocean had echoed my blessings and my curses, on the destroyers of my hopes in life, and the mountain-tops had witnessed my agony of soul poured forth in maddened desperation at my loss; nay, I have stood on narrow Alpine crags, repeating to myself the history of my love's fall, till in the gorges of the ice-clad rocks the echoes have seemed to repeat my wild tale! I have looked down yawning gulfs, deep down into their blackened depths, and wished that Emmeline were there, that so, with her clasped in my embrace, I might in one dread leap have sweet revenge for my great wrong, and end, with her, my life of misery—any way—mine, even if it were only in death!

But at length, with whitened hair and bent form, I turned my steps to England.

I sought the south, that there, alone and in quiet, I might find repose. But my chafed, excited spirit was not to rest. Always the same shadow hovering over me, always that one scene before my mental eye. Peace was not for me; excitement, bustle, anything congenial to my spirit, was my element. I withdrew at once to a neighbouring town, where an election was proceeding, and entered into the heat and noise of party warfare, for I knew the favourite candidate, and had a cordial welcome at his hands.

The battle was fought and won. *Our* side was victorious. And in the evening we met to dine at an hotel. There was a large party, chiefly composed of gentlemen living in the neighbourhood. The cloth was cleared, wine was passing freely round—for a moment I was forgetful of my one great load, and joined in the general talk.

"By the bye," said my neighbour to a gentleman sitting opposite, "do you know, Muston, that family who have lately taken Melborough Hall?"

"Certainly; very well," was the reply; "do you want an introduction? The daughter, I suppose, eh? Well, she is beautiful, and as good as fair; but no chance, my dear fellow, no chance; she is a nun in all but the name."

"I hardly understand you," again remarked the questioner. "What is the name?"

"Harlington; Emmeline Harlington."

I felt as though struck with paralysis. It was the first time since our wretched parting that her name had fallen upon my ear from

other lips than my own. With almost breathless eagerness, I listened; and with the quickness of lightning, for the first time, a thought entered my mind which had never found place before—would it Heaven that it had! Unmarried! Was it possible that by some fatal blindness on my part I might have been mistaken? No; did I not see them? Ah!—no, alas! I could not be mistaken! But the conversation was resumed.

“What’s the reason so good and excellent a creature should not have bestowed her virtues on some one with aspirations worthy of them and her? Some little romance, I suppose.”

“Partly right,” said Muston; “there was a something. She was engaged; but the unworthy scoundrel vilely, basely left her!”

I was on my feet in an instant. “A lie!” cried I, overwhelmed with passion. “She was the one who falsely played—she it was who dashed the cup from *my* lips. I am the living proof of her inconstancy. And so again I say—a lie!”

The end of this outbreak was too clear. We were to meet at daybreak.

* * * *

Night still enshrouded the dark walls of Melborough Hall, and the cold breezes of approaching daybreak struck me with a chill, as I gazed with fascinated look up at the windows of the house. Emmeline was there! Oh, if but once more I could see her—speak to her! for the last few hours had wrought a wondrous change. It was probable that death might meet me with the coming dawn; and yet I had not been so cool and calm for years. Again had that thought intruded itself: “Might I not have been mistaken? Was it not possible to explain the cause of all my grief, my misery, my wretchedness?” The idea that it might be was making way in my thoughts; and, as I stood looking up at every window, thinking it might be hers, I determined, should I pass through the approaching trial unhurt, at once to know the whole and satisfy myself.

So passed the night. As dawn broke, I saw two figures emerge from a gate of the grounds and walk to the place of meeting; and, as I caught a glance of the face of one, how well I knew it! It was the same that stood at the cottage porch—the same that frightened my poor mind to madness, and made it what it was. All my old feelings of rage and jealousy sprung up, and then I longed for the time to pour my revenge on some one’s head, it scarcely mattered whose.

The morn was broken, the sun quickly cast a lovely light around, and I perceived *my* friend had reached the rendezvous. I quickly joined them. Endeavours at explanation were

asked of me, and refused. No! I had suffered too long and heavily to be denied redress at last. The ground was measured on the skirts of a small plantation, and we took up our positions. Slowly the seconds spoke, while the air was so still that even our breaths could almost be heard.

“Ready, gentlemen?” said my friend.

“Yes, yes,” said I, “what need of this delay?”

“Fire!” he exclaimed.

There was a report—there was a shrill, heart-searching shriek, and a female form was hanging on my neck, with hot blood gushing from her breast. It was Emmeline!

The chamber was still and dark in which I sat by the bedside of my lost and found, and lost again beloved one. The life she had sacrificed to save mine was flowing fast, and her words were feeble and very slow. But, thank heaven! she had told me all. The cause of all my woe—he whom I had seen on the morning of the fight—was her once outcast brother. The cause of that dark cloud which first raised and then confirmed my vile suspicion was on his account. He had taken the cottage at which I saw them, while she endeavoured, under vow of secrecy, to plead his cause. The evening when she met me redolent of smiles and happiness was when she came to tell me all; and how she had restored a wandering son, and made a home happy that was to be so soon again so wretched! And thus, hoping that time might bring me back again a wiser man, she lived on the memory of past happy days, and longed for their return. They might have been, when this encounter happened! She had heard her brother arranging the particulars with his friend, and determined to prevent it—but too late. And all the rest you know, my reading friends; and what remains is too soon told. My Emmeline died that night!

And oh, as I write, her sweet face seems even now looking down upon me in pardon and in love! I see her in every scene of beauty. Her form is ever beside me. And all I hope is that I may not linger long upon this weary earth; but may close my woful life, and go hence. O Emmeline! I feel that day is fast coming.

THE DEBTOR.—Men generally look upon a debtor as in some degree their own property. Pecuniary difficulties break all ties, absolve from all courtesy, raise the creditor to the eminence of a despot, and often inspire him with the desire of exercising the arbitrary powers of one. The helpless debtor must be suspected, accused, insulted in silence. He is a slave, chained, to be spit upon by the angry, and laughed at by the unfeeling; and his own heart, alas! joins his enemies, and pleads against him.

OLD MAIDENISM; ITS PECULIARITIES AND TRIALS.

OLD MAIDENISM; ITS PECULIARITIES AND TRIALS.

OLD maids are not popular; it is in vain that in this enlightened and unprejudiced age, many apologists for the sisterhood have laboured with zeal and eloquence to prove that marriage is not essential to woman's happiness, and that celibacy does not necessarily imply any deficiency of moral or intellectual worth. It is equally in vain that the page of fiction, and the yet more striking records of real life, present us with maiden heroines, whose noble deeds and generous self-denying devotedness command at once our reverence and love; such instances are received as brilliant exceptions to a general rule, and are seldom brought to bear upon our estimate of general character; and still, old maids are not popular.

Many reasons are urged in justification of this prejudice against a rather large proportion of our female community. Old maids are so precise and fidgety, so censorious, so cold-hearted.

We shall not attempt a refutation of these charges; it is possible that the nice sense of neatness and order, so indispensable to the comfort and well-being of a household, may, when concentrated within a limited sphere of action, degenerate into a minute and wearisome attention to trifles.

We could wish for the honour of womankind, aye, and of mankind too, that the guilt of slander and detraction were justly chargeable upon old-maidenism alone.

Old maids are so cold-hearted, so unsympathising. Alas! for the truth of such an accusation, how little could it stand the test of a more perfect knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart.

It has been asserted, and logically proved, that woman possesses within herself the elements of perfect self-reliance and independence, and that marriage is not essential to her happiness; but there are depths of tenderness in a woman's heart, that mere abstract reasonings can never fathom. One of the most powerful tendencies of her nature is that which prompts her to rest for support and guidance upon an intellect of a loftier and nobler nature than her own. She deems that in communion with such an intellect, her dreams of the pure, the holy, and the beautiful, will be fully realised; it is this sense of dependence that imparts a depth and earnestness as well to her earthly affections, as to her spiritual aspirations. To establish the theory of the intellectual equality of the sexes, would be to destroy the purest and holiest characteristic of woman's love.

In early life this earnest desire meets a response in the ties of kindred, but in the

lapse of years these ties are severed, the voice of parental love and counsel is silenced; brothers and sisters separate and form new connexions, each drawing around himself a circle of interests, joys, and sorrows, with which not even a sister may intermeddle. The relation existing between them may still be sustained in tenderness and affection, but that perfect union of feeling and purpose, which can alone satisfy the cravings of a woman's heart, is lost, and instinctively she looks forward to marriage, as the legitimate source of future happiness. The romance of girlhood gives place perhaps to the deeper and more enduring romance of womanhood. The presence or memory of one beloved object sheds a halo of truth and reality around the dreams of imagination; the future presents not an unclouded halcyon of bliss, but it is rich in promise and in hope.

In the utter renunciation of all selfish aims and desires, to promote the happiness of one far dearer than self, her own happiness must henceforth be found, and she seeks no higher sources than this. An occasional glance behind the scenes in the drama of wedded life, may tell her that the fair perspective of matrimonial felicity is too frequently marred by waywardness and caprice; but the revelation is made in vain; strong in her confidence in man's innate superiority, of her own capacity of loving, and yet untried powers of endurance, the experience of others weighs but as a feather in the balance; she feels that such experience can never be hers.

It were needless to dwell upon the oft-told tale of love, strong as death, sacrificed to coldness or treachery, or yielding to the yet stronger law of stern necessity. Suffice it to say, that years pass away, the long-cherished dream is still unrealised, and slowly and reluctantly the dreamer yields to the conviction, that her life for the future must be one of comparative isolation. Pride may prompt her to conceal beneath the mask of indifference, or it may be of levity and sarcasm, the bitterness of wounded affection and disappointed hopes, and men deem that as the eye hath lost its lustre and the cheek its bloom, so the heart hath lost the power of loving. An occasional burst of sympathy and tenderness elicited by some tale of love or of sorrow; the earnest passionate caress lavished upon childhood; may perhaps betray the struggle that is passing within; but it is only in loneliness and solitude that its integrity is fully revealed. Quitting the happy home circle, where she has listened with seeming coldness to the sweet interchange of loving words and gentle endearments, the old maid seeks her own lonely dwelling. A sense of desolation weighs heavily upon her heart, and

thick-coming reminiscences of the past add to its bitterness; no soothing influence is there to still the tumult of strongly excited feeling, and abandoning herself for a brief season to its power, she prays in the anguish of her soul that she may become the cold, heartless, passionless being that she seems unto the world.

Society offers but few equivalents for the absence of domestic happiness. Wealth will always command a certain amount of consideration; and the claims of genius and literary talent will generally be recognised in the social circle; it is, indeed, a commonly received opinion, that literary women ought not to marry. But the majority of unmarried women are neither wealthy nor literary, and the social position of those, whose characters and pretensions rise not above mediocrity, seems scarcely defined. Tacitly excluded from the coteries of the youthful amongst her own sex, who regard a woman over whose brow the suns of forty summers have passed as a rather doubtful ally, she is tolerated by, rather than cordially admitted into, the sisterhood of matrons, for how can an old maid sympathise with the cares, the joys, and the sorrows of the wife and the mother? In her intercourse with the opposite sex, she misses the tribute of devotion and admiration, involuntarily offered at the shrine of youth and beauty; the attentions and courtesies required by the etiquette of society may be scrupulously rendered, but the spirit that imparted to them an undefinable charm is lost—such trials and privations may appear trifling, but trifles make the sum of human suffering, as well as of human bliss.

Nor are these the only trials incident to a life of celibacy. The breaking up of the family circle too frequently leaves the unmarried daughters—indulgently reared, perhaps, and well educated—destitute of the means of support, and destined to a life of incessant labour, uncheered by the blessed privilege of ministering to the comfort of loved ones, depending upon them for all of earthly happiness, and with no incitement to exertion beyond the necessity of sustaining a cheerless and isolated existence. Well will it be for the woman thus situated, if she be not tempted to risk the yet greater misery and degradation of a mercenary and heartless marriage.

But it will be said, that it is no part of wisdom or of philosophy to indulge in morbid feelings of regret; that every station of life has its peculiar trials, and that submission to the dispensations of Providence is a duty incumbent upon all. All this we admit, and more than this. We know that a true-hearted and Christian woman will feel, that whatever be her position in society, it involves

duties which may not be neglected, and in the performance of which she may find a certain source of happiness; she will feel that the gift of life is too precious in itself, and too important in its results, to be wasted in vain, selfish regrets; that there is enough of human sorrow and suffering, and enough of truth and generous, disinterested love in the world, upon which to lavish all her heart's store of tenderness and sympathy; that she has, to borrow the popular phraseology of the day, a mission entrusted to her, demanding all the energy of character and devotedness of purpose with which nature has so eminently endowed her. But high principles and generous impulses are not, even under the happiest auspices, always in the ascendant; is it any marvel, then, that they should sometimes fail when deprived of that sustaining and fostering influence so essential to the perfect development of all that is noble and excellent in the female character? Is it any marvel that woman, alone, and unaided in her struggle through life, and disappointed in her fondest anticipations of earthly happiness, should occasionally manifest an inequality of temperament and character, but little in accordance with the promise of her girlhood? We acknowledge that such is too frequently the result of an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and would only entreat that, while the disappointed votaries of fame, wealth, and ambition are allowed their eccentricities of temper and character, some degree of toleration and sympathy may be extended to the failings and peculiarities of Old Maidenism.

TO MARY.

A SONG.

WHEN the glen all is still, save the stream from
the fountain,
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather
to roam,
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting his love to return to her home—
Then meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild
wood,
Where violets and daisies sleep soft in the dew;
Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the
gloaming,
Thy cheek shall be fanned by the breeze of the
lawn,
The angel of Love shall be 'ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O Mary! no transports of fortune's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meeting to me;
For the light of thine eyes is the home of my
being,
And my soul's fondest hopes are all gather'd to
thee.

E. M.

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

In the beautiful country of Thuringia, in the midst of a vast lake whose waters were as clear as a mirror, there was, in the olden times, a green island, whose shores were covered with all kinds of beautiful flowers. And on the island stood a magnificent castle, whose towers rose high above the green trees round them. In the castle dwelt the Princess Una, famed far and wide for her beauty, and the splendid manner in which she lived. And as the Princess was not only very beautiful but very rich, many suitors sought her hand. But beautiful and rich as she was, and though to be beautiful and rich is a good deal, one thing she was not, and that is, good. She was proud and haughty, and had a wicked heart. She refused all her suitors, for she would have no one command in her household but herself; notwithstanding which new suitors were never wanting to take the place of those who were rejected, she was so beautiful and rich.

Once, on the evening of a hot summer day, when the moon was shining in all its splendour, the princess was walking in the gardens of her castle with her knights and ladies, and a great company of noble guests from abroad. It chanced that the gentlemen began to talk among themselves of the haughty manners of the princess, and the proud way in which she had rejected all who sued to be her husband. Una overheard them, and stepping to the curb of the well which stood in the garden, she loosened a golden bracelet from her arm, and threw it into the water, which foamed and sparkled as it fell. "Now, gentlemen," said Una, "whoever shall bring that bracelet back to me shall be my husband. Till the next full moon you may seek for it; which will certainly afford you time enough." At this all were silent. Una, looking round upon the company, laughed scornfully; and then a murmuring sound seemed to come from the well, and some thought that a face looked out of the water in the light of the moon, smiled, and vanished. Many of the gentlemen who came to the island attracted by the beauty and fame of the princess, left disgusted with her vanity and the mockery she had put upon them.

When the full moon came round again, the princess prepared a splendid feast. All the halls and chambers of the castle were brilliantly illuminated, music sounded through the windows, and within the guests danced and sung merrily. The Princess Una, in all her pride and all her beauty, sat upon a throne of gold, watching the revels of her guests.

In the midst of the gaiety, at midnight, a

fisherman appeared at the door of the ball-room. He was of a tall and lofty figure, and of vigorous and striking appearance. His net, which seemed woven of silver threads, was thrown upon a staff over his shoulder; his doublet was buttoned with mussel-shells, and bright drops of water hung upon his hair and beard, as if he had but just come out of some lake or stream. He was a curious sight to see in the midst of that gay assembly, and some thought they had seen his face before, though they could not remember where. As for the fisherman himself, he paid no heed to the throng, but walked straight up to the throne on which the princess sat, and reached toward her the bracelet she had thrown into the well. Una looked upon it in astonishment. "How did you get it?" at length she exclaimed. "I fished for it in the well," replied the fisherman, "and have come to carry you home as my bride, according to your promise." At this the princess laughed loud and scornfully, and said he must be mad or drunken to suppose that she would marry a common fisherman. It was quite right, however, that he should bring back the bracelet, and now he might go and amuse himself with the servants. Upon this the face of the fisherman grew angry. He frowned upon the princess, and shaking his net, some clear drops of water fell upon the face of the princess. He then left the house.

The guests were not a little surprised at the conduct of the fisherman, and wondered how he had got the bracelet, and how he dared to threaten the princess. She, too, was so angry at his insolence, that she sent some servants to seize him; but when they had followed him to the well into the garden they saw him step over the curb, and vanish in the well.

The next day the princess went out to walk with her guests, and came to a waterfall, where the water rushed foaming from the rocks into a deep abyss. The knights and ladies were still speaking of the conduct of the princess and the strange fisherman, and how she had broken her word in not marrying him. Una again heard them; and wishing to daunt them, and to show her independence of their censure, she cried, "Now, surely such brave and gallant gentlemen can do and dare as much as a poor fisherman. See! Now, whoever brings this pearl back to me shall certainly be my husband. You shall have till the next full moon to search for it as before; and then we will have a banquet, and see who is the fortunate man." She threw a costly pearl into the foaming water; and as the company looked, they thought they again saw the face of a man on the surface of the pool, though it might have been fancy and the eddies.

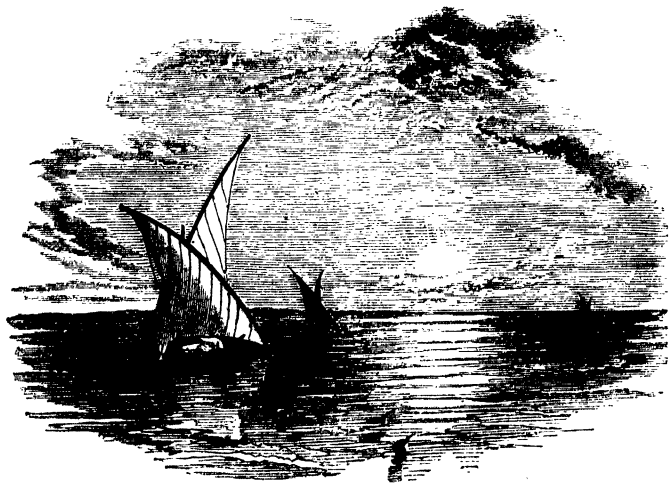
When the time was up and the moon at the

full, Una prepared a splendid feast again, as she had promised. None of the gentlemen had dared to attempt to find the pearl in the black, deep abyss, but they remembered the strange fisherman, and were all present at the banquet. Una again sat on her golden throne, and again looked proudly upon the splendour and delight around her. And when it was midnight a stranger of wonderful appearance strode into the ball-room, as the fisherman had done, and none knew whence he came. He was tall and imposing, and wore a mantle beautifully woven of rushes; a hat of rushes decorated with shells was on his head, and he carried a great shell like a satchell over his shoulder by a string of pearls. From the long ringlets of his hair and from his beard drops of water were falling, and crystals stood and sparkled upon his mantle and hat. The guests gazed at him in astonishment as he passed through them without turning his head, and made his way up to the throne. Some thought as he passed that they could recognise the fisherman.

Una asked him what he desired. The stranger replied that he had heard her oath to

for she never believed it possible that the pearl could ever be found again; and the stranger stood before her with so serious a manner that it was plain he would not suffer a refusal. But the heart of Una knew nothing of truth, so she broke her word a second time. She said that what she had uttered at the waterfall was only a jest, and that it was ridiculous to think that she could marry an unknown beggar, who had come from nobody knew where, and might be a goblin if he wasn't an impostor. No human being, she said, could have recovered the pearl from the whirlpool; and she desired him to quit the hall at once. Thereupon the stranger shook his staff angrily at the breaker of her word; and, as he raised his hands, fine streams of water gushed from his fingers upon the face of the princess till she cried out with pain. The guests then closed round the princess to protect her from the stranger; but he shook his hands threateningly at the crowd, and scattered ice-cold water round him, so that they all fell back in dismay. The stranger went forth from the castle, and disappeared behind a clump of trees.

The princess Una was not so much frightened



take as her husband the man who should restore the pearl to her; accordingly, he had brought it, and was ready to take her home as his wife. He then handed the princess a mussel-shell which he held in his hand; upon opening which the princess found the pearl.

At this the princess shrank back in terror;

but that she hoped to revenge herself upon the insolent stranger, who she thought must be a wizard. Day and night she longed to get him once more within her power.

One day Una again assembled her friends, and went with them out upon the shore of the island, where they embarked in beautiful boats

to sail upon the lake. Una looked earnestly all along the shore; but though she saw a fisherman here and there, not one was the man she desired to see again. The party was not so merry as before; they were, indeed, very dull, for they could not help thinking of the strange man. This the princess observed; it enraged her all the more against the author of it, and she resolved to endeavour to beguile him into her power by the same means as had brought him into her castle twice before. Taking a ring from her finger, she called the attention of the company to it, as she cast it into the water, and declared solemnly that whoever brought that back to her on the next full moon should really and truly be her husband, and she would dance the wedding dance with him that very night.

The time drew near; and the nearer it approached to the full moon the more industriously the princess sought for the fisherman and the unknown; but without success. When the day arrived she had a feast prepared more splendid than ever before, and a great number of guests were invited; but she gave orders to her servants that if anyone like the fisherman or the unknown should come, he was to be seized and bound instantly, and brought before her. And when it was evening, and the whole castle shone with light, the ball-room especially blazing with tapers and the jewels of the dancers, the princess sat upon her throne, and watched everyone who entered the door. At last, when it was midnight, a large and strange company arrived. A train of maidens, pale and blue-eyed, with thin white garments which trailed upon the floor, and delicate white veils all spangled with pearls over their long golden hair, softly entered, attending upon one who seemed to be a king. His majestic form was clad in robes of sea-green silk adorned with pearls, a crown of pearls shone upon his head, while a string of the same beautiful stones depended from his shoulders, with a large winding horn of shell attached to it.

Just as the majestic stranger entered the hall, a violent storm broke over the lake. The thunder rolled, the wind howled, and the roaring of the great lake was heard

through the open windows. The stranger heeded not the storm, nor the astonished company, but walked directly to the throne, from which the princess rose immediately to receive so distinguished a guest. "I have heard your oath," said he, "to take for your husband whoever should restore your ring to you. Here is the ring, and here with me are the bridesmaids: come, let us dance the wedding-dance!" The princess was alarmed at the imperative manner of the stranger; so much so that she had not the power to resist when he put the ring on her finger. At that moment the storm burst forth wilder still; yet another troop of the pale maidens entered the hall, the water hanging from their pearly veils. Then the stranger approached the princess and took her hand to begin the dance. But his hand was soft and cold, and moist as the sea-weed; and Una snatched her hand from him as she exclaimed in terror, "Away with you, sea monster!" and in vain endeavoured to flee from the room. But the pale maidens all



formed a ring round her, and cast their long veils over her, and took her in them; and the sea-king put his horn, which was made of shell, to his mouth, and blew it with a loud blast, and the louder and the longer he blew the storm raged the louder. Up rose the waters round the island, and roared over it, step by step, till island and castle were swallowed up in the night and the flood.

The next morning rose bright and cheerful; but when the fishermen went down to the opposite shores, and looked out upon the lake; there it lay, calm, and peaceful, and shining in the sun: but the island was gone. Since that time, in the warm summer nights, people have sometimes heard low sounds of complaining from the depths of the lake; and if anyone sail over the lake when the sun is shining, or at the full of the moon, he can see the sunken towers of the castle bright and glittering still.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

In spite of our predilections and the exigencies of space, we find ourselves compelled to award the prize, this month, to the writer of the *longest* essay. Ill as we can spare the space it occupies, yet it is so excellent in every respect, and represents the subject so fairly and fully, that we cannot deprive our readers of the pleasure and benefit of its perusal. For the future, however, we must lay down this rule: no essay is admissible which exceeds four pages of print, or falls short of one.—Next in value to the we print, rank the essays of Mrs. L. and Marianne; they are both very excellent papers. Eliza J.'s essay also commands our admiration from the high devout spirit in which it is written. M. T. L. is very correct, but—as here we speak without compliment—very common-place. LEBASI does herself injustice by not sufficiently enforcing her ideas,—a defect which practice will amend. ANN's paper is interesting from the examples of wondrous superiority she adduces, but lacks argument. ROSA, M. B. META, and JANETTE simply express an opinion. FANNY M. B.'s paper is not in any respect so good as the last we received from her: she has not given herself time. CLARA M.'s is a smartly written, clever paper, but it wants a little more depth. INCOGNITA treats more of the employments of women than the subject proposed. E. D.'s paper is good, but we are of opinion she can write better. E. H. is "fair." We now come to the only essay which maintains that women are capacitated for employment in the Church, the professions of medicine, law, &c., and for senatorial privileges. It is written by AGNES: and as we cannot print it—the too discursive treatment of the subject alone forbidding that,—it would be unfair to offer an opinion of the arguments she has brought forward.

The prize is awarded to A. C. Certificate of merit to Mrs. L., MARIANNE, and E. J.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

In order to draw any sound and fair conclusion respecting the social rights of women, it is necessary to premise certain positions

whereby to estimate as correctly as possible the natural condition of the female sex, and the innate distinctive powers and attributes, both mental and bodily, which divide it from the male.

It is best to begin with the *physical* differences that mark the sexes. The form of woman is more delicate than that of man. Her bones are less strong and dense; her muscular system weak and flaccid, compared with that of her more robust partner. Her whole system (according to anatomists) is softer, and possesses far less power of resistance and endurance (physically speaking) than man's.

In entering upon the consideration of the *psychical* distinctions of the sexes, we are at once struck with that which in the female is most obvious, namely, spontaneous impulse. In fact (as we might conclude from conviction of the perfectness in design and love of the Great Architect), we find in the sexes a most admirable and beautiful adaptation of mental endowments and attributes to the bodily conformation. The male is formed for corporeal and intellectual power; the female for gentleness, affection, and delicacy of feeling. In women, in fact, feeling is predominant; and hence the energy of the judgment and will is impeded: the emotions are all-powerful, and exercise the most potent influence, as are those passions which are chiefly founded on the social impulse—such as desire of pleasing, passion for imitation, but, above all, love, which, as the centre of this world of feeling, suffering, and joy, is to the female, by the decree of her Maker, the sum and substance of her being.

Inferior to man in reasoning powers (that is, especially in the faculties of comparison and causality, although reason is the prerogative of neither sex), in extent of views, originality and grandeur of conception, as well as in bodily strength, woman possesses more acuteness of sensation, of apprehension, and of emotion, though a smaller range of intelligence, and less permanence of impression; more tenderness, affection, and compassion; more of all that is endearing and capable of soothing human woes; but less consistency and firmness of character, except where affection subsists. She is more disposed than man to believe all things and to confide in all persons; to adopt the opinions and habits of others; has little originality, but follows and imitates man. She cannot live happily without attachments; and nothing is too irksome, painful, or perilous for a wife or mother to endure for the object of her devoted love.

Woman is remarkable for the delicacy of her taste, her quickness of apprehension of things within the reach of her intellect, her tact, her accuracy of prediction where feeling is concerned, and her insight into character, except

where blinded by love. She, without reflection, but intuitively, seizes the character of things within her sphere: all in her is exquisite apprehension and conception, not force and reasoning. What man accomplishes by force she effects by management. She has more capability of endurance of grief, though her emotions are rapid, and often from slight causes. Her love of offspring is far stronger than in man.

What inferences, then, are we to deduce from these differences? Plainly, we think, the following:—

Woman is no more fitted (and consequently is no more intended by the Author of nature) for the rough business of the *intellectual* world than she is capable of the *physical* labours of life. The tenderness and weakness of her bodily frame unfit her for severe and prolonged corporeal exertion, for the required performance of which man is endowed with hardy sinews and ruder fibre; whilst the sway exercised by emotional impulse over her mental fabric, her predominance of feeling, her consequent laxity of judgment, and her disposition to passiveness and non-resistance, manifestly incapacitate her from taking an advantageous part in the worldly strife, the purely intellectual contest (so essential to human progress), whereby the sterner and ruder constitution of man becomes firmer, and at the same time more polished. Her perfection seems best displayed in the quieter intellectual occupations, and in care and activity directed towards the happiness of those to whom she is attached.

Hitherto, however, we have done little else than show Woman's *unfitness* for various businesses of life. It remains to indicate her natural and proper position; and to point out those pursuits and objects for which she is fitted; and in the due fulfilment of which, her real usefulness and felicity can alone be secured.

What, then, are Woman's capabilities?

The peculiar gifts bestowed on the female are eminently those qualifying her for that quiet, secluded, gentle sphere of all-powerful influence, which exercises such vast sway over the moral destinies of mankind. Her patience, her devotion, her unfading love, her unselfish tenderness, point to Home as the appointed scene of her labours and trials, her joys, her sorrows, and her rewards—whether that Home be adorned with all the appliances of gorgeous luxury, or contain but the bare essentials of social life; whether the stately pillar uphold its porch; the glorious-tinted canvas deck its chambers, on its whitewashed walls gleam beneath the lowly thatch; whether it be in the burning clime, or the frozen wilderness, or the happy nursery of English hearts; it is there woman's virtues bloom! There is her highest pride—there is centred the end of aim of her

highest and noblest attributes. The goal of her fondest wishes is to make home blest. A wife's, a mother's love, hallows the precincts and blesses the portals of the humblest cot—adorns and sanctifies it. Wherever a true and graceful woman dwells, there is an atmosphere of love and beauty; an ideal presence of joy in her home and neighbourhood. As with a halo gilded, the domestic scene lies in the sunshine of her heart.

Man, living as it were in a state of perpetual conflict, with the elements for food, or with his fellows for competence, position, fame, power, wealth, or other objects of ambition, stands manifestly and much in need of some softening influence, the contact of a nature of a different order in the mental universe, less stern and rough than his own, to participate his joys—to sympathise in his sorrows—to pour the balm of love and consolation on his chafed spirit, and to soothe his rugged and unbending soul. This is Woman's province, and most admirably is she adapted for the grateful office. Wherever, in the history of society men from any temporary cause have been deprived of Woman's influence—have lived for a season congregated together in regions from which women were excluded wholly or in part, we find a marked and great deterioration of manners, morals, and habits of life to have been the result. This is so well known, that I deem it quite unnecessary to refer to particular instances. The fact may be regarded as a strong proof of Woman's importance in her domestic relations and home duties.

The great work of man's improvement; of social, moral, spiritual progress, can only be effected by the *education*—the proper education of youth. Those whose province it is to undertake the care of the infant mind, to watch over its growth, superintend its development, and direct its expanding energies, have a duty imposed and a part to perform which ranks among the noblest assigned us by the Creator's will. To Woman has God delegated this task. Into her hands He delivers His youngest and His fairest. She is to watch zealously the unfolding of the bud that as yet has no light at its heart. Her protecting spirit, her strong shield of love must defend its growth from chilling frost, blasting wind, and scorching sun. This duty is the most important part of Woman's real mission. Let her take heed how she estimate it lightly, or shrink from its responsibility. I speak not altogether of the ordinary routine of teaching, bearing the name of education in common parlance. I mean especially that far more important part of early training—the nurture of the heart, the development of the affections—the guiding of impulse—the schooling of young passion:—which depends for its success, not so much on precepts taught

and books read, as on the unseen, spiritual, mighty influences of Home, and Woman's love: producing its desired effect and doing its work, more by invisible machinery,—a tone of love,—an accent of reproach,—than by outspoken words. However safely the *intellectual* faculties may be intrusted to the guidance and training of strangers, surely none will be inclined to dispute the position—that in the highest *moral* and *religious* sense, the child's best teacher is its mother. The divine instinct of maternal love enables her to solve many a problem in the fine-wrought fabric of her child's mind, perplexing to others; and dive into the little heart, which opens spontaneously its store of joys and sorrows to her loving gaze. And when children are deprived of a mother's fostering care by death or the force of circumstance, although sad is their position and dreary their prospective fate, the place is surely best supplied by a true and tender-hearted being of that sex, appointed from on high "to rule the cradle and to rock the world."

Behold the interior of a happy home. Look at that quiet matron of modest appearance and reserved demeanour, seated by the cheerful hearth. Her name is plebeian—her lot is lowly—her portion humble. When she speaks, you do not hear the rapt eloquence that entralls and charms the attentive ear; she deals not in dazzling metaphor or subtle syllogism. She is not heard of in the world, her name is not the theme of eulogy or song; and when she dies, no "storied urn" will commemorate her virtues and her deeds. Yet she has done a work greater than many for which the names of *men* are counted immortal. What is she? She is only a wife and a mother. But in her sphere, she has fulfilled her duties; and fitted more than one human soul for its conflict with the world, its battles of life, and its home in the eternal skies. Her glorious privilege it has been to knit the bonds of pure affection round the sacred altar of the hearth, to drive away the brooding thought, to smoothe the brow of care-ploughed furrows, and to encourage in the path of love, hope, and well-doing. And the chief portion of this work—that of rearing the tender offspring of her virtuous love, her beloved partner, good and worthy though he be, could not achieve. The extent to which the intellectual power of Women is associated with and dwells in the affections, constitutes their characteristic weakness and their characteristic strength. Their sphere is the world of emotion, of loving and kindly impulses—the universe of feeling and pure affection. The imaginative as well as the reflective faculty is, in the constitution of their minds, so intimately bound up and interwoven in the *woof of the affections*, that apart

from the latter it is rarely exercised with advantage, and its powers are enfeebled.

The immense influence possessed by women in society can never be so beneficially manifested as when suffered to flow in natural channels. These natural channels are emphatically the cares, duties, and responsibilities of household life. We have seen above that the native inborn capabilities of woman are chiefly those fitting her to be what she was designed by God, viz.: the loving helpmate of man—the careful, devoted wife—the guardian genius of home—the first and best instructor of the human spirit. And these deductions bring us to the real subject of the present essay. For inasmuch as her ascertained capabilities indicate her proper sphere, and her true responsibilities grow naturally from the duties of that sphere, so these responsibilities involve and justly claim protection and security from opposing influences. Such are the "Rights of Women." And that their full rights are not as yet even recognised, but that, on the contrary, their wrongs are palpable and cry aloud for redress, must, I think, become evident to any one conversant with the laws affecting women, to any attentive reader of the newspapers. By the laws of this country, Woman, on her marriage, loses by that act her personality. As a wife, she has no longer an individuality: she belongs to her husband; and all that she has becomes his. Her helplessness does not end here. All authority is vested in her lord and master, she has not the power to sue even for the redress of her own injuries. That this law was heretofore framed with the best intentions towards Woman, and was held to be her best security, I can readily believe. But its abuse has too often clearly resulted in the assumed right of a domestic tyrant to domineer over his living chattel—to exercise a despotism a thousand times more cruel and complete in the bosom of his household, than was ever publicly wielded by the most detestable miscreants whose crimes stain the pages of history. Moreover, the laws of divorce are notoriously so uncertain, so unequal in their operation, so costly, so tardy, so inaccessible to the many, that hundreds of unhappy wives are constantly sacrificed at the shrine of man's brutal caprice, or selfish sordidness, who, under a more just and wise legislative code, would rightly claim release from bondage. This is doubtless a most difficult and delicate point of legislation. Far be it from me to advocate the adoption of any change, by means of which the sanctity of the marriage-vow would be infringed—its solemn obligations considered to be less binding and sacred. But the law of divorce, as it at present exists among us, presses too unequally.

The existing law respecting the right of mothers to the custody of their offspring, is another grievous wrong which calls for amendment. Heaven's decree destines helpless infancy and tender childhood to the watchful maternal care—to the unswerving affection of the maternal heart. But man rashly interposes his arbitrary enactments, to counteract as far as may be the will of God and the operations of nature.

There are other wrongs which Women endure—as by those laws which degrade that innocence which is their chief adornment by balancing it with money, and compensate the loss of one with the other; but let us pass from that to see in what manner Women themselves have, in one instance, set about the claimance of their alleged rights, and the redress of their grievances. It is well known that a movement is in progress among our transatlantic sisterhood, the end and aim of which is asserted to be the "Emancipation of Woman" from the fetters of man's authority, and the recognition of her independence. Let us inquire how these female would-be reformers have proceeded so far, and what are the privileges they claim for the sex—whether the rights for which they clamour really *be* rights—whether, that being granted, the desired result would be promoted by the means advocated.

The American women-reformers claim for the female sex what they are pleased to term equality with men. They would have all those avenues to power and distinction, hitherto occupied exclusively by men, thrown open to women. They would have the various offices and employments of civilised life relating to trade, the arts, science, politics, and government filled by women, standing side by side with men. They would have female merchants, sailors, savans, litterati, physicians, divines, barristers, lawyers, magistrates, judges, and legislators. In short, they would have Woman unsexed, in a revolting and unnatural attempt at the usurpation of the natural and proper functions of man. They insist on dragging her from the peaceful shade of home—from the sphere assigned her by her All-wise God—and placing her in an unnatural position, out in the glaring sunlight, amid the toil, the tumult, the whirl, the contending passions, the clashing spirits of worldly and ambitious men. But it is worth while to go a little more into detail and examine the fitness (or rather the unfitness) of Woman for these various careers and pursuits.

Of all *intellectual* pursuits, that of authorship is evidently the best suited to the natural condition of Woman. The peaceful walk of literature is not *necessarily* associated with out-door strife, fierce contention, or unfeminine display.

The pen may certainly be wielded at less cost of delicacy and that modest reserve which is Woman's loveliest charm than the sword, the lancet, the amputating-knife, or the bâton of judicial authority. Yet what does the greatest (intellectual) woman that ever existed say of the life of an authoress, even when most exalted and crowned with success? "*Les femmes doivent penser*," says Madame de Staël, "*qu'il est dans cette carrière, bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée, et d'une mère heureuse.*" And Eliza Cooke, herself a writer of deservedly distinguished reputation, and a competent judge, speaks as follows of the living De Staël of England, Harriet Martineau:—"Miss Martineau is a woman with a *manly* heart and head." What more can be demanded in proof of the significant fact, that even when all their aspirations after literary fame are gratified, and renown has resulted from the labours of their pen, the good thus obtained—worldly reputation, literary eminence—is (in the opinion of women themselves of the highest intellectual attainments) dearly purchased at the cost of, and is but a poor exchange for, the play of the domestic affections and the joys of home. It is not my intention to enter into the question of the *capabilities* of woman as a writer; but, without intending to disparage my sex, I must confess to an opinion that there exist but very few classes of composition in which females are likely to rise to eminence. For reasons already given and dwelt on at some length, the female mind is not framed to grapple successfully with the more grave and abstruse departments of literature. Works of fiction and poetry (of a certain class) are best suited to the intellectual faculties of women, and, indeed, their talents of authorship are for the most part exercised in that field of composition. We possess many admirable fictions from the female pen—graphic pictures of life—truthful portraitures of nature, classic in style, pure in language, and breathing a high-toned morality. Yet, with the exception of "*Corinne*," and perhaps two or three more scattered instances, we have had no productions of the female imaginative and descriptive powers that will not sink into insignificance when compared with the brilliant creations of Scott, the classically-moulded and refined fictions of Bulwer, or the life-like representations of Dickens. Much less have our female *poets* shown us anything like the wondrous scenes depicted by the incomparable Shakespeare, the dazzling sublimity of Milton, the gorgeous imagery of Shelley and Alexander Smith, or the voluptuous strains of Moore.

As a climax to all these facts we have the honest confession of a lady-writer (given above) to the effect that Woman as a writer

should have a manly heart and brain ; therefore can hope to excel only as she approaches the attributes of the other sex.

So much then for our estimate of Woman as a literary character. Let us now examine her under other aspects.

It is proposed that women should enter the field of polemical strife, and engage in the discussion of *political* questions. And in support of this proposition it is asserted that—

1. The female mind is quite capable of taking part in such discussions ; and—

2. Women are concerned equally with men in the important questions of social policy ; in the furtherance of just legislative enactments ; and in the maintenance of political liberty.

I will admit (merely however for the sake of avoiding an unnecessary, lengthily disquisition) the first of these arguments. Indeed, good authorities of the male sex can be quoted in favour of it. Burdach says, "Politics are not above the reach of women. Indeed, there have been many able and excellent queens." Granted. Regarded in an abstract light as rulers of a nation, no doubt, Semiramis, Dido, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, and many others, merited that title. But how should we estimate them *as women* ? I could not trust my pen to indicate their character as such. In fact, they shine only when looked on apart from all consideration of sex. The woman is lost in the monarch. I am also willing to allow that many women have written well on political economy.

To the second position I would beg leave to reply, that, although it be true that the sexes have an equal interest in the welfare of society, yet the immediate task of watching over it, and framing laws for its guidance and regulation, may continue safely intrusted to the ruder sex, who are no less interested in securing the protection and well-being of Woman than is the latter herself. Moreover, by clamouring for such absurd and unnatural privileges, women ignore the possession of the confessedly large amount of political influence they can and do enjoy ; not in a public and prominent position, but in their own domestic sphere. An influence and a power, not obvious to view ; moral and unseen ; but a thousand times more potent and efficacious, than they could possibly hope to obtain or exercise, if admitted within the walls of the senate-house, sharing in the councils of state, or even discoursing, however eloquently, on these subjects in the printed page.

In the position of *judge, censor, or magistrate*, Woman is not calculated to act with advantage to society, or increase to her own dignity. In accordance with the estimate of her mental standard which we gave above, it must be evident that her disposition to benevolent credulity,

her strong bias in favour of the seemingly oppressed, her tendency to jump to conclusions in their favour, and to be ruled by impulse and emotion in place of calm reflection and logical deduction, must materially interfere with the equitable discharge of magisterial or censorial duty, and absolutely unfit her for the higher functions of the judicial bench. In those awful inquiries, frequently submitted to the fiat of a human tribunal, involving the fearful questions of sanity and responsibility, of madness and crime ; the life or liberty of a fellow-creature ; often baffling the profoundest ken of men, freed from the sway of emotion by the force of training and experience ; who would trust or expect a woman to unravel the perplexed and tangled web of erring thought, to trace the boundary which divides lunacy and malignity, to sketch the varying and shadowy frontier, which separates the subtle and shifting transformation of ungovernable passion, from the excitement of madness—the "thick-coming fancies," that

Dagger of the mind,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

Neither is Woman better adapted to excel, or even arrive at useful mediocrity, in the exercise of either of the learned *professions*. For the sacred office of a Christian pastor, Woman perhaps is mentally not altogether unqualified ; but her religious influence is far more advantageously exercised and widely appreciated in her own peculiar sphere of action. Tending the sick and afflicted, soothing the chafed and weary, binding up the broken-hearted, checking the rebellious, repining thought by the silent influence of her own uncomplaining resignation and steadfast faith, these are the offices in the performance of which Woman is best doing the master's work, and they must be fulfilled in the circle of home and the sphere of private influence and sympathy, not by eloquent discourse in the pulpit. The cause of true religion could never be much advanced by female preachers, whilst the good these might effect in a private capacity would be lost to the community.

The calling of the Bar appears a profession eminently unsuitable for Woman's adoption. The idea indeed of a female advocate in a court of justice is so grotesque and unnatural, as to excite as much laughter as contemptuous indignation. I will not inquire into Woman's *intellectual* qualifications for the barrister's wig and gown. I will not stop to ask whether there be indeed ladies capable of declaiming with the fervid eloquence of Demosthenes, the polished periods of Cicero, the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke, or the fierce sarcasm of Brougham, but will content myself with put-

ting this one question to my readers: whether they can deem it consistent with that purity of thought and high-toned morality which should be inseparable from the female character, to evoke the horrid and revolting details of criminal offences, to dwell on the disgusting evidences of outrage and crime, to rivet the damning chain of testimony, to screen the felon, forger, murderer, and other criminals whom I will not name, from their due punishment? Let us draw a veil over even the idea of such scenes. They are too shocking for contemplation. O my American sisters! may I not say with Hamlet—

What devil was't
That thus has cozened you—

that you should seek to unsex yourselves, and advocate a measure, the effect of which must be, in this particular,

To blur the grace and blush of modesty?

There remains but one profession to be yet spoken of. A profession, beyond question, of all the most revolting to be practised by women: a career presenting objects of study and research, offices and duties, the most opposed to the instinctive delicacy and refinement of the female mind. Yet, strange to say, it is that indicated by the American ladies as being, *par excellence*, the most fitting and proper for their adoption! It is the medical art of which I am now speaking. The practice of physic and surgery is a most important calling; requiring from its disciples a long preparatory training in various branches of knowledge and research, most of them totally foreign to the business of ordinary education, and many that must of necessity be highly offensive and repugnant to female modesty and reserve. And if this be the case with regard to the educational career of woman as a physician, in how far more extended a sense is its truth applicable to her, when supposed to be actually in practice? The last shade of timidity must disappear, the last spark of modesty must become extinct, in such an amorphous being. In fact, the gross indecency of the subject entirely precludes its wider and more detailed consideration from the pen of a woman. I shall close my remarks on it by observing, that in spite of the arguments and lectures of Drs. Harriet Hunt and Elizabeth Blackwell, Woman as a physician is, in my judgment, the most disgusting deviation from nature that has ever been imagined. But it is said "Women are more gentle, tender, and feeling than men." Granted. "Ergo—they make the best medical attendants." This is a false conclusion, which the premise does not justify. If the word "nurses" be substituted, the inference is just. Women indeed

have every natural qualification as attendants upon the sick: but they lack that firmness of purpose, that stern decision, the "lion's heart," allowed to be necessary to those who would practice the healing art with success. Nay, the very qualities which render them invaluable as nurses, unfit them to be physicians or surgeons.

To sum up then briefly the objects and intentions of the American advocates for the "Emancipation of Women;" and the probable, nay certain, results, should such intentions be carried out, they may be stated as follows:—

A ridiculous endeavour to enhance the importance of women in the social scale, by forcing them, spite of their natural constitution, into the arena of contest and rude strife—there to take part in the angry passions and to share the vices of men.

A total ignoring and denial of the indisputable fact, that there is a *sex of mind and of brain*, as well as of person.

The perversion or destruction of all the natural instincts and destinies of Woman: such as, dependance on man—self-sacrifice—desire for a virtuous union with the other sex—the divine instinct of maternity.

In fact, the *unsexing* of Woman. Converting her from her natural presence (the choicest gift of the Divine Goodness) into a deformed thing—a distorted image—partaking of the qualities of each sex without the uses or the graces of either.

Would the rights of women be assured by such a result? Would their real wrongs be atoned for and redressed? Most emphatically not.

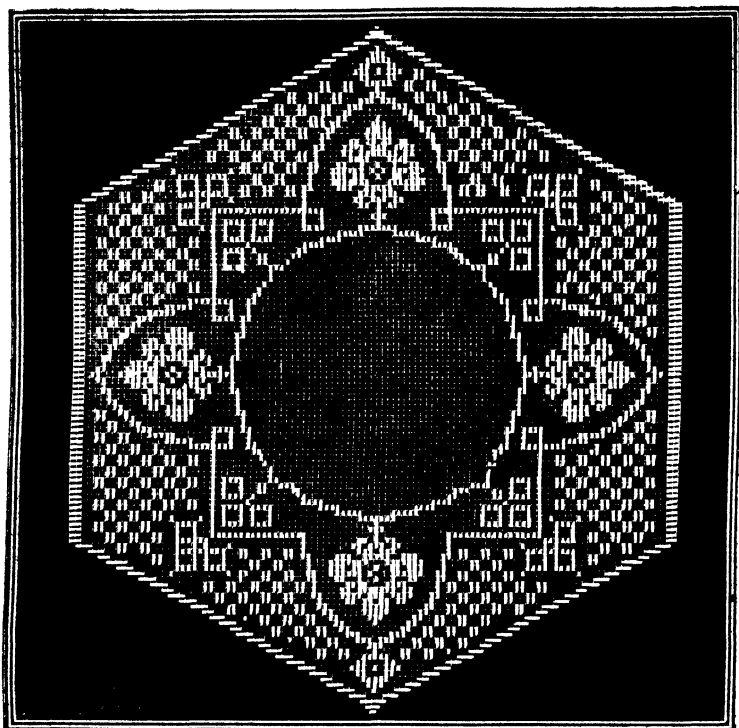
What but their own lessening and degradation could be the result?

In short, did not such feelings merge into the more Christian sentiments of compassion and sorrow, the transatlantic movement in favour (?) of women would excite in the breasts of Englishwomen only the strongest disgust and the bitterest contempt.

O my countrywomen! my sisters! I implore ye, be not deluded by these deplorable fallacies. Believe that God has given you a native worth, a dignity as wives and mothers, as comforters and reformers of men, as His chosen teachers of His little ones, which is your *true* dignity; and which cannot be enhanced by fantastical and absurd assumption of attributes and adornments, alien alike to your physical and mental conformation. Believe that your wrongs (and these are many and grave) will be redressed at no distant date; and that your best efforts to further that desirable consummation must be exerted in your natural sphere, in the bosom of your families.

ANNIE C.

Netting and the Fashions.



NETTED ANTIMACASSAR.

In compliance with several requests, we give a Pattern for a Netted and Darned' Antimagassar. It may be worked from the Pattern given, and should be finished with a deep Netted or Crochet Fringe.



MORNING CAP

MORNING CAP.—This beautiful cap is made of broad lace, and trimmed with broad ribbons of a bright colour; a rich blue is the most prevalent.

THE EVENING CAP is of blonde, very broad, and trimmed with pale blue or rose-coloured gauze ribbon; the broad floating ribbons at the back are edged with blonde.



The Fashions.



BRIDAL DRESS

We this month present our fair friends with the most beautiful dress we have yet seen for a bride. The gown is made of white taffetas, the skirt is wide, and has two deep flounces of English point lace each flounce edged with open tulle supporting the flounce by a ruche of white taffetas. The corsage is half open and covered with a gulpure of English point lace, to form a second corsage which is ornamented with two bouquets, one on the bosom, the other on the waist. The sleeves are double, one open high up the arm with a ruche of ribbon the other wide, and of English point lace. The head dress is of orange blossom white lila and lily of the valley. The veil is of English point lace, rich and deep, the gloves white and diamond bracelets. The bridesmaid's dress is either light blue or pink gauze with double skirt, trimmed with three or four rows of fringe of the same colour. The corsage is close with bows of ribbons and flowers upon each shoulder, the sleeves are short, the hair is dressed

KITTY COLEMAN.

AN arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Coleman, with her winsome ways and wicked little heart! Those large, bewildering eyes! how they poured out their strange eloquence, looking as innocent all the while as though they had peeped from their amber-fringed curtains quite by mistake, or only to join in a quadrille with the sunlight! And then those warm, ripe lips, the veritable

rosy bed,
That a bee would choose to dream in.

That is, a well-bred bee, which cared to pillow his head on pearls white as snow, on the heaven-side of our earthly atmosphere, and sip the honey of Hybla from the balmy air fanning his slumbers. And so wild and unmanageable was she! Oh! it was shocking to "proper people!" Why, she actually laughed aloud—Kitty Coleman did! I say Kitty, because in her hours of frolicking she was very like a juvenile puss, particularly given to fun-loving; and, moreover, because everybody called her Kitty but Aunt Martha. She was a well-bred woman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nicknaming, as she did of other crimes; so she always said, Miss Catharine. People always have their trials in this world, and Kitty Coleman (so she firmly believed) would have been perfectly happy but for Aunt Martha. She thought, even, that Miss Catharine's hair—those long, golden locks, like rays of floating sunshine wandering about her shoulders, should be gathered up into a comb; and once the little lady was so obliging as to make a trial of the scheme; but, at the first bound she made after *Bower*, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, and the little silver comb nestled down in the long grass for evermore.

I have heard that Cupid is blind, but of that I believe not a word. Indeed, I have confirmation strong, that the malicious little knave has a sort of clairvoyance, and can see a heart where few would expect one to exist; for, did he not perch himself, now in the eye, and now on the lip of Kitty Coleman, and, with a marvellously steady aim, (imitating a personage a trifle more dreaded,)

cut down all,
Both great and small?

Blind! no, no! If the laughing rogue did fail in a single instance, it was not that he aimed falsely, or had emptied his quiver before. Harry Raymond must have had a tough heart, and so the arrow rebounded! Oh! a very stupid fellow was that Harry Raymond, and Kitty hesitated not to say it; for, after walking and riding with her all through the leafy

month of June, what right had he to grow dignified all of a sudden, and look upon her, when he did at all, as though she had been a naughty child that deserved tying up? To be sure, Harry Raymond was a scholar, and in love, (as everybody said,) with his books; but pray, what book is there of them all, that could begin to compare with Kitty Coleman?

There used to be delightful little gatherings in our village, and Kitty must of course be there; and Harry, stupid as he was, always went too. People were of course glad to see him, for the ~~honour~~ was something, if the company had otherwise been ever so undesirable. But Kitty hesitated not to show her dislike. She declared he did not know how to be civil; and then she sighed (doubtlessly at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular); then she laughed, so long and musically, that the lawyer, the school-master, the four clerks, the merchant, and Lithper Lithper, the dandy, all joined in the chorus; though not one of them could have told what the lady laughed at. Harry Raymond only looked towards the group, muttered something in a very ill-natured tone about *butterflies*, and then turned his back upon them and gazed out of the window, though it was very certain he could see nothing in the pitchy darkness. It was very strange that Kitty Coleman should have disregarded entirely the opinion of such a distinguished gentleman as Harry Raymond; for he had travelled, and he sported an elegant wardrobe, and owned a gay equipage, a fine house and grounds, "and everything that was handsome." But she only laughed the louder when she saw that he was displeased. Indeed, his serious face seemed to infuse the concentrated, double-distilled spirit of mirthfulness into her; and a more frolicsome creature never existed than Kitty was—until he was gone. Then, all of a sudden, she grew fatigued and must go home immediately.

Ah, Kitty! Kitty! thine hour had come; and thou wert learning now what wiser ones had long been endeavouring to teach thee—that thy mirth was but "as the crackling of thorns under a pot," *scillless*.

It was as much on Harry Raymond's account as her own, that Aunt Martha was distressed at the hoydenish manners of her scamping niece. But Kitty insisted that her manners were not hoydenish, and that if her heart overflowed, it was not her fault. She could not shut up all her glad feelings within her; they would leap back at the call of their kindred gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful things of creation as joyous in their mute eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was very angry that Aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of

Harry Raymond; and, to show that she did not care an apple-blossom for him, nor his opinions either, she was more unreasonably gay in his presence than anywhere else. But, whatever Harry Raymond might think, he did not slander the little lady. Indeed, he never was heard to speak of her but once, and then he said she had no soul. A pretty judge of soul, he, to be sure! a man without a smile! How can people who go through the world, cold and still, like the clods they tread upon, pretend to know anything about soul?

But, notwithstanding the enmity of the young people, Harry Raymond used to go to Squire Coleman's, and talk all the evening with the squire and Aunt Martha, while his big, black eyes turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved, like the bewitching sylphide that she was; but Kitty did not look at him, not she! What right had a stranger, and her father's guest too, to act out his reproof in such a manner?

When Harry went away, he would bow easily and gracefully to the old people, but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and, one evening after the squire and spinster had left her alone, she sat down, and in very spite sobbed away 's though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visitor a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but luckily Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. The door was open, and so he stepped at once into the parlour. Poor Kitty sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to launch themselves on the roundest and rosiest cheek in the world; but she might have done better than blind herself, for, by some means, her foot came in unintentional contact with Aunt Martha's rocking-chair, and her forehead, in consequence, found itself resting very unceremoniously on the neck of Rover. It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious *abandon* of tears at any time; and it is a trifle more awkward still to stumble when you wish to be particularly dignified, and then be raised by the last person in the world from whom you would receive a favour. Kitty felt the awkwardness of her position too much to speak, and of course Harry could not release her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed even the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from sympathy. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbour; and Harry, too, looked down on Kitty

Coleman's face. Then came a low, soft whisper—low and soft as the breathing of an infant; and (poor Kitty *must* have been hurt and needed support) an arm stole softly around her waist, and dark locks mingled with her sunny ones, and Kitty Coleman hid her face—not in her hands.

Empty gaiety had failed to win the heart of Harry Raymond; but the tears were triumphant.

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it till the squire put it into his hand the next morning; for Harry visited the squire very early the next morning. Very likely he came on business, for they had a private interview; and the good old gentleman slapped him on the shoulder, and said "with all my heart;" and Aunt Martha looked as glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman, she did not show her face, not she; for she knew they were talking about her—*such* a meddler was Harry Raymond! But, as the arrant mischief-maker bounded from the door, there was a great rustling among the rose-bushes, inasmuch that a shower of bright blossoms descended from them, and reddened the dewy turf; and Harry turned a face brimming over with joyfulness to the fragrant thicket, and went to search out the cause of the disturbance.

Now it happened that Kitty Coleman had hidden in this very thicket, and she was, of course, found out; and—I do not think that poor Kitty ever quite recovered from the effects of her fall, for the arm of Harry Raymond seemed very necessary to her for ever after.

The mirth and mischief?

Oh, they vanished with the falsehood which supported their semblance, when the first dawns of love made the heart serious; for love and happiness always fling the weight of *feeling* upon gaiety, smothering its vain sparkles. The rich draught is never in the foam and bubbles that dance upon the brim. The heart never laughs; but the deeper the sunshine that blesses it, the less it looks to outer things for blessings; and so the world never prizes its light. The gay may have hearts, but they have never learned to use them—never learned to think, to feel, to love. Who will may imitate Kitty Coleman and the butterflies; but there are those who are wiser, and love better the sweet seriousness beaming like the mellow August moon-ray above hidden heart-treasures.

BENEVOLENCE.—Benevolence is kept in motion by its own acts. When it is genuine, nothing impedes its progress, and a trifle preserves the spirit of its action; nay, the very acknowledgments of the relieved are fresh and irresistible motives to exertion.

THE WATCHWORD.

(Continued from p. 37.)

"JENKINS," said the fair apparition, in a sweet and plaintive voice, "is this the gentleman whose kind attendance on our poor invalid has rendered me so much his debtor?"

"Yes, my dear young lady. I doubted at first whether to admit him whilst you were here, but again I thought he deserved to be rewarded by seeing you, and receiving your thanks."

The young lady smiled faintly, then turning to Egerton, she said, "You have my warmest—my most grateful thanks for your kind attendance on my grandmother. To your charitable visits she is in a great measure indebted for the partial restoration of her senses; and since the light of reason has even partially resumed its seat in her brain, I trust her friends may yet see its dominion completely re-established."

"I trust they may," said Egerton, with fervour; "indeed I have little doubt of it; and, believe me, I am more than recompensed for having in any manner contributed to the relief of the invalid by seeing her amendment, and by receiving thanks thus kindly bestowed."

"My thanks," she said, "are all I have to bestow; but my grandmother is now quite calm, and will be glad to see you; permit me, therefore, to resign my place to you;" and before he had time to collect his scattered thoughts, she glided past him, and left the room.

Frank stood fixed to the spot where the fair unknown had flitted by; but he was soon recalled to recollection by a feeble cry from the invalid.

"Alas!" cried she, in a voice of anguish, "has she left me? Rosalie, dear Rosalie, return to me! oh, return!" And her wild gestures and incoherent manner showed that a paroxysm of her disorder was coming on.

Egerton hastened towards the bed, and taking her hand respectfully, he said, "Be calm, be composed, I pray you."

"Oh! have you come back?" said she, laughing wildly as she spoke; "they told me you had gone to see if all were ready for the execution. Did you see my son before his death—and has he sent you hither to bring the fatal news to me?—or has he sent you for my Rosalie—and will you tear her from my arms and from my heart?—these arms that nursed her in her childhood, this heart that loves her with even more than a parent's fondness."

"I would not injure her, nor would I add one pang to your affliction, for all the world holds dear," cried Egerton. "Pray be calm, I beseech you."

"Wretched man, begone! bid me not be

calm until I see my child—until I am convinced you have not come to drag her to the scaffold!"

"Do you forget," said Egerton, "that you have trusted in my honour and integrity? Oh, do not doubt that your Rosalie is safe, and shall be safe whilst I have a heart to feel for her distress, a hand to raise for her protection."

The lady seemed much exhausted, and, after a short pause, she said, in a more collected manner, "I know you are the friend who visited me whilst I was ill, and I think you will protect my child."

"Yes, I will protect her," cried Egerton, with fervour, "I will do my utmost to preserve her from every danger, I will be to her a faithful friend, a brother." And never was vow made by a youthful and ardent spirit with a more firm resolve for its fulfilment.

It will naturally be supposed that the beautiful Rosalie occupied the larger portion of our hero's thoughts for the remainder of that day, and anxiously did he watch for the returning morrow, when he trusted again to see the fair and lovely being who had left an impression on his mind too powerful to be forgotten. Vain, however, were his expectations. He went to the cottage at the accustomed hour, and sat long with the invalid, who appeared more rational than he had yet seen her. He spoke of Rosalie, but she evaded the subject; he dallied long with Jenkins before he left the cottage; he listened to every sound, he caught at every shadow of hope, that Rosalie would again appear, but all in vain; she came not, and he returned home sad and disappointed. The next morning he waited beyond the accustomed hour, hoping he might again find her in her grandmother's apartment, but this hope was equally vain—he saw her not, neither could he gain any intelligence respecting her, save that she was still at the cottage.

But Frank was one of those happily imaginative persons who always conjure up good in place of evil, and now a ray of hope arose in his mind, so bright and cheering, that it made his daily disappointment of not seeing Rosalie pass with less regret, and he clung to it with all the ardour of an enthusiastic disposition. His patient was every day showing stronger symptoms of complete recovery. At times she could converse rationally on the sorrows and misfortunes of her family, although a word never escaped her lips respecting the nature of those misfortunes; in her hours of sanity, however, she spoke with so much piety and resignation, that Frank instinctively believed his suspicion of her son's guilt to have been unfounded. Perhaps the sight of Rosalie had also some effect in removing this impres-

sion from his mind. There was so much guileless simplicity, mingled with so much grace and refinement in her manner, he would have deemed it almost sinful to imagine that she could be the daughter of a guilty parent. During some weeks he watched the progressive amendment of his patient, and his hopes brightened as the prospect of their fulfilment daily increased. He asked not after Rosalie, lest his inquiries should cause her uneasiness, but he trusted ere long to have all mystery cleared up by the invalid.

The end of these few weeks, however, brought with it an unlooked-for cause of distress. The lady's senses were then completely restored, but with the restoration of her mental faculties, her bodily strength began to give way; and Frank, who had become really attached to her, sorrowed over her declining health with solicitude resembling that of an affectionate son. He wished to call in medical aid, but she seemed so alarmingly averse to the proposal that he forbore to urge it. Her decline soon became more rapid. On each new day he perceived a change for the worse; and, although grieved to the heart by the sight of her sufferings, he was, perhaps, not less so by observing how carefully she avoided giving any explanation of the strange circumstances under which Rosalie appeared to be placed. For some time delicacy prevented him from questioning her on the subject; but, at length, his scruples were overcome by the anxiety he felt to know how he might be of service to Rosalie when she was left alone in the world; and, one day, as he sat by the bed of the invalid, he asked in a trembling accent, whether she recollected a promise he had given, that in him her grand-daughter should have a faithful friend and protector.

"Yes," she replied; "and at the time the promise shed a gladdening influence on my mind; but now I endeavour to banish it from thence. Alas! my dear young friend, you know not the unhappy destiny of those for whom you are thus kindly interested, or how impossible it is that you could come forward as the protector of my child!"

"If you consider me too young or inexperienced to bear that title," cried Frank, "let my father take it, I conjure you."

"Young man," said she, and with her emaciated hand she grasped his firmly; "have you made known that we are here?"

"I promised not to betray your secret," said Frank, "and I have not spoken even to my parents on a subject that interests me so deeply."

"Yes, you promised; would that I could absolve you from that promise—would that I could place my child under such protection!—but it may not be. And," she added, solemnly,

"when the grave has closed over all my cares and sorrows, you must not return hither, you must not seek Rosalie, for she will then be far beyond—but wherefore do I talk? my head grows giddy—my brain turns round—and death or madness hovers over me." She sunk back on the pillow, pale, and motionless; and Egerton, fearful that death was in reality approaching, called hastily to Jenkins for assistance.

Swiftly was the call responded to, and swiftly was the necessary aid administered; but not by Jenkins. Rosalie had heard the cry, and fears for her aged parent having surmounted every other feeling, brought her in a moment to her side. Egerton withdrew as Rosalie approached; but from a distance he gazed on her light and sylph-like figure as she hung over the invalid—like a seraph stooping to bestow comfort and consolation on a departing spirit. In her angelic countenance he read that 'the peace which passeth our understanding' had taken such firm possession of her mind that she could regard the affliction awaiting her with the resignation of a Christian; while the tear which trembled in her eye told at the same time that she mourned it as an affectionate child.

There were none who possessed the finer feelings of our nature in a more eminent degree than Frank Egerton, and never were those feelings more powerfully called forth than when he watched the scene before him, and saw how tenderly Rosalie ministered to the wants of her afflicted parent.

Rosalie looked round: "My grandmamma is better now," said she, "and you talk to her so kindly that I shall again leave her under your care."

"Nay, leave me not, dear Rosalie," cried the poor sufferer, "everything is dreary when you are absent from me, and my sad pilgrimage is so fast wearing to a close that I cannot afford to lose you even for a moment."

"I cannot refuse my grandmother's request," said Rosalie, turning to Egerton as she spoke, "and therefore I beg you to leave us now."

"Can I not be useful to the invalid?" he inquired, with great emotion: "can I not be useful to yourself in any manner?"

"No, no," said Rosalie, in a hurried tone, "pray leave us. In seeing or speaking to a stranger I disobey the commands of a parent; let this be an apology for the rudeness with which I hasten your departure."

A more forcible appeal could not have been made to our hero; slowly, therefore, and sorrowfully he was about to depart, when the invalid, stretching her withered hand towards him, said, "Farewell, my dear young friend!"

Egerton pressed her hand to his lips, and a tear fell upon it which he could not restrain. Deeply the lady seemed to feel his sympathy;

"May Heaven bless you!" she said with energy; "you have my everlasting gratitude."

"And mine," said Rosalie, in a voice that showed how much she felt his kindness.

Egerton wished to express his thanks, but the words died on his lips; and anxious as well to hide his emotion as to obey Rosalie's wish, he turned away abruptly, and hastened to the room. Slowly he bent his steps towards the castle. The scene he had just witnessed left an impression of sadness on his mind which he vainly sought to conquer; and when his friends remarked his unusually abstracted manner, he pleaded headache as an excuse, and retired early to his own apartment. A mother's apprehensions are not easily removed, however, and Mrs. Egerton would have followed to enquire into the cause of his dejection had not Mr. Egerton detained her.

"That something distresses him," he said, "we cannot doubt, but it is something which he cannot disclose to us at present. My confidence in his honour is so unlimited that I feel certain all will yet be satisfactorily explained."

The accustomed hour next morning found him again on his way to the cottage, but when he reached the gate and Jenkins appeared, he almost feared to ask whether the lady were still alive. He was relieved by hearing she had been more composed since he left her, and that she was then better. On entering the house Jenkins led the way to the room where he and his wife usually sat, and Egerton was surprised to find it occupied by a gentleman who was a stranger to him.

"This is Mr. Egerton, sir," said Jenkins, as Frank entered, "the young gentleman who has been so kind to my mistress." He then closed the door and left them together.

A look of stern displeasure sat on the stranger's brow, but Frank thought he could read a different expression underneath; and, besides, his features resembled those of Rosalie so much that he could not look at him without feeling prepossessed in his favour.

He said, "Young gentleman, I am told your kindness to the unhappy lady who is confined here, has done much toward the recovery of her reason, and I am thankful for the benefit thus conferred upon her. My gratitude, however, cannot counterbalance the resentment which I feel against you for having stolen on her privacy, and I demand by what right you have forced admittance for yourself where your company was not desired?"

Frank felt embarrassed, but in the ingenuous manner which always characterised him he replied, "I frankly confess to you that curiosity brought me hither at first; and that shame made me acquainted with the secret by which I obtained admittance. I acknowledge that my

conduct has been rash and inconsiderate, and I can plead no excuse for it. I solemnly declare, however, that your secret has been kept inviolably, as far as it is known to me, and that I shall continue to keep it so, if it be your desire."

The stranger's brow relaxed, and he spoke less sternly in reply; "I believe your assertion, and accept your promise with every reliance on its fulfilment. Yet, tell me, young man, when your curiosity was satisfied, why did you return hither. Why did you increase your fault by persevering in it?"

"I answer by appealing to your own feelings," said Egerton, "whether you could have beheld the sufferings of the lady here without endeavouring to relieve them. I have, I think, been useful to her; suffer that to be my apology for continuing my visits when they were uncalled for. My two interviews with the young lady were quite accidental, nor did I return to-day in the hope of seeing her again. I have acted an inconsiderate, but I should scorn to act a dishonourable part."

"You have disarmed my resentment," said the stranger, in a still more softened accent, "and I will not withhold from you my confidence if you are satisfied to receive it under a pledge of secrecy."

Egerton's countenance beamed with delight at the prospect of having the mystery, which he longed so ardently to know, thus revealed. He paused, however, for a moment, and then said, "You will not, I hope, deny me permission to make your story known to my father and mother? I can answer for their secrecy as confidently as for my own."

"No," the stranger answered, "I will reveal my history to you—but to you alone!"

"Then," said Egerton, with great emotion, "I must decline your proffered kindness. My parents already suspect me of not dealing openly with them, and I cannot increase their suspicions without removing them."

The stranger appeared much agitated. He walked up and down the room for a short time, as if debating how it were best to act. At length he stopped before his companion, and said, "The parents of such a son could not betray the unfortunate. I give my secret into your power, therefore—use it at your discretion. I am Wallingford, the banker!"

"Wallingford!" exclaimed Egerton, in a tone of horror; "Wallingford!" he repeated; and, staggering back a few paces, he remained speechless; for he knew that Mr. Wallingford had been a banker in London, that for the crime of forgery he had been tried, and condemned to transportation for life, but that having escaped from prison, he had found safety in a hazardous flight.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE COSTUMES OF THE WORLD.

PERSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

THE Persian women are strictly confined to the seraglio, and pass the whole day at their toilet, which, with these beautiful prisoners, is almost their only amusement. The Persian ladies take great pains to lighten their beauty, and call to their aid washes and paints, not only of a red, white, and black colour, but also of a yellow hue. Ornamental patching, once so much the fashion in Europe, is still employed by them, and few female faces are to be seen without one or more *khals*, as they call these artificial moles, which are so often mentioned with admiration by the poets of their country. In the earliest accounts that we possess of Persia, we find this fashion mentioned, as well as that of padding the petticoats to improve the shape of the figure, of concealing the ruthless attacks of time by the use of false hair, and of adorning the head with feathered ornaments.

In an Eastern manuscript, adorned with drawings of the heroes and heroines of the tales, are represented several Persian female figures, whose dresses bear in many respects a strong resemblance to the fashions of Europe. Some of them are drawn without any ornament on the head, the hair falling in ringlets over the neck and shoulders; others have round their heads a kind of diadem set with precious stones, from which rise one or more tufts of feathers, the quills being set in sockets of gold or gems. Some of the figures are adorned with the nose-jewel, that singular ornament to which the Asiatic ladies were formerly so partial, and the antiquity of which is indisputably proved, by its being mentioned among the Jewish trinkets in the Old Testament. They have also ear-rings attached to the upper as well as the lower part of the ear, and necklaces consisting of many rows of jewels of different kinds.

The dress of most of these heroines consists of a robe, the upper part of which fits tight to the shape, while the petticoat, being long and wide, falls in graceful folds; a girdle of great width covered with embroidery and precious stones; trousers; and a head-dress like that now generally worn, consisting of a low-crowned cap, terminating in a point, round which are wreathed several folds of silk or fine linen; to this is fastened, with a gold bodkin, a large veil, which shrouds the whole figure.

In Mr. Morier's "Travels in Persia," the costume of the Persian queen is thus described: "Her dress was rendered so cumbersome by the quantity of jewels embroidered upon it,

that she could scarcely move under its weight. Her trousers, in particular, were so engrafted with pearls, that they looked more like a piece of mosaic than wearing apparel. Padded with cotton inside, stiffened by cloth of gold without, they were so fashioned as to exclude the possibility of discovering the shape of the leg, and kept it cased up, as it were, in the shape of a column."

He also mentions that the queen's daughter, who was celebrated throughout the country for her beauty, was greatly disfigured in the eyes of a European by the immense quantity of red and white paint with which her face was daubed, and that her eyebrows, which were arched, were connected over the nose by a great stripe of black paint, and her eyelids and lashes strongly tinged with antimony.

The ordinary dress of a Persian female consists, when in-doors, of a large black silk handkerchief round the head, a gown which descends to the knees, a pair of loose trousers, and green light-heeled slippers.

The interview of the English ambassadress with the Queen of Persia is mentioned in these words by an Eastern traveller: "The ambassadress was introduced into a large open room, at one corner of which was seated the queen, dressed out in truly Persian splendour. Large gilded knots appeared on her head-dress, which was of great size, and the other parts of her attire, like that of Zobeide, the Caliph's favourite in the 'Arabian Nights,' were so loaded with jewels, that she could scarcely walk. In a corner of the room stood some of the king's children, so stiffened out with brocade, velvet, furs, and jewellery that they almost looked like fixtures. Great numbers of women were ranged in rows without the room, all ornamented with jewellery."

The bestowing of dresses is a mark of honour constantly practised in Persia, and is one of the most ancient customs of Eastern nations; it is mentioned both in sacred and profane history. We learn how great was the distinction of giving a coat that had been worn, by what is recorded of Jonathan's love for David. "And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." (1 Samuel xviii. 4.) And in Esther also (ch. vi. 7, 8), we read, "And Haman answered the king, For the man whom the king delighteth to honour, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear."

The maidens of Yeazd, a town situated near the Ghebers' "holy mountain," wear a head-dress composed of a light gold chain-work set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate hanging from the side, about the size of a crown-

piece, on which is inscribed an Arabian prayer, thus described by Moore :—

A light golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue
Engraven o'er, with some immortal line
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine.

The females of Khorassan wear ear-rings of very large dimensions, with great quantities of turquoises suspended from them, for these stones are of but little value.

In that delightful province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream;
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Miron's bright palaces and groves.

We must not take leave of the fair sex of Persia without mentioning the Squadanus, or Bebees, the female descendants of Mohammed, who go about veiled, or rather with a long white robe thrown over the whole body, having netted orifices before the eyes and mouth.

* * * * *

"When Lalla Rookh rose in the morning,
and her ladies came round her to assist in the



adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiance of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that

soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels of the shape worn by the ancient queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake."

The ladies of Circassia sometimes appear abroad on horseback, riding like men, or on foot, but always veiled, not only with a muslin screen, through which at times a transient glimpse of a pretty face may be caught, but often with an impenetrable veil of black hair-cloth. They wear the same pelisses as the men, only that the sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. They also wear, even in the house, huge Hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented. They braid their hair, and let it hang in tresses down their shoulders; on the head they wear a large white turban, but a veil covers the face. The exhibition of beauty, in which so much of a woman's time is spent in more favoured countries, is here unknown. A bride wears a rose-coloured veil on her marriage day.

Deep blue is the distinctive mark of mourning in this country.

In that deep blue, melancholy dress
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away.

The Turkomans are a warlike and handsome race. They wear the talpak, a square or conical black skull-cap of sheep-skin, which is about a foot in height, and much more becoming for a warrior than a turban. They are very partial to bright colours, and generally choose light red, green or yellow for their flowing chumpkans, or pelisses. Long brown boots are universally worn.

To the ladies of this tribe belonged the beautiful and delicate Roxana, the bewitching queen of Alexander, that Peri of the East whose beauty, like the perfume of the rose, is remembered with pleasure long after the casket which enshrined it is mouldered in the dust. They wear a head-dress consisting of a lofty white turban, shaped like a military shako, but still higher, over which they throw a red or white scarf that falls in folds down to the waist. As these ladies are generally, rather on a large scale this head-dress becomes them.

They attach a variety of ornaments to their hair, which hangs in tresses over their shoulders. Unlike most other Eastern women, they do not consider a veil a necessary appendage to their dress. The rest of their costume consists of a long gown of a bright colour, that reaches to the ankle, and conceals both it and the

waist, those standard points of beauty with most nations.

And now we must say a few words of

The maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales ;

they whose charms the historian from the earliest times has immortalised, and the poets



sung. The costume of these hours is simple, and not remarkable for beauty. It consists in a long loose gown of divers colours, tied about the waist with a sash. The hair is worn in tresses, which hang on each side of the face, surmounted by a black coif, over which is placed a white cloth, which passes under the chin, where it is tied in a bow.

The unrivalled excellence of the manufactures of Cashmere is attributed to certain properties in the water of that country, for, although great pains have been taken to manufacture similar shawls at Patna, Agra, and Lahore, they never have the delicate texture and softness of those of Cashmere. Sir A. Burnes, in the description of his journey through the vale of Cashmere, says, "Our approach to the Mohammedan countries became evident daily, and shewed itself in nothing more than the

costume of the women, many of whom we now met veiled. One girl whom we saw on the road had a canopy of red cloth erected over her on horseback, which had a ludicrous appearance. It seemed to be a framework of wood ; but, as the cloth concealed everything as well as the countenance of the fair lady, I did not discover the contrivance. The costume of the unveiled portion of the sex had likewise undergone a change. They wore wide blue trowsers, tied tightly at the ankle, and which taper down and have a graceful appearance. A narrow web of cloth, sixty yards long, is sometimes used in a single pair, for one fold falls upon the other."

Over the hair, which is worn in a single braid, they place a cap generally of a crimson colour, to the back of which is attached a triangular curtain of the same stuff, which falls upon the shoulders and conceals much of the hair ; round the lower edge of the cap is folded a shawl or piece of cotton or woollen cloth, which gives it much the appearance of a turban.

THE PROPHET OF THE MORMONS.

BORN in December, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, Joe Smith removed with his father, about 1815, to a small farm in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, and assisted him on the farm till 1826. He received little education, read indifferently, wrote and spelt badly, knew little of arithmetic, and in all other branches of learning he was, to the day of his death, exceedingly ignorant.

His own account of his religious progress is that, as early as fifteen years of age, he began to have serious ideas regarding the future state ; that he got into occasional extasies ; and that, in 1823, during one of these extasies, he was visited by an angel, who told him that his sins were forgiven—that the time was at hand when the Gospel in its fulness was to be preached to all nations—that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, who, when they first emigrated to America, were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, and enjoying his favour—that the prophets and inspired writers among them had kept a history or record of their proceedings—that these records were safely deposited—and that, if faithful, he was to be the favoured instrument for bringing them to light.

On the following day, according to instructions from the angel, he went to a hill which he calls Cumorah, in Palmyra township, Wayne County, and there, in a stone chest, after a little digging, he saw the records ; but it was not till four years after, in September, 1827, that "the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands."

"These records were engraved on plates

which had the appearance of gold, were seven by eight inches in size, and thinner than common tin, and were covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, small and beautifully engraved. They were bound together in a volume like the leaves of a book, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was about six inches in thickness, bore many marks of antiquity, and part of it was sealed. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, and set in two rims of a bow: "a pair of pebble spectacles, in other words, or "helps to read" unknown tongues.

The report of his discovery having got abroad, his house was beset, he was mobbed, and his life was endangered by persons who wished to possess themselves of the plates. He therefore packed up his goods, concealed the plates in a barrel of beans, and proceeded across the country to the northern part of Pennsylvania, near the Susquehanna river, where his father-in-law resided. Here, "by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim, he began to translate the record; and, being a poor writer, he employed a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth." In 1830 a large edition of the "Book of Mormon" was published. It professes to be an abridgment of the records made by the prophet Mormon of the people of the Nephites, and left to his son Moroni to finish. It is regarded by the Latter-day Saints with the same veneration as the New Testament is among Christians.

The Church of the Latter-day Saints was organised on the 6th of April, 1830, at Manchester, in Ontario County, New York. Its numbers at first were few, but they rapidly increased, and in 1833 removed to the State of Missouri, and purchased a large tract of land in Jackson County. Here their neighbours tarred and feathered some, killed others, and compelled the whole to remove. They then established themselves in Clay County, in the same State, but on the opposite side of the river. From this place, again, in 1835, they removed eastward to the State of Ohio, settled at Kirtland, in Geauga County, about twenty miles from Cleveland, and began to build a temple, upon which sixty thousand dollars were expended. At Kirtland a bank was incorporated by Joe and his friends, property was bought with its notes, and settled upon the Saints; after which the bank failed—as many others did about the same time—and Ohio became too hot for the Mormons. Again, therefore, the Prophet, his apostles, and a great body of the Saints left their home and temple, went west-

ward a second time to the State of Missouri, purchased a large tract of land in Caldwell County, in Missouri, and built the city of the "far West." Here difficulties soon beset them, and in August, 1838, became so serious that the military were called in; and the Mormons were finally driven, unjustly, harshly, and oppressively, by force of arms, from the State of Missouri, and sought protection in the State of Illinois, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. They were well received in this State; and after wandering for some time—while their leader, Joe Smith, was in jail—they bought a beautiful tract of land in Hancock County, and, in the spring of 1840, began to build the city and temple of Nauvoo. The Legislature of Illinois at first passed an act giving great, and, probably, injudicious privileges to this city, which, in 1844, was already the largest in the State, and contained a population of about twenty thousand souls. The temple, too, was of great size and magnificence, being 128 feet long and 77 feet high, and stood on an elevated situation, from which it was visible to a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. In the interior was an immense baptismal font, in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon—"a stone reservoir resting upon the backs of twelve oxen, also cut out of stone, and as large as life."

But persecution followed them to Illinois, provoked in some degree, no doubt, by their own behaviour, especially in making and carrying into effect city ordinances, which were contrary to the laws of the State. The people of the adjoining townships rose in arms, and were joined by numbers of the old enemies of the Mormons from Missouri. The militia were called out; and, to prevent further evils, Joe Smith and one of his brothers, with several other influential Saints, on an assurance of safety and protection from the Governor of the State, were induced to surrender themselves for trial in respect of the charges brought against them, and were conducted to prison. Here they were inconsiderately left by the Governor on the following day, under a guard of seven or eight men. These were overpowered the same afternoon by an armed mob, who killed Joe Smith and his brother, and then made their escape. After this, the Mormons remained a short time longer in the Holy City; but the wound was too deep-seated to admit of permanent quiet on either part, and they were at last driven out by force, and compelled to abandon or sacrifice their property. Such as escaped this last persecution, after traversing the boundless prairies, the deserts of the far West, and the Rocky Mountains, appear at last to have found a resting-place near the Great Salt Lake, in Oregon. They are increasing

faster since this last catastrophe than ever; and are daily receiving large accessions of new members from Europe, especially from Great Britain. They form the nucleus of the new State of Utah.

The "Book of Mormon," which is the written guide of this new sect, consists of a series of professedly historical books—a desultory and feeble imitation of the Jewish chronicles and prophetic books—in which, for the poetry and warnings of the ancient prophets, are substituted a succession of unconnected rhapsodies and repetitions, such as might form the perorations of ranting addresses by a field preacher to a very ignorant audience.

The book, in the edition we possess, consists in all of 634 pages, of which the first 580 contain the history of a fictitious personage called Lehi, and that of his descendants to the space of a thousand years.

This Lehi, a descendant of Joseph the son of Jacob, with his family, left Jerusalem in the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah, 600 years before Christ, and, passing the Red Sea, journeyed eastward for eight years till they reached the shore of a wide sea. There they built a ship, and, embarking, were carried at length to the promised land, where they settled and multiplied. Among the sons of Lehi one was called Laman and another Nephi. The former was wicked, and a disbeliever in the law of Moses and the prophets; the latter obedient and faithful, and a believer in the coming of Christ. Under the leadership of these two opposing brothers, the rest of the family and their descendants ranged themselves, forming the Lamanites and the Nephites, between whom wars and perpetual hostilities arose. The Lamanites were idle hunters, living in tents, eating raw flesh, and having only a girdle round their loins. The skin of Laman and his followers became black; while that of Nephi and his followers, who tilled the land, retained its original whiteness. As with the Jews, the Nephites were successful when they were obedient to the law; and when they fell away to disobedience and wickedness, the Lamanites had the better, and put many to death. At the end of about 400 years, a portion of the righteous Nephites under Mosiah, having left their land, travelled far across the wilderness, and discovered the city of Zarahemla, which was peopled by the descendants of a colony of Jews who had wandered from Jerusalem when King Zedekiah was carried away captive to Babylon, twelve years after the emigration of Lehi. But they were heathens, possessed no copy of the law, and had corrupted their language. They received the Nephites warmly, however, learned their language, and gladly accepted the law of Moses.

This occupies 158 pages. The history of the next 200 years follows this new people, and that of occasional converts from the Lamanites—called still by the general name of Nephites—in their struggles with the Lamanites, and the alternations of defeat and success which accompany disobedience or the contrary. This occupies several books, and brings us to the 486th page, and the period of the birth of Christ. This event is signified to the people of Zarahemla by a great light, which made the night as light as mid-day. And thirty-three years after there was darkness for three days, and thunders and earthquakes, and the destruction of cities and people. This was a sign of the Crucifixion. Soon after this, Christ himself appears to this people of Zarahemla in America, repeats to them in long addresses the substance of his numerous sayings and discourses, as recorded by the apostles, chooses twelve to go forth and preach and baptise, and then disappears. On occasion of a great baptising by the apostles, however, he appears again, impart the Holy Spirit to all, makes long discourses, and disappears; and, finally, to the apostles themselves he appears a third time, and addresses them in ill-assorted extracts and paraphrases of his New Testament sayings.

The account of these visits of our Saviour to the American Nephites, and of his sayings, occupies about forty-eight pages. For about 400 years, the Christian doctrine and church thus planted among the Nephites had various fortune; increasing at first, and prospering, but, as corruptions came in, encountering adversity. The Lamanites were still their fierce enemies; and as wickedness and corrupt doctrine began to prevail among the Christians, the Lamanites gained more advantages. It would appear, from Joe Smith's descriptions, that he means the war to have begun at the Isthmus of Darien, where the Nephites were settled, and occupied the country to the north, while the Lamanites lived south of the isthmus. From the isthmus the Nephites were gradually driven toward the east, till finally, at the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, in Wayne County, western New York, the last battle was fought, in which, with the loss of 230,000 fighting-men, the Nephites were exterminated! Among the very few survivors was Moroni, the last of the scribes, who deposited in this hill the metal plates which the virtuous Joe Smith was selected to receive from the hands of the angel. This occupies to the 580th page.

But now, in the Book of Ether, which follows, Joe becomes more bold, and goes back to the tower of Babel for another tribe of fair people, whom he brings over and settles in America. At the confusion of the languages, Ether and his brethren journeyed to the great

sea, and, after a sojourn of four years on the shore, built boats under the Divine direction, water-tight, and covered over like walnuts, with a bright stone in each end to give light! And when they had embarked in their tight boats, a strong wind arose, blowing toward the promised land, and for 344 days it blew them along the water, till they arrived safe at the shore. Here, like the sons of Lehi, they increased and prospered, and had kings, and prophets, and wars, and were split into parties, who fought with each other. Finally, Shiz rose in rebellion against Coriantumr, the last king, and they fought with alternate success till two millions of mighty men, with their wives and children, had been slain! And, after this, all the people were gathered either on the one side or the other, and fought for many days till only Coriantumr alone remained alive!

This foolish history is written with the professedly religious purpose of showing the punishment from the hand of God which wicked behaviour certainly entails; and, with some trifling moralities of Moroni, completes the "Book of Mormon."

Joseph Smith does not affect in this gospel of his to bring in any new doctrine or to supersede the Bible, but to restore "many plain and precious things which have been taken away from the first book by the abominable church, the Mother of Harlots." It is full of sillinesses, follies, and anachronisms; but I have not discovered, in my cursory review, any of the immoralities or positive licentiousness which he himself practised directly inculcated. He teaches faith in Christ, human depravity, the power of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the atonement, and of salvation only through Christ. He recommends the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and, whatever his own conduct and that of his people may be, certainly in his book prohibits polygamy and priestcraft.

The wickedness of his book consists in its being a lie from beginning to end, and of himself in being throughout an impostor. Pretending to be a "seer"—which, he says, is greater than a prophet—he puts into the hands of his followers a work of pure invention as a religious guide inspired by God, and which, among his followers, is to take the place of the Bible. Though an ignorant man, he was possessed of much shrewdness. He courted persecution; though he hoped to profit, not to die by it. Unfortunately, his enemies, by their inconsiderate persecution, have made him a martyr for his opinions, and have given a stability to his sect which nothing may now be able to shake. It was urged by Smith himself that the New World was as deserving of a direct revelation as the Old; and his disciples press

upon their hearers that, as an *American revelation*, this system has peculiar claims upon their regard and acceptance. The feeling of nationality being thus connected with the new sect, weak-minded native-born Americans might be swayed by patriotic motives in connecting themselves with it; but most numerous accessions are being made to the body in their new home by converts proceeding from England.* Under the name of the "Latter-day Saints," professing the doctrines of the Gospel, the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been despatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving a historical position to this rising heresy?

CHARADE.

WAKE with Aurora, Eriva so fair!
When will my first delight the happy air?
Go forth, fair Maiden! in the June-time morn,
To watch the progress of the waving corn:
Feel the soft zephyr, as he gently plays,
Fanning the rising fires of Phœbus' rays!
Traverse the meadow with its spangled host,
Whereof will Flora to the wild sylph boast.
Music will greet thee in the region sweet,
Where thou 'lt my second as incentive meet.
In the reflection that my first doth raise
Thro' tender gratitude the morning praise!
So shalt thou trace within the bosom more,
The charity-enchaining, stealthy pow'r
That hinders human gratefulness, to rise—
As my meek first's—toward Elysian skies.
As to my whole, sweet Eriva! 'tis found
About thine harbour, in the garnished ground:
It is a fair production, passing sweet,
That bustling bees do early halt to greet.
Thou lov'st it with an idol-holding heart,
As decorator playing fragrant part!
But although Flora finds thee here employ,
Let not a pastime e'en so sweet destroy
The germs of emanations, leading far
Beyond the sparkle of the sheenest star!

June 2, 1854.

J. R.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.

EVASION (Eva-sion).—Correctly answered by Violet, M. M., Florence C., Louisa, A. R., Quip, and Mrs. S.

* It has been stated that the Mormon emigration from Liverpool alone, up to the year 1851, was 13,500, and that they have, on the whole, been superior to and better provided than the other classes of emigrants. Of course, many more of his sect must have emigrated from other ports, and many even from the port of Liverpool, whose faith and ultimate destination were not known.

THE YARRA-YARRA.*

BY J. ST. CLEMENT.

YARRA-YARRA, river flowing—
 Oh, blessed shall thy waters be;
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing—
 The kindest bride that weds the sea.
 Yet, 'tis not for the yellow gold
 Thou bear'st upon thy rippling breast,
 But 'tis that here abides a home
 For misery's children seeking rest.

Yarra-Yarra, river flowing
 Beneath the deep cerulean sky;
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Source of prayers to Him on high.
 For have not men upon thy stream
 Revived a hope when well-nigh dead?
 And leaving pent-up streets behind,
 Have sought thy sunny bank instead?

Yarra-Yarra, river flowing—
 Waters with the magic wave—
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Saviour from the early grave!
 For beauty now is on the cheek
 That once was wan, and thin, and pale;
 And strength is in the stalwart arm,
 That once was sickly, poor, and frail.

Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Destroyer of the fiend Despair!
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing—
 Foe to poverty and care—
 For who can count the grateful souls,
 The hearts that beat with thoughts of thee?
 For thou it was who bore them far
 From want, from crime, from misery.

Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Cheerer of the tearful eye;
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Teacher of the road on high,
 For oh! can man so graceless be,
 As ne'er to think of blessings past?
 And while he walks thy banks on earth,
 Not strive to gain a Heaven at last?

Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 Oh! blessed shall thy waters be!
 Yarra-Yarra, river flowing,
 The kindest bride that weds the sea.

* The Yarra-Yarra, as is probably well known to the reader, is the river on which Melbourne is situated, but what perhaps is not so well known is, that Yarra-Yarra, in the aboriginal Australian language, means flowing, flowing. I can only regret that my verses are not more like the subject.

Wit and Wisdom.

A PASSAGE OF SHAKESPEARE IN THE YANKEE DIALECT.

Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
 Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,
 An' all the cleouds thet leowred upon eour heouse
 In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried;
 Neow air eour breows bound 'ith victorious
 wreaths;
 Eour breused arms hung up fer monimunce;
 Eour starn alarums changed to merry meetins,
 Eour drefle marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war heth smeathed his wrinkled
 front,
 An' ncow, instid o' mountin' barebid steeds
 To tright the souls o' fertile edverseries,
 He capers nimly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: be careful that they injure no being that has life.

Virtue and honour are such inseparable companions, that the heathen would admit no man into the Temple of Honour who did not pass into it through the Temple of Virtue.

A poor poet wished that a sovereign, like a piece of scandal, would grow bigger every time it circulated.

Who is the most tender-hearted man in any town?—Dy'e give it up? The bell-man—Because he will cry if you give him a shilling.

Chateaubriand says—"In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French, a ball-room; and the English, a tavern."

Smith—"I say, Brown, why do you wear that shocking bad hat?" Brown—"Because my wife says she wont go out with me till I get a new one."

A musician near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus—*G. Sharp*. A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following significant undentable addition—*Is A flat*.

Walpole relates, after an execution of *eighteen* malefactors, a woman was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know *you* had been reprieved."

A briefless barrister ought never to be blamed, for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a *cause*.

"Look out for *squalls*!" as the little girl remarked to her maternal parent, when the latter threatened to "stop" the preserves.

The most valuable thing a man can wear next his heart is a faithful and domesticated wife—full of truth, virtue, constancy, and love.

"A Breach of Promise."—The principal one of Badajoz to our troops.

"A Bill of Health."—Mr. William Crumbles, when he declared, and truthfully, "that he never was so well in all his born days, as at present."

A gentleman lately coming out of the Court of Queen's Bench, found some difficulty in pressing his way out; and, coming too much in contact with the gown of a barrister, the latter exclaimed, "Do mind, sir, don't tear one to pieces!" "No, sir," said the gentleman, "that's *your business*, not mine."

Cooking, Pickling, and Preserving.

TO KEEP CURRANTS.—The bottles being perfectly clean and dry, let the currants be cut from the large stalks with the smallest bit of stalk to each, that the fruit not being wounded, no moisture may escape from them. It is necessary to gather them when the weather is quite dry; and it is best to cut them under the trees, and let them drop from the boughs into the bottles. Stop the water with corks resined over, put them into a trench in the garden with the neck downwards, marking the place. Cherries and damsons keep in the same way.

TO KEEP CODLINS FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.—Gather codlins at Midsummer of middling size, put them in an earthen pan, pour boiling water over them, and cover the pan with cabbage leaves. Keep them by the fire till they would peel; but do not peel them; then pour the water off till both are quite cold. Place the codlins then in a stone jar, with a smallish mouth, and pour or skim the water that scalded them. Cover the pot with bladder wetted, and tied very close and then over it coarse paper tied again.—It is best to keep them in small jars, such as will be used at once when opened.

BLACK CURRANT WINE.—To every three quarts of juice put the same quantity of water unboiled; add three pounds of pure moist sugar. Put it into a cask, preserving a little for filling up. Put the cask in a warm, dry room, and the liquor will ferment of itself. Skim off the refuse when the fermentation shall be over, and fill up with the reserved liquor. When it has ceased working pour brandy into it in the proportion of one pint to six quarts of wine. Bung close for nine months, then bottle it, and drain the thick part through a jelly-bag until it be clean, and bottle that. Keep it ten or twelve months, and a beautiful wine is produced.

CURDS AND CREAM.—Put three or four pints of milk into a pan a little warm, and then add rennet. When the curd appears, lade it with a saucer into an earthen shape prepared of any form you please. Fill it up as the whey drains off, without breaking or pressing the curd. If turned only two hours before wanted, it is very light; but those who like it harder may have it so, by making it earlier, and squeezing it. Cream, milk, or a whip of cream, sugar, wine, and lemon, to be put in the dish, or into a glass bowl, to be served with the curd.

EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR CAPER SAUCE.—Boil slowly some parsley, to let it become a bad colour; cut, but do not chop it fine. Put it to melted butter, with a teaspoonful of salt, and a dessert-spoonful of vinegar. Boil up and serve.

POTATO PUDDING WITH MEAT.—Boil some potatoes till fit to mash, rub through a colander, and make into a thick batter with milk and two eggs. Lay some seasoned steaks in a dish, then some batter; and over the last layer of meat put the remainder of the batter. Bake a fine brown.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Mix five or six spoonfuls of flour with a quart of milk, and three eggs well beaten. Butter the pan; when quite brown by baking under the meat, turn the other side upwards, and brown that. It should be made in a square pan, and cut into pieces to come to table. The batter should be stirred some minutes at first, over the fire.

CHERRY PIE should have a mixture of other fruit: currants, or raspberries, or both.

PEAS should not be overdone, nor in much water. Chop some scalded mint, to garnish them, and stir a piece of butter in with them.

Things worth Knowing.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare weighing about 24 pounds.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the 28th of the body, but in the horse but a 400th.

The atoms composing a man are believed to be changed every forty days, and even the bones in a few months.

The wasp's nest is equally wonderful with the bee-hive, and forms a regular city, fortified against encroachments, and containing 15,000 or 16,000 cells for young.

A tea-spoonful is a drachm; a table-spoonful half an ounce; a wine glass two ounces; a tea-cup three ounces; a pint is a pound. A drop is a grain or minim; and 60 are a drachm. In prescriptions *m* stands for minim; *a*, or *ana*, for, of each; *ss* the half; *cong.* a gallon; and *cochl* a spoonful.

The Lake of Geneva is 1,000 feet above the Mediterranean, and parts of it are 1,000 feet deep.

There are no grounds for the terror inspired by ear-wigs. No medical case is recorded of mischief from them, and oil and brandy would instantly kill or expel them: while they can in no case penetrate beyond the external orifice.

It has been calculated that every 74-gun ship requires 2,000 oak trees of 75 years' growth in her construction, and that such trees would occupy 50 acres of ground.

According to Professor Adelung, there are 3,664 known languages and dialects in the world, of which 987 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,624 American.

The coldest hour of the twenty-four is five in the morning, and the warmest is from two to three in the afternoon. The mean heat is from half-past eight to half-past nine. The greatest range is in July, the least in December.

Europe contains 2,798,000 square geographical miles, and 227,700,000 inhabitants; or about 81 to a square acre, or 1 to every 10 statute acres. Asia 12,118,000 miles, and 390 millions of inhabitants; or 32 to every square mile, 1 to 25 acres. Africa 8,516,000 miles, and 60 millions of inhabitants, or 7 to every square mile, or 1 to every 115 acres. America 11 millions of miles, and 39 millions of inhabitants; or 3½ to every mile, or 1 to 230 acres.

TO PRESERVE FURS AND WOOLLEN FROM MOTH.—Let the former be occasionally combed while in use, and the latter brushed and shaken. When not wanted, dry them first, let them be cool, then mix among them bitter apples from the apothecary's in small muslin bags. Sew them in several folds of linen, carefully turned in at the edges, and keep from damp.

HAIR DYE.—Take the rind of walnuts, one ounce; frankincense, one ounce; resin, one ounce; gum-mastic, one ounce. Burn them all on clear red-hot charcoal, and receive the fumes in a funnel. Mix this powder which is left in the funnel with a little oil of myrrh in a leaden cup, and apply it. This paste resists both heat and perspiration. It must be renewed when required.

TO MAKE RAZOR PASTE.—Putty powder, one ounce; oxalic acid, quarter of an ounce; honey enough to make into a stiff paste. Apply it to the stop, and wrap the remainder in tin foil.

TO CLEAR ALE.—Draw a quart for every gallon in the cask, and boil it; then add it, boiling, to the cold, and add a little yeast, and bung up. By adding a sliced bitter orange you will add an apparent six months' flavour to the ale.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE PRIZES.

For notice concerning the Prizes, our readers are referred to the wrapper.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that essays on "FIRST LOVE," announced last month, must be sent in on or before the 12th of July. The subject of the next essay (for the September number) is "CHILDREN: WHAT LESSONS THEY TEACH, AND WHAT BLESSINGS THEY BRING." The Prize in each case consists of a magnificently-printed Volume. !

*** Several correspondents complain that having enclosed a postage stamp with their cheques, in order that they might receive notice of their safe arrival, they have received no such notice. We beg to reply that, though it has imposed an amount of labour which in future we must excuse ourselves from, in all cases where the request and the stamp has been forwarded we have returned an answer; but at the present time nearly a thousand letters remain yet to be opened.

THE CHEQUES.—S. C. D., Mrs. T., and others, are informed that the cheque on last month's wrapper was erroneously printed. In the present number we give a cheque which answers for both the June and July cheques. It may be well to repeat, for the benefit of new subscribers, that the first cheque, printed in the May number, is marked with a distinctive set of figures. The following, printed on the wrapper of each successive number, are simply lettered: when the volume is completed, subscribers will cut out the whole of these cheques and transmit them to the publishers with name and address; by them the number, name, and address will be registered; so that whatever numbers are drawn at the ballot are immediately identifiable with the holders.

THE PRIZES.—Mrs. C., F. A. C. E. W. LAVINIA, and others, will find an answer to their inquiries on the wrapper.

E. M., MATILDA, OLIVE, and several others, who write for no other purpose but to declare their good opinion of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, we return our grateful acknowledgments. We hope to profit, also, by their commendation among their friends.

E. H.—We are really grateful for the trouble you have taken to convince your friends. We can, indeed, suggest nothing more; but are so far interested in the distribution that, considering the pains you have taken in behalf of our little magazine, we hope you may convince all unbelievers by winning, and wearing, one of our prizes.

LAVINIA.—Order the numbers of any book-seller.

ANNIE.—To clean gold, let it lie for an hour or so in soap and water; dry, by rubbing in bran, if you have any handy; then rub it with rouge, with a fine brush if chased, with a leather if plain.

F. S. D.—Your cheques, as sent, were correct. E. L.—The "Widower to his Child" is pretty, but the true poetical laven is entirely absent.

AUGUSTA TREBESIA.—We trust the necessity we are under, in the feature of our magazine you allude to, of gratifying the greatest possible number, will be our excuse.

ARIADNE.—We wish we had space to print your letter. As it is, we can only thank you for the true and kind appreciation of the vexations under which we too often labour. In a future number, we will endeavour to give you the receipt you desire.

J. C. (Kent).—The prizes are sent through the post to the fortunate holders of the fortunate numbers.

M. M. L. L.'s blank verse is unusually good; its merit, however, lies more in the harmony of its construction, and the (sufficient) richness of verbiage, than in new thought, or new expression of old thought. M. M. L. L. has certainly attained the art of poetry; whether she has the inspiration does not appear from her "Fragment." N. B.—Pray in future avoid heading verses with that wretched title.

MISS M.—Only in respect to our rule which excludes purely religious compositions from the pages of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, we beg to decline your verses on "The Sabbath," which are critically and devoutly good. The same may be said, with a rather less degree of truth, perhaps, of "Childish Prayer."

C. GRANT is admitted to the chances.

J. E. B.—Trust in time.

L. F.—From unavoidable circumstances which we cannot explain.

J. L.—One or two of your patterns are not without a certain merit, but we judge the artist young and self-educated.

H. S.—Send the cover of your May number to the office with your address: if we find it unstamped, a new one shall be sent.

CAROLINE.—We do not think it likely.—Frequent bathing in warm water is good treatment for weak eyes.

C. W. D.—We cannot answer theological questions.

ROSA.—Nervous affections arise from causes so various and delicate that it would be presumptuous and dangerous to offer any remedy here.

RED IVORY.—Can any correspondent inform LELIA of a good method of dyeing ivory red?

CLARA.—We know of no remedy: the causes are too deep-seated.

A. A. may send the "interesting love-affair."

CLARA R. (Weymouth).—We can only reply to our correspondent's very lady like letter that her inquiries were sufficiently answered in the last number.

J. K.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your "Rhine."

JULIA.—We do not furnish patterns. The instructions for cutting out are now made clear by giving the exact proportions in inches; taking the medium height and girth as the standard. When cut to these measurements, the paper patterns may easily be reduced or enlarged as much as is shown to be necessary when fitted to the wearer. JULIA has erroneously sent us the cheque for the *third* volume, which she should have kept till the expiration of our magazine year (April), and sent with the other cheques, to be printed in the past, present, and forthcoming numbers. If JULIA will enclose a stamped envelope, with her address, we will return her cheque.

DECLINED.—"Evening," (pretty). "The Dying Child," (crude). "The Last Request," (with regret, to disappoint Nancy's motive). "The Art of War," (too artlessly written). "A Bridal Ode," (an ugly lifting measure, quite unfit for the subject). M. Phillips's Countess.—"A Girl to her Lover," (not without poetical excellence). "The Exile," (an acceptable little piece of composition, spoiled by one wretched rhyme).

ACCEPTED.—"A Reverie."

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

THE CASE OF ALBERT.—The letter of this gentleman has been met with such dead silence from those fair ones whose curiosity—not to say sympathy—had been aroused, that we begin to entertain an unfavourable opinion of Albert's hopes. His description of himself does not seem to have created any enthusiasm among the hopeful nine; and from the fact that we have received no communication from any one of them, we presume that they are actually "backing out!" It is really very distressing; but we have a chance of consolation yet to offer. Reduced to such extremities, we cannot suppose that, with so many other advantages, ALBERT will be very disinclined to accept a wife merely because she is untidy. NETTIE writes: "I am induced, through the same medium employed by so many of your young lady readers, to address ALBERT, since he has in your last number so kindly favoured us with a description of himself, and made us acquainted with what he considers a beau ideal of a wife. Now I must tell ALBERT, first of all, a *terrible* little secret before I go on in the least to recommend myself—Oh, ALBERT! this must, I fear, prove a death-blow to all my hopes—I am (I must say so) very very untidy! Can ALBERT ever exist with an untidy little wife, but one who promises faithfully to endeavour all she can to improve herself in this particular? NETTIE never mends her stockings, and cannot undertake to keep either boxes or drawers tidy, but thinks she can say she is of a most amiable, loving, and affectionate disposition;" would be very useful to ALBERT, and try to keep his gloves mended and his buttons on. NETTIE is not very tall, she has 'long sunny curls,' blue eyes, and (is told) a very loving smile and a very, very warm heart. She can play and sing little cosy English songs, and thinks from ALBERT's note he would not care for or appreciate Italian, if Nettie did sing them. She does not care a bit for parties or fashionable life, if ALBERT will let her have a nice pony, and will let her live in the country; when she assures him she will not be the least trouble to him. P.S.—I forgot to say I am eighteen.—Nor is this all. Another correspondent presents herself; but she gives no name, and shall be named hereafter.

foreseeing the forlorn result, we must here close the Albert Correspondence.

ADA.—"Dear Sir.—When a gentleman who for ten or fifteen years has been engaged in a succession of love affairs, tells a girl that he loves her devotedly, and that her love is indispensably necessary to his happiness—and *nothing more*—what is she to understand from it, and how is she to treat him? It seems to me the men screen themselves under this convenient but flimsy covering for their honour, and when a rupture takes place, they congratulate themselves that they have come off scatheless—they have said nothing about marriage. Will you, dear sir, tell me what a woman should do under these circumstances, and oblige. &c."—A fine spirited girl as ADA evidently is should be at no loss in such a matter. If she has no father or brother to insinuate quietly, over a cigar, the necessity of explicit behaviour, she should withdraw from her lover's attentions: which will very sufficiently test his *devotion*.

M. L.—Nothing but an extreme modesty could suggest any *impropriety* in confessing your name. HONORIA writes a very ambiguous letter indeed. A friend of her brother's (ah, what a blessing is a brother!) has lately paid her great attentions,

which she has not encouraged; "and although," says Honoria, "he has never intimated as much, yet I have every reason to believe he is serious in them. Will you advise me? For although I could not love him, I should still wish to retain his friendship."—Now it is not always an unimportant thing to know how one would *like* to be advised; and from the tenor of HONORIA's note, we are quite unable to ascertain her wishes in that respect with any certainty at all. HONORIA's brother's friend pays her great attentions; HONORIA does not encourage them; HONORIA's brother's friend, therefore, supposing his case hopeless, makes no intimation of that serious "wound," to talk pastorally, which HONORIA is sure she has inflicted. To ordinary men and editors, there the case would seem to end; for as, without declaring love, the brother's friend still pays great attentions, it is palpable that HONORIA *does* retain his friendship. But is that the exact state of the case? And do we not state the real motive and question of her note thus: "Dear Mr. Editor—My brother has a friend, &c. I have not encouraged his attentions—very much—as yet; for I don't think I could love him—very much—as yet. But I think he is sincere in his affection; and if one of these days he should declare it, how might I reserve my heart a little while longer, to be *sure* I couldn't love him, without losing his attachment altogether?" If this be the true interpretation of HONORIA's inquiry, we answer that, to be wise, she will take a long solitary walk one of these summer evenings, debate the matter with her heart and come to conclusions ere her brother's friend grow more confident.

BAYLEAF is not in an enviable dilemma between her inclinations and her judgment. For our part, we are led by the tenor of her letter to vote with BAYLEAF's judgment.

MEXI.—"I am at present in great perplexity. A gentleman whom I love most dearly lately proposed to me. I foolishly put him off without giving him any encouragement; he has since then appeared in very low spirits, and has not ventured on a renewal of his request." And the question which thereupon we are prayed to answer is, "Would you advise me to make any advances or apology to him?"—The best advance and the best apology MEXI can make is to hint by her manners that she is really remorseful—that she has been false to her own inclinations, and cruel to her sweetheart. We do not mean that she is to assume any artificial manner, but that she is to loosen a little the rein she held too rigidly on her affections, and at the wrong corner.

ISABELLE is in great consternation at the utter neglect with which she is treated by the beaux of her town. She has two sisters; and though they are all good-looking and well-educated, and take pains to be well-dressed, as all nice girls do, they are all (i.e., ISABELLE and her sisters) in the same melancholy case. Can we divine the reason? Alas, no! Can we suggest a remedy? Now, is our correspondent aware of the enormity of what she asks when she puts that question? Is her melancholy so absorbing that she does not perceive that in requesting us to give a remedy for her ills, she asks us to print a receipt for a philosopher's stone more coveted by the fair than that which tortured the imagination of the alchemists—to place in her hands a magic lamp conjuring more beautiful and desired things than the lantern of Aladdin? It is beyond our power. Much and fervently as we desire to benefit our species, and especially the weaker, better half of it, it is beyond our dreams to compass such an end as that no good-looking and well-educated Joan should ever sigh for a kind and manly Darby.

Little Helen was pale and senseless as a corpse when she was laid upon her mother's bed. Once, while Mrs. Wise stood rubbing the cold hands in her own, she faintly opened her eyes, but they had no expression of consciousness, and closed immediately; and had it not been for the faint motion of the pulse, which Emma felt as she clasped the tiny hands, she had thought her idol a shattered one indeed, so like a corpse the still and pallid face did look.

But Helen was not dead; she did not die. Yet an anguish scarcely less terrible than bereavement fell upon the mother's heart, when the little one recovered from the shock and the weakness attending that fall, and the physician told her the dreadful truth, that the child's spine was broken!

A fine opportunity for the study of character was afforded in the manner of the afflicted father and mother, when they were coping with the severe trial which they must bear.

Helen was just seven years old when the shocking accident occurred. During those years of life she had been her mother's constant care, her joy and consolation; and now, when the fond woman looked forward, and compared the probable future of her darling child with that which she had imagined and hoped for, she was overwhelmed with grief. For a time sorrow mastered her reason; she could not feel grateful that Helen's life was spared; it seemed to her then as though no deeper affliction than this was possible. At the first, it was agony for her to listen to the gentle tones of the child's voice—she could not bear to meet the troubled yet patient glances of the mild eyes, in which she had once read the peaceful, happy fortunes of the little one.

Emma Wise had never been a vulgarly proud, vain mother—but she had so loved her daughter, so adored her, had pictured for her, in imagination, so many bright fortunes, that she was perfectly prostrated before the sorrowful reality of pain, distress, and deformity which was now before her.

With the father it was otherwise. Yet it was neither religion nor philosophy that supported him,—simply calm indifference. Had it been a son, their infant Jamie, on whom so sad a fate had fallen, Emma Wise would have had no occasion to ask in wondering disgust if the man had, indeed, a heart; she would have seen how his tears could fall like hers, in torrents—how his spirit could, like hers, be crushed and broken. But—it was only little Helen who suffered, and though she was his firstborn child, that name was not significant of love, nor of devotion on his part.

The disappointment which he made no effort to hide, when his daughter was first laid in his arms, had given place to no other emotion in re-

gard to her. Helen had never seemed to him a child, nor was he to her as a father. She obeyed, she feared, but she loved him—never; for though he gave her a name, a shelter, food and raiment, he gave no more.

To speak the sad and solemn truth, David and Emma Wise were as ill-matched a pair as ever vowed to live together for better or for worse. Their union was a mystery. No compulsion on the one side attended—no love on the other induced it. The wealthy bachelor, after a short residence in Lynn, had proposed to the pretty, amiable, portionless Emma Haynes—she had accepted him, and they were married, and removed at once to another town in Massachusetts, where the bridegroom had purchased a beautiful place, called "Sunnyside"—which a now bankrupt merchant had spent a fortune and sixteen years in beautifying. Here the newly-married pair found themselves surrounded by all the good things of life—what at least, and with some reason, are usually accounted such; they were in want of nothing in the wide world but capacity for enjoyment. It was a very needful need.

To Emma Wise, even before the first year of their marriage had passed, it was a perfect mystery how or why her husband had sought her for his wife. She was a very lovely woman, and she knew that: she had been told the pleasant fact by admiring friends sufficiently often to become well aware of it. But there were lovelier women in the world than she, and Emma felt that David had not married her for her beauty's sake. Nor for her intellect or her learning, had he sought her to be his companion in life; he had never cared to discover how far she was capacitated for study with him, he never spoke with her on subjects above or beyond the common-place, though had he done so, he would have found that she had an inquiring, active mind, that was capable of great development.

As to herself, she was a woman made for love, and to love. Not a wild, passionate, absorbing adoration of another human being, but gentle, unobtrusive, constant devotion. She thought, in sincerity, that it was quite possible for her to love David Wise—that she could cheer his loneliness, that she could enliven his home and his heart; that she could find in him, since he wished her for a wife, a lover as well as a husband. In this she had been bitterly disappointed.

Wed a woman of twenty summers with a groom of fifty winters; let the affectionateness of the young nature be repulsed, *refused* acceptance, scorned, indeed, by the old, and "the end of it" will in no case be a problem difficult to solve. If the wife is a gay, life-full nature, she will not suffer herself to be crushed

in spirit; she will seek in the worldly what she cannot find at home, will become a trifle—careless, unbelieving, miserable. If she be of another mould, more quiet, gentle, hopeful, she will not easily be repulsed. She will endeavour and strive against hope, and if she be finally vanquished in her effort, she will die young, and of a broken heart. It is the inevitable result.

There was something besides the stern gravity and dignity of age evident in the cold, distant, disagreeable manner of David Wise. He was subject to fits of moody thoughtfulness, which, at times, led him to pass whole days alone in his chamber, where he suffered none to intrude, except the servants who waited on him; which were vented often in sudden journeys, undertaken without a moment's warning, and from which he returned as suddenly and unannounced. He now had no taste for books. His library was large and valuable, such as none but a studious, learned man would have chosen; but after his marriage he never entered it to read, or to touch the volumes that filled those long lines of shelf, which reached from the floor to the ceiling of the handsome apartment. He had no liking for society; conversation seemed to him almost always an annoyance; and friendship with other men he shunned of all things.

There was but one exception to this rule of isolation which he had laid down for himself; it was made in favour of a young man who had come to Sunnyside soon after David Wise was married, and remained there till Jamie was born, a dependant, no relative, yet dearly beloved by his protector, who, unmindful of the great disparity in their years and station, made Alfred Lord his chosen friend and almost constant companion.

This person was a youth of ordinary abilities and in personal appearance inferior; taciturn, self-possessed, he was also always mild and respectful; but it was difficult to conceive the charm that bound his patron, or master, or friend to him, that made the old man so solicitous always for his comfort, when that of persons who had, as one might suppose, a better claim on his time and attention, was invariably neglected.

Whatever it may have been to other people, this intimate communion between David Wise and Alfred Lord was to Emma a perfect mystery, which was far enough from being solved by any explanation which the husband vouchsafed.

CHAPTER II.

It was late one afternoon, in the September of that summer of Melrose's accident, that Mrs. Wise and her daughter walked together in the

great garden which was the beauty of Sunnyside. They had wandered for an hour through the long walks, gathering splendid autumn flowers, and conversing together in the low, subdued tone of persons who have suffered much—not in the gay and joyous manner of the young mother with her cherished child.

Their steps were now directed towards the house; they had reached the arbour at the entrance-gate, when Helen paused and said—

"Come to this path, please, mamma; I want you to look at my tree."

And they retraced their steps to a remote corner of the garden, where, the spring preceding, Helen had spent many hours in arranging a flower-bed that was called her own. A friend had given her a root of the fig-tree, and the child had planted, and watered it morning and night, till it had fairly made its home in the ground and began to grow. From that happy day, when the green buds peeped above the earth, she had watched it with unceasing devotion, lingering about it as though it were a beloved friend whose life was in danger, and watching, with the utmost anxiety, to see if it really *would live* in that cold northern soil.

And, to her great joy, it had done well. Shoots had sprung from the main stem, and had grown tall and luxuriantly, and the tree gave promise of a long and healthful life. So it had flourished all the summer, but when, to-day, Helen made her accustomed visit to the much-loved little garden, she had found its leaves all yellow and drooping. It seemed to her a human thing, pining for its native land: she believed that it was going to die.

So it was with a heavy heart that she went with her mother to look upon it; for it seemed to the poor child as though a living sympathy were established between herself and that senseless thing—she seemed to read her own destiny in it.

"See, mamma, it is just like me," she said, when they stood looking on the faded leaves; "it is all withered, and will die."

"Not like you, dear Helen. There is a long life before you, I believe. You grow stronger every day; it is growing late in the season, and you know the change of climate would affect this thing sooner than other vegetation—would give it just the appearance it has now. We will have the root taken up to-night, and removed to the house for the winter. I am almost sure it will revive then."

"But see," persisted Helen; "see the stems. How soft and withered they are. That wouldn't be, even if the leaves changed naturally; but we haven't had any frost yet."

"Never mind, you'll see in the spring. I am perfectly sure the leaves will come out

again then. Perhaps the poor thing is home-sick. Who knows?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, with eager sadness, but she caught her mother's smile and paused. "Soon," she added, thoughtfully, "I should be Heaven-sick, if you were not always with me. Mamma, I shall die the very day you die."

"Hush! we are in the hand of the Lord, Helen. If He should take me from you, there would be sufficient care laid upon you. It would be necessary that you should live, dear child."

"I am just four years older than Jamie," the little girl said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, if ever anything should happen, if I should be taken away, I should feel safe in leaving the little darling to your care, my precious child."

Helen clasped her mother's hand, and they turned away together from the fig-tree. She had forgotten her dear friend in sadder thoughts. But Mrs. Wise, whose watchful love bore in mind all things that could at all affect the happiness of those about her, sought out the gardener, and gave him directions for carefully removing the tree at once to the root-house, where it should remain for the winter.

The casual suggestion of the mother, that little Jamie *might*, one day, be left to her charge, produced its impression and effect on the daughter's mind. From that day he was endowed with a new and touching interest in her eyes; she became his second nurse, and suffered him to be rarely from her sight. The child was strikingly plain in appearance, and, except to those daily associated with him, destitute of all the winning graces and ways of childhood. His eyes were large, and dark, and brilliant, like his father's, but they were destitute of expression. The fixed, natural brightness was all: charming to the momentary observer, but the gaze troubled and astonished the mother. Even little Helen had observed it; for she one day said to her mother, "I never saw anyone with eyes like Jamie's; they look and look, and are so very bright, but they don't seem to see anything."

Yet that he was not blind they knew.

Two years since Jamie's birthday had passed, when another son was added to the household—but the father's pride, and affection, and interest, were centred all in his oldest boy. He was an idol.

Edwin was a beauty—a bright, amiable child, who, in feature, and voice, and manner, strongly resembled his mother. In his "mild blue eyes" was there nothing that told powerfully on the heart of his father, as well as on hers who, morning and evening, uttered her grateful thanks to Him who had given the blessed child? Was there nothing in the quiet

affectionateness of the boy's words and acts, that won for him involuntary embraces from the grave old man? Was there nothing in his graceful motions, in his generous acts, which sometimes won a fervent kiss, an earnest blessing? Never. All that his parent's heart could feel, was concentrated in and lavished on the first-born son. And of him?

The last few months preceding his third birthday had been to both these parents months of lingering suspense and agony. A dark and dreadful suspicion had been, during this time, finding for itself lodgment in their thought, and the bare idea made them tremble.

At first, in their own breasts they tried to hush the fear which forced itself upon them, that all was not well with the child; but when the months went on, and no spark of that intelligence which the parent is ever the first to see and glory in, was perceivable in him—when no other emotion than of simple affection or of passionate anger was ever aroused in him, they began to believe what it was almost death for them to imagine. Neither David nor Emma Wise had spoken this suspicion to the other, they kept it, a dreadful guest, in their own mind. How should the mother dare to speak to that husband, who so adored the boy, of idiocy! How should the father mourn with her, whom he was ready to curse in his heart, over this awful chastisement?

For himself, he could not long endure uncertainty. Any assurance was preferable to that hope-blasting doubt, and he sought the physician, Dr. Simpson, one day, demanding of him the truth. And then the fear received its assurance: there was no hope, no help for Jamie—he *was* an idiot!

It was enough. To "curse God and die," seemed from that day the only thought or inclination in the soul of the wretched man. Thenceforth, Helen and Edwin, whose chief interest in his eyes had been that they were the brother and sister, the companions of Jamie, were as nothing to him; and now the boy who had been his pride, his thought for all the future, was also to the father as one dead. But, to depart when he was wearied and sick of life—this was not granted him. David's bodily strength failed not—he was full of vitality. The stern disappointment and trial he was forced to bear broke his spirit—but his health kept firm, and he presented them that loveless, mournful sight, a wretched, diseased, tempted, and falling man. He never smiled save when he looked on the wine-cup, and his merriment in those hours of unnatural gaiety was such as brought a pallor to his young wife's face, and increased heaviness to her heart.

Upon Emma the blow fell startlingly, cruelly;

but it produced another effect than it had on her husband. It chilled and terrified her loving heart; it bowed her lovely head; yet she had no wish for death. To herself it had, indeed, been a relief, could she have died the day when the truth was told her, and she met that look of David Wise. The spirit of gladness and joy had long been grieved away from her, and she was prepared for the last change—she longed for the silence and freedom of the grave. But for Helen, the weak, frail girl, who seemed to live through, and joy only in her mother, for Jamie, the now more than ever dear, the unfortunate child, for little helpless Edwin, for these life seemed to her an almost absolute necessity—a something she could not relinquish—which must not be taken away!

The thought of Providence, however, was not as her thought. While the father, who seemed but a dread to his children, daily strengthened in health, the mother faded and faded away; her strength vanished, and the few who knew her (well did these love her)—when they looked on her white face, and watched her feeble motion, and heard her voice, knew that she was passing from earth. Helen knew it also.

Going one day into her mother's chamber, she found her on her knees in prayer. Her first impulse was to retreat softly from the sanctuary, but in another moment she entered and threw herself beside her parent, and bowed her head likewise.

When Mrs. Wise rose again, she said tenderly—

"My child, all I can do is to pray. Oh, when you stand in my place, pray without ceasing. You are born to a troublous lot, Helen; God help you."

Helen could not speak—could only look with troubled, questioning eyes upon her mother, who also for a moment was silent. She was gathering strength to speak the saddest words to which a mother can give utterance.

"I said, Nelly, when you stand in my place, pray without ceasing. I trust that your devotions are never neglected; but when I am gone you will learn, if you have not yet, what a precious privilege prayer is. Never forget, however dark the earthly lot is, there is One in Heaven who regards all His children with mercy. Helen, you are a strong-minded girl, though so weak physically. I want you from this day to exert all the powers of your mind. I must speak to you of these things while I can, that you may be accustomed to the thought of my approaching death, for I would spare you the pain of a sudden shock. It is better to talk of these things than to increase the sorrow by stifling it in our hearts."

"Oh, mother! mother! you must not speak

of dying. I can bear anything but that you should die—only live! Speak, say you will live, for me!"

She looked up into her mother's face, while she made that despairing appeal of devotion, but her eyes fell—a mortal chill passed over her, and her countenance grew white as her mother's while she waited for the reply.

"Nelly, I do not fear death, for I know that I am going home. It is this parting with my dear, precious children, that makes me grieve. All these thirteen years of your life, you have been a blessing to me—my comfort and my hope: and yet—yet I must lay a dreadful burden on you, whom—oh that you might be spared such trial!—God's will be done!—Will you, Nelly, be to your brothers a mother? Will you keep them always safe under your care? Poor child, what do I ask?"

The pallor fled from Helen's face. It glowed with light—she actually smiled as she knelt before her mother, and said—

"Mamma, I would gladly die if that could save you. Now, I will live for you—Heaven hear me! I will be what you say—a mother to Jamie and Edwin—I will do what I promise. Do not fear me—but you, you, I—" The light and the glow faded from her face, and she fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

It was the first time the mother and daughter had spoken together on this subject; but it was not the last. It was a relief to them to speak much of that which so constantly preyed on their thoughts—to encourage each other, as they were about to part for ever.

During the weeks preceding their dreaded final separation, many were the communings, tender and solemn, that were held between them. They gained strength in this sad converse to speak composedly of the great change about to befall the household. To Helen the very idea of that parting was torture the most dreadful: but she had schooled herself to outward calmness, for the girl's high soul was aroused, and her frailty was proved to be, as her mother had said, only of a physical nature. She had a moral strength and capacity to endure, which her father had not.

To him the wife had never spoken of her probable early death. She could not nerve herself to that. Why was it that when she had revealed all that was in her heart to her young daughter, she could not do so much to him who might have claimed her confidence as well? If he had ever, in a day of sorrow or rejoicing, sought her counsel, or companionship, or sympathy—if he had ever by one single

act or word since their marriage-day proved to her that he loved her, this might have been a possibility; but to a nature so cold, so foreign as his, she could not speak of sickness, or suffering, or death. She feared to do it. She shrunk from meeting the cold look of his searching eyes, the monosyllabic wonder that she should dream of dying—or—or the lighting of feature and voice, that would tell it was no grief for him to part with her.

Even Helen had never but once said to her father anything respecting the great loss they were about to meet.

Astonished at his apparent blindness, and grieved because of his inattention, the timid girl at last resolved to talk with him about it. Perhaps, she thought, he *did* see and feel it all, but for the mother's sake maintained that calm serenity—and oh! what a joy for her, could she find that he had tears of grief to shed with her!—to feel that he too loved the dying as she loved her!

It required a desperate effort on Helen's part to speak to him with whom she should so soon be left alone of this. Her words were uttered in a flood of tears. It was the awful *truth* of what she tried to speak, which he received with that unsympathising glance and impatient gesture, that so completely unnerved her when she had tried desperately to be calm, which wrung from her the bitter appeal—

"Papa, don't you know she is dying?"

The sharp interrogation, "Know what? Who is dying?" quickly brought her to herself, and with surprising self-command, forced upon her by the great revulsion in her feeling, she replied—

"My mother."

"Fudge, child! she has been in just that state always. She has a cold, and worries about it too much. Besides, she spends too much time altogether shut up in that room with James and Edwin. You should take that care off her hands, if she is not well. But don't be frightened about your mother. She never complains to me."

"She never complains at all, papa. But she is very ill."

"I'll speak with Dr. Simpson about it. If anything has gone wrong with her, or she is really ill, I can get at the real truth of the matter better by asking him than I should speaking with her. Besides, it would alarm her."

"But it don't alarm her. And she would be so happy if you could come to her sometimes. She speaks to me of her death every day. I know she isn't afraid to die."

"If your mother has been so sick as you say, it would have been impossible for her to appear so constantly at table, and to go about the

house and grounds so much. It's only a womanish whim, so don't talk any more about it. Have you seen Jamie this morning?"

"I left him with mamma. She was playing with him."

"Well, do you go and take her place. You ought to do more towards amusing the boy, and not leave it to her. Did she send you here to have this talk with me?"

"Oh, papa, no!" was the faint exclamation, which sounded very like a reproach, as the child went hastily from the room.

Mr. Wise *did* consult the physician who was in his wife's attendance, but it happened that he delayed doing so till the very day she died. To the last he had neglected her; and not a word in those final days passed between them of communion, or counsel, or of love. To the last Emma had hoped that it would not end thus; to the last she had supplicated for him; and to the very last he had remained far from her, blind and deaf to her unspoken call.

The morning she died she was sitting in a large arm-chair in the nursery. She had been trying to amuse poor Jamie, and had walked with him several times about the room, but she soon became very weary, and when she sat down again, the imitative little creature seated himself on the cushioned bench at her feet, turning over the pages of gaily-coloured picture books. Shortly after the nurse came into the room, leading Edwin, and the mother dismissed her, saying she would look after the children herself a little.

From that moment when she gathered the three around her, an increased expression of solemn earnestness had lighted her pale face, which, it seemed to Helen, was growing more deathly every instant.

There was a dead silence in that chamber. Helen sat close beside her mother, holding Edwin, so that the fond parent's eyes might be constantly upon him; there were thoughts with the dying woman which could not be spoken, which she must depart without uttering, even to that eldest child. By an effort she roused herself at last, and said—

"I want you to kneel down with Edwin, close beside Jamie, I will pray *with* you the last time—but I shall pray *for* you for ever."

Helen obeyed, and her mother's soul was poured forth in such fervent, solemn supplication, that she felt it was indeed for the last time. When she whispered "amen" was said, she waited till the hand that rested in blessing on her head was withdrawn, but the silence that followed frightened her—she stood up and looked upon her mother.

And as she looked, she knew that the last change was near, and for a moment, though she had striven long and hard to be prepared

for this, she was wildly startled; but that fear passed, and she said—"Shall I call him, mamma? Shall I speak to papa for you?"

"Do not leave me," was the reply, uttered with astonishing energy: "these children are yours, Helen: do not desert them, for your mother's sake. Kiss me, Helen."

She was dead when the young girl lifted her face from the face of her mother, after that long embrace.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale usually makes its appearance in England about the middle of April, and leaves in August. These birds prefer localities where there are woods having thick undergrowth, and where low coppices and plantations abound. Their nests are constructed with singular artifice, being so carefully concealed from view that they are very difficult to discover. They are almost always placed upon the ground, advantage being taken of any accidental depression of the ground which may exist. The outside is composed of dried leaves or grass, or of the skeleton leaves which may be found in the banks or thick bottoms of hedges, while the inside is lined towards the bottom with fine fibrous roots or hair. The eggs are four or five in number, of an olive brown colour; the young are hatched in June.

The principal food of the nightingale is the caterpillars of moths and the larvae of beetles, some of which feed only at night; these are especially numerous in damp weather, when vegetation is succulent, and the nightingale soon finds sufficient food to satisfy his wants. Organised for the utterance of certain notes and modulations, he has, at the same time, an instinctive impulse to sing, and also the faculties of imitation and memory. The strain itself has to be learned, but this is acquired from his parents, and when the proper season arrives, joyously poured forth. It has been remarked that young male nightingales begin to warble before their tails are quite grown; but if thus captured, they must be put under the instruction of a nightingale who is a good singer, or they will only be stammerers.

A change, too, comes o'er the spirit of his song in June, arising not from the loss of voice, but from a change of object, and hence of note. His song ceases when his mate has hatched her brood; vigilance and anxiety then succeed the harmonies which have been heard before, and his "croak" is the warning of suspicion or danger to the mother bird and her infant brood.

It is strange that this lively bird should ever be thought melancholy; no bird sings when it

is sad; its solitary habits and its love of the night have probably given rise to this opinion. The different views taken of its song by poets may be summed up in the words of the Abbé la Pluche:—"The nightingale passes from grave to gay; from a simple note to a warble the most varied; and from the softest trillings and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which he as quickly abandons, to return to his natural sprightliness."

According to Bechstein, "This bird expresses his different emotions by suitable cries and particular intonations. The most unmeaning cry when he is alone appears to be the simple whistle, "ftt;" but if the syllable "crr" be added, it is then the call of the male to the female. The sign of displeasure, or fear, is "ftt," repeated rapidly and loudly before adding the terminating "crr," while that of satisfaction, pleasure, and complacency is a deep "tack," which may be imitated by smacking the tongue. In anger, jealousy, rivalry, or any extraordinary event, he utters hoarse disagreeable sounds, somewhat like a jay or a cat. Lastly, in the season of pairing, during their playful gambols, a gentle subdued warbling is all that is heard.

"Nature," he continues, "has granted these tones to both sexes; but the male is endowed with so very striking a musical talent, that, in this respect, he surpasses all birds, and has acquired the name of the king of songsters. The strength of his vocal organ is, indeed, wonderful; and it has been found that the muscles of his larynx are (proportionally) much more powerful than those of any other bird. But it is less the strength than the compass, flexibility, prodigious variety, and harmony of his voice, which makes it so admired by all lovers of the beautiful. Sometimes dwelling for minutes on a strain composed of only two or three melancholy tones, he begins in an under voice, and swelling it gradually by the most superb *crescendo* to the highest point of strength, he ends it by a dying cadence; or, it consists of a rapid succession of more brilliant sounds, terminated, like many other strains of his song, by some detached ascending notes. Twenty-four different strains or couplets may be reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale, without including its delicate little variations; for among these, as among other musicians, there are some great musicians, and many middling ones. This song is so articulate that it may be very well written. The nightingales of all countries, the south as well as the north, appear to sing in the same manner. On points of beauty, however, where the senses are the judges, each has his own peculiar taste. If one nightingale has the talent of dwelling agreeably on his notes, another utters his with peculiar brilliancy; a third

lengthens out his strain in a peculiar manner; and a fourth excels in the silverness of his voice. All four may excel in their style, and each will find his admirer; and it is very difficult to decide which merits the palm of vic-

and after midnight, to attract their companions on their journey during the fine nights." This bird, according to the same authority, "is capable, after some time, of forming attachments. When once he has made ac-



tory. There are, however, individuals so very superior as to unite all the beauties of power and melody; these are generally birds which, having been hatched with the necessary qualifications, in a district well supplied with nightingales, appropriate whatever is most striking in the song of each. As the return of the males in spring always precedes that of the females by seven or eight days they sing before

quantance with the person who takes care of him, he distinguishes his step before seeing him; he welcomes him by a cry of joy, and, during the moulting season, is seen making vain efforts to sing, and supplying by the gaiety of his movements, and the expression of his looks, the demonstrations of joy which his throat refuses to utter. When he loses his benefactor, he sometimes pines to death.



TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

THE prison of the Conciergerie consists of a series of dark and damp subterranean vaults, situated beneath the floor of the Palace of Justice. The Seine flows by upon one side, separated only by the highway of the quays. The bed of the Seine is above the floor of the prison. The surrounding earth was consequently saturated with water, and the oozing moisture diffused over the walls and the floors the humidity of the sepulchre. There were one or two narrow courts scattered in this vast structure, where the prisoners could look up the precipitous walls, as of a well, towering high above them, and see a few square yards of sky. The gigantic quadrangular tower, reared above these firm foundations, was formerly the Imperial palace, from which issued all power and law. Here the French kings

revelled in voluptuousness, with their prisoners groaning beneath their feet. This strong-hold of feudalism had now become the tomb of the monarchy. In one of the most loathsome of these cells, Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Cæsars, had languished in misery as profound as mortals can suffer, till, in the endurance of every conceivable insult, she was dragged to the guillotine.

It was into a cell adjoining that which the hapless queen had occupied that Madame Roland was cast. Here the proud daughter of the emperors of Austria and the humble child of the artisan, each, after a career of unexampled vicissitudes, found their paths to meet but a few steps from the scaffold. The victim of the Monarchy and the victim of the Revolution were conducted to the same dungeons and

perished on the same block. They met as antagonists in the stormy arena of the French Revolution. They were nearly of equal age. The one possessed the prestige of wealth, and rank, and ancestral power; the other, the energy of a vigorous and cultivated mind. Both were endowed with unusual attractions of person, spirits invigorated by enthusiasm, and the loftiest heroism. From the antagonism of life they met in death.

The day after Madame Roland was placed in the Conciergerie, she was visited by one of the notorious officers of the revolutionary party, and very closely questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondists. The examination was vexatious and intolerant in the extreme. It lasted for three hours, and consisted in an incessant torrent of criminations, to which she was hardly permitted to offer one word in reply. This examination taught her the nature of the accusations which would be brought against her. She sat down in her cell that very night, and with a rapid pen, sketched that defence which has been pronounced one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution.

Having concluded it, she retired to rest, and slept with the serenity of a child. She was called upon several times by committees sent from the revolutionary tribunal for examination. They were resolved to take her life, but were anxious to do it, if possible, under the forms of law. She passed through all their examinations with the most perfect composure and the most dignified self-possession. Her enemies could not withhold their expressions of admiration as they saw her in her sepulchral cell of stone and of iron, cheerful, fascinating, and perfectly at ease.

The upper part of the door of her cell was an iron grating. The surrounding cells were filled with the most illustrious ladies and gentlemen of France. As the hour of death drew near, her courage and animation seemed to increase. Her features glowed with enthusiasm; and her whole aspect assumed the impress of one appointed to fill some great and lofty destiny. She remained but a few days in the Conciergerie before she was led to the scaffold. During those few days, by her example and her encouraging words she spread among the numerous prisoners there an enthusiasm and a spirit of heroism which elevated, above the fear of the scaffold, even the most timid and depressed. Those who were walking in the corridor, or who were the occupants of adjoining cells, often called for her to speak to them words of encouragement and consolation.

Standing upon a stool at the door of her own cell, she grasped with her hands the iron grating which separated her from her audience.

This was her tribune. The melodious accents of her voice floated along the labyrinthine avenues of those dismal dungeons, penetrating cell after cell, and arousing energy in hearts which had been abandoned to despair. Silence, as of the grave, reigned in those sepulchral caverns while the clear and musical tones of Madame Roland, as of an angel of consolation, vibrated through the rusty bars, and along the dark, damp cloisters. One who was at that time an inmate of the prison, and survived those dreadful scenes, has described, in glowing terms, the almost miraculous effects of her soul-moving eloquence. She was already past the prime of life, but she was still fascinating, and, combined with the most wonderful power of expression, she possessed a voice so exquisitely musical, that, long after her lips were silenced in death, its tones vibrated in lingering strains in the souls of those by whom they had ever been heard. She, however, was careful never to utter a word which would cause tears. She wished herself to avoid all the weakness of tender emotions, and to lure the thoughts of her companions away from every contemplation which could enervate their energies.

Occasionally, in the solitude of her cell, as the image of her husband and of her child rose before her, and her imagination dwelt upon her desolated home and her blighted hopes—her husband denounced and pursued by lawless violence, and her child soon to be an orphan—woman's tenderness would triumph over the heroine's stoicism. Burying, for a moment, her face in her hands, she would burst into a flood of tears. Immediately struggling to regain composure, she would brush her tears away, and dress her countenance in its accustomed smiles. She remained in the Conciergerie but one week, and during that time so endeared herself to all as to become the prominent object of attention and love.

The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to consult respecting her defence. She, well aware that no one could speak a word in her favour but at the peril of his own life, and also fully conscious that her doom was already sealed, drew a ring from her finger, and said to him,

"To-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail sought for me, and would but endanger you. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

The next day she was led to her trial. She attired herself in a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, and her long dark hair fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders. The prisoners who were walking in the corridors gathered around her, and with smiles and words

of encouragement she infused energy into their hearts. Calm and invincible she met her judges. She was accused of the crimes of being the wife of M. Roland and the friend of his friends. Proudly she acknowledged herself guilty of both those charges. Whenever she attempted to utter a word in her defence, she was browbeaten by the judges, and silenced by the clamours of the mob which filled the tribunal. The mob now ruled with undisputed sway in both legislative and executive halls. It was, however, difficult to bring any accusation against her by which, under the form of law, she could be condemned. France, even in its darkest hour, was rather ashamed to behold a woman, upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed, simply for being the wife of her husband and the friend of his friends. At last the president demanded of her that she should reveal her husband's asylum. She proudly replied,

"I do not know of any law by which I can be obliged to violate the strongest feelings of nature."

This was sufficient, and she was immediately condemned to death.

She listened calmly to her sentence, and then rising, bowed with dignity to her judges, and, smiling, said, "I thank you, gentlemen, for thinking me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold."

With the buoyant step of a child, she passed beneath the narrow portal, and descended to her cell, from which she was to be led, with the morning light, to a bloody death. She retired to her cell, wrote a few words of parting to her friends, and played upon a harp, which had found its way into the prison, her requiem.

The morning of the 10th of November, 1793, dawned gloomily upon Paris. It was one of the darkest days of that reign of terror which for so long a period enveloped France in its sombre shades. The ponderous gates of the court-yard of the Conciergerie opened that morning to a long procession of carts loaded with victims for the guillotine. Madame Roland had contemplated her fate too long, and had disciplined her spirit too severely, to fail of fortitude in this last hour of trial. She came from her cell scrupulously attired for death. A serene smile was upon her cheek, as she waved an adieu to the weeping prisoners who gathered around her. The last cart was assigned to Madame Roland. She entered it with a step as light and elastic as if it were a carriage for a pleasant morning's drive. By her side stood an infirm old man, M. La Marche. He was pale and trembling, and his fainting heart, in view of the approaching terror, almost

ceased to beat. She sustained him by her arm, and addressed to him words of consolation and encouragement, in cheerful accents and with a benignant smile. The poor old man felt that God had sent an angel to strengthen him in the dark hour of death. As the cart heavily rumbled along the pavement, drawing nearer and nearer to the guillotine, two or three times, by her cheerful words, she even caused a smile faintly to play upon his pallid lips.

The guillotine was now the principal instrument of amusement for the populace of Paris. It was so elevated that all could have a good view of the spectacle. To witness the conduct of nobles and of ladies, of boys and of girls, while passing through the horrors of a sanguinary death, was far more exciting than the unreal and bombastic tragedies of the theatre, or the conflicts of the cockpit and the bear garden. A countless throng flooded the streets; men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, execrating. The celebrity of Madame Roland, her extraordinary grace and beauty, and her aspect, not only of heroic fearlessness, but of joyous exhilaration, made her the prominent object of the public gaze. A white robe gracefully enveloped her perfect form, and her black and glossy hair, which for some reason the executioners had neglected to cut, fell in rich profusion to her waist. A keen November blast swept the streets, under the influence of which, and the excitement of the scene, her animated countenance glowed with all the ruddy bloom of youth. She stood firmly in the cart, looking with a serene eye upon the crowds which lined the streets, and listening with unruffled serenity to the clamour which filled the air. A large crowd surrounded the cart in which Madame Roland stood, shouting, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" She looked kindly upon them, and bending over the railing of the cart, said to them, in tones as placid as if she were addressing a child, "My friends, I am going to the guillotine. In a few moments I shall be there. They who send me thither will ere long follow me. I go innocent. They will come stained with blood. You who now applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal."

Madame Roland had continued writing her memoirs until the hour in which she left her cell for the scaffold. When the cart had almost arrived at the foot of the guillotine, her spirit was so deeply moved by the scene that she could not repress the desire to pen down her glowing thoughts. She entreated an officer to furnish her for a moment with pen and paper. The request was refused. It is much to be regretted that we are thus deprived of that unwritten chapter of her life.

The long procession arrived at the guillotine

and the bloody work commenced. The victims were dragged from the carts, and the axe rose and fell with unceasing rapidity. Head after head fell into the basket; and at length the executioners approached the cart where Madame Roland stood by the side of her fainting companion. With an animated countenance and a cheerful smile, she was all engrossed in endeavouring to infuse fortitude into his soul. The executioner grasped her by the arm. "Stay," said she, slightly resisting his grasp; "I have one favour to ask, and that is not for myself. I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would make you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." The stern officer gave a surly refusal, replying, "My orders are to take you first." With winning grace she rejoined, "You cannot, surely, refuse a woman her last request." The hard-hearted executioner of the law was brought within the influence of her enchantment. He paused, looked at her for a moment in slight bewilderment, and yielded. The poor old man, more dead than alive, was conducted upon the scaffold and placed beneath the fatal axe. Madame Roland, without the slightest change of colour, or the apparent tremor of a nerve, saw the ponderous instrument, with its glittering edge, glide upon its deadly mission, and the decapitated trunk of her friend was thrown aside to give place for her. With a placid countenance and a buoyant step, she ascended the platform. The guillotine was erected upon the vacant spot between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Elysian Fields, then known as the Place de la Revolution. Madame Roland stood for a moment upon the elevated platform, looked calmly around upon the vast concourse, and then bowing before a colossal statue of Liberty which then occupied the square, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name." She surrendered herself to the executioners, and was bound to the plank. The plank fell to its horizontal position, bringing her head under the fatal axe. The glittering steel glided through the groove, and the head of Madame Roland was severed from her body.

Thus died Madame Roland, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her death oppressed all who had known her with the deepest grief. Her intimate friend Buzot, who was then a fugitive, on hearing the tidings, was thrown into a state of perfect delirium, from which he did not recover for many days. Her faithful female servant was so overwhelmed with grief, that she presented herself before the tribunal, and implored them to let her die upon the same scaffold where her beloved mistress had

perished. The tribunal, amazed at such transports of attachment, declared that she was mad, and ordered her to be removed from their presence. A manservant made the same application, and was sent to the guillotine.

The grief of M. Roland, when apprised of the event, was unbounded. For a time he entirely lost his senses. Privately he left, by night, the kind friends who had hospitably concealed him for six months, and wandered to such a distance from his asylum as to secure his protectors from any danger on his account. Through the long hours of the winter's night he continued his dreary walk, till the first grey of the morning appeared in the east. Drawing a long stiletto from his walking-stick, he placed the head of it against the trunk of a tree, and threw himself upon the sharp weapon. The point pierced his heart, and he fell lifeless upon the ground. Some peasants passing by discovered his body. A piece of paper was pinned to the breast of his coat, upon which there were written these words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a virtuous man. After hearing of my wife's death, I could not stay another day in a world so stained with crime."

ANECDOTE OF THE SULTAN.—A rich Armenian had lost a portfolio, containing four hundred thousand piastres, and for which he offered a reward of forty thousand. The portfolio was found, and the reward claimed by a very honest and poor old man; but the Armenian, in order to escape payment, then declared that the portfolio also contained a very valuable ring, which the old man must have stolen. The affair was brought before the Sultan, who, having ascertained the honesty of the old man, and the well-known avarice of his adversary, decided that, as the Armenian declared that his portfolio contained a ring, this could not be the one he had lost, and that he had better return it to the old man, and continue to advertise for his own!

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above every other feature that adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at a false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark: this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy that can give alms without display, and advise without assumption, and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation.

ODE TO A FEMALE MUMMY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Poor, dingy, dismal sister mine!
 What lawless hosts of thoughts combine
 To fluster me, the while
 Thy long-unrolling shroud I scan—
 That old original suggestive Pan-
 Orama of the Nile.

As the indomitable Layard,
 In empires old with names to say hard,
 O'er ruined towns may ponder,
 I view that breast, no more that pants,
 And of its old inhabitants
 I wonder and I wonder.

The loves and hates, the joys and cares,
 The whirl of human hopes and fears,
 In human hearts e'er seething—
 Those matron fears that made thee sad
 When little Tsoph the measles had,
 Or baby was a-teething—

Or when, at morn or close of day,
 Thy cherubs hungry came from play,
 Dirt pies and gutter grubbles,
 To weep alone you fled up stairs,
 Smit with eternal fleshpot cares,
 And bread-and-butter troubles—

Where be they now? I can't suppose
 These human and these household woes
 Extinguished with thy life.
 Haply, to us come down, they bore
 Poor Mrs. Brown, my neighbour, or
 Ostreperate my wife.

Howe'er it be, 'tis very clear
 No more they'll persecute thee here:
 Those limbs, that trembled all
 At loving glance or stern reply,
 Supremely passive still would lie
 Were sun and moon to fall.

Wart otherwise, I would disclose
 That tuneful Memnon's lost his nose;
 And as for thy belief—
 We've no respect for beetles now,
 And only worship ox and cow
 As sausages or beef:

That sacred Nile is sacred still—
 To pic-nics, late of Richmond Hill,
 Of Bath or Tanbridge Wells;
 The mysteries of thy temples fled,
 A modern mystery reigns instead—
 The "Yamir" of Hotels:

And Egypt now is most renowned
 That fevers, fleas, and dogs abound:
 While British blood prevails,
 And all its chivalry employs
 In riding donkeys; with bad boys
 Blaspheming at their tails.

But hold! I see 'tis time to spare
 Your poor saltpetre feelings—rare
 Although my news may be;
 For even now those ragged hose
 Discover but two dusty toes,
 Where erst were plainly three!

Besides, by modern Christian creed,
 I doubt me sorely that I need
 The torrents of St. Swithin,
 To wash the heinous guilt aw-ay
 Of having had so much to see
 To such a dreadful heatnety

Though fain I'd give thee credit due
 For virtues neither small nor few—
 Egyptian, but still human:
 And, heedless of your tawny clay,
 Believe you, in a general way,
 A very worthy woman:

Alert to act the better part,
 The owner of a wholesome heart,
 Of loving-kindness full:
 A calm recluse on Virtue's heights,
 With other gods, on soft still nights,
 Than beetles or a bull.

And for that faith, though cold and crude,
 Thine humble strivings unto good,
 In seasons murk and gloomy,
 I hope to see that poor brown face
 Irradiate with celestial grace
 When Earth itself's a mummy.



PRIZE COMPOSITION.

We doubt, after all, whether the subject of "First Love" was judiciously selected: it is one which feeling may be busy enough with, but which, to be argued, requires metaphysical capabilities which the education of women is not calculated to foster. We find, therefore, that nine-tenths of the essays sent us, while they are full of vivid descriptions of what in itself can never be adequately described, the influences of first love are very seldom treated. As this dream visits us all—as it visits us all in the same way, arouses the same feelings, brings character to the same point of development, at the same period of existence, and leaves us with nearly the same effect (which cannot be said of any after-love), we hoped to elicit some general idea of the part it plays, and perhaps is ordained to play, in the dim interval between youth and womanhood. When the world was perfected, "Let there be light!" was the great and final mandate: and we had some dim notion that it might be proved that when the mind of a man or a woman has gone through the dreamy and inert condition of childhood, "Let there be love!" is said: when the old dreamy darkness of earth and the new light fresh from heaven are mingled; and how in the dawn mind wakes up astonished to new perceptions, and lies worshipping awhile in the light; and how thence it goes down into the heat and burden of the day, strengthened—no matter whether by joy or by sorrow, but strengthened; and with a knowledge of almost all a human heart can feel. Thus we have been a little disappointed; but we have received a very intelligent paper from Mrs. L. (Alice), whose common-sense, matronly treatment of the subject quite overawes us. To this lady the prize is awarded. The next best essay is that of our persevering little correspondent, F. M. B. She writes enthusiastically, with here and there a very good idea, elegantly expressed. Her style, however, is *young*: we must persuade her that diction too florid is not pleasant to read, and often obscures the ideas and images it is meant to embellish. The paper of A. E. S. is too brief, but written with right feeling and to the purpose. A. de S. M.'s is not ill written, but it is not full enough. MARIAH is advised to persevere: we respect her endeavour, and trust she will neglect no opportunity of improving a mind which cannot be of the commonest. E. A. N. has evidently a sound knowledge of the hearts of womankind. BESSIE has no reason to be ashamed of her attempt. NORA is rather too rhapsodical. E. J.'s prose is infinitely better than her poetry.

A Certificate of Merit is awarded to F. M. B.; but we have not her address.

FIRST LOVE: ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCES.

First love is so involved in the thread of every young girl's dreams and youth's first passion, that we feel ourselves entering on a

difficult task when we attempt to analyze the nature of the feeling, and to shew how much of influence is connected with it in our after-journey through life. The French proverb stands, "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours;" though they have another that contradicts it, viz., "Le feu étincelée ne vaut pas la chandelle."

It is not, however, with French sentiment or with French principles that we need interest ourselves. It is the old English idea that we have to consider: whether, indeed, the first love is the only love, or whether it is allowed to women to arrogate to themselves the more elastic qualities of manhood, and find their hearts capacious enough to love once, twice, or even three times. And now, in the first place, to consider what first love really is: Every youth and maiden has her own dream of the passion, as wide apart from the living reality as can well be imagined. It is for the most part a dream of flowery romance, of unreal sentiment, or an exaggerated expression of undying devotion and a life idealised. This dream of perfection floats for ever before their eyes—the hero or heroine of their imaginations is clothed in a thousand imaginary charms. They are thrown by the force of circumstances in contact with some young person of their own age and disposition, and they find themselves indulging in a dream of first love—not always, alas! with the real object, but one sufficiently like it to be clothed upon with their own imaginations, and worshipped accordingly.

This is the great fallacy of all young, impulsive, romantic natures; they attribute to those who have impressed them the attributes they admire most, instead of looking only at those they really possess. No wonder that it so often happens that when they are united they are mutually disappointed. For though the period of courtship or uncertainty may carry them on through the same sweet dream of sentiment, yet in the present day it is rarely before marriage that young people have opportunities of knowing each other, and of proving how much affection is weakened or strengthened by the daily contact of life; the mutual forbearance necessary; the hourly petty trials and small sacrifices of temper and will, that in woman especially is called for. And yet first love is sometimes made of sterner materials: a spark struck forth when life seems most shadowed: a true affection, a noble devotion—conceived and carried forward, through the shade as through the sunshine, through evil as through good report—these are the attachments that give strength, and depth, and purpose to life; that draw forth the soul's noblest qualities; that make household saints and angels of women, and ennoble even sterner manhood.

It is these attachments that, when they come to us in the shape of first love, are never forgotten. The dream of life may be never carried out; the force of circumstances, the power of human fate, may sever those who love most fondly; but singly, and to the very last, will their attachment to each other continue. A woman who can thus feel, and yet never be enabled to fulfil her mission, should never, unless forced by stern necessity, and even then rarely, marry another. She can but contrast him in her own mind with her lost love; his imperfections will grow all the stronger from the contrast—her life the more irksome. If he is kind and attached to her, she will urge her true womanly feelings to repay with gratitude what she cannot yield in love; and if he is deeply attached, he will never be deceived by this counterfeit. Depression will hang heavy over her soul—dissatisfaction will arise on his. Unless she is almost more than an angel, mutual recriminations will then follow; or else there will spring up a reserve and want of confidence between them that must embitter their existence, and make each feel that they are in a manner acting a forced part to the other.

With a man it may be different. Unable to marry the first object of his affections, yet feeling the necessity of taking a partner for life, he will let other interests and affections step in and fill up the blank of his previous existence. It was well said that woman's love is her life, whilst with men it is but one of the prominent and many interests of which life is composed. Well for them, perhaps, that it should be so. Every rank, and station, and profession is filled by their numbers, and the world itself could not get on without their support and guidance.

Women stand alone as man's softer and better influence; she takes her place as his guardian angel; he comes to her for consolation and for rest, and leaves her strengthened by her affection, and comforted by her services.

But we are wandering from our subject, and yet find ourselves called on for our individual opinion. We give it, then, thus: We would that all true first loves or attachments should be gratified; but we do not see that the unaccomplishment of hope should bear evil influence. True feeling, like suffering, properly borne, can but bring forth good fruits. There are many noble spirits in the land who have loved devotedly, but vainly, and who now carry out life in the exercise of those philanthropic and Christian charities which had otherwise adorned their hearthstones; and there are bachelors similarly situated. There are also others—romantic, well-meaning young people, who, being disappointed in their first loves (we can hardly dignify them by the name of love), have yet contracted second at-

tachments, and make all the better husbands and wives for having had somewhat of the gilding and rubbish of their high-flown imaginations rubbed off. There are also youths and maidens of this class still extant, who persuade themselves that they carry about with them withered hopes and bright hearts—that life is a desert—the whole world a void—that they shall never love a second time. We do not wish openly to contradict them, but time proves all things, and if these objects of hopeless affection should ever settle down into matter-of-fact husbands and wives, or become staid housekeepers, we can only say, with some approach to truth, that there is every day taking place in the world events even more wonderful.

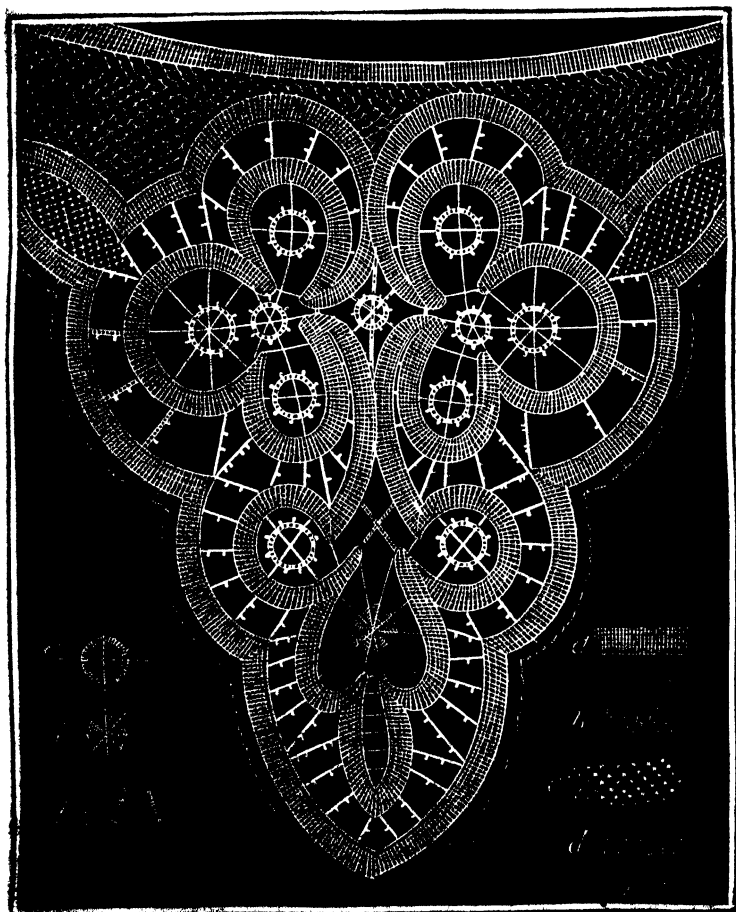
ALICE.

OF LETTERS.

SCULPTORS, painters, and poets, are said to render themselves immortal, because the works they leave behind are of themselves an immutation and perpetuation of real Self, to which not the children of the mortal body can claim kin. But slumbering in many a Dryad's dusty library, stored away in desks, forgotten in cabinets and boxes large and small, costly and of no cost, huddled to the bosoms of fair women, known in the hearts of honest men, sacred and profaned, treasured and tossed aside by careless hands, a thousand monuments exist more instinct with vitality and the sacred life of their authors than the work of painter or of poet. A complete letter, not the missive of merchant and attorney, but at all points a *letter*—is a complete revelation, and the most exquisite appreciation of human life and character, its exultances, weaknesses, woes, wants, height, depth, would be obtained by the man who read most letters. There are hundreds in the world that are moralists, preachers, and poets in one, and exquisite as others. The skull of Yorick was a dull tent to all of these; for they are the shreds and remnants of life, and not of death, of the life that is somewhere!—and not only of the life that has been. "When he your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" Why, here they are! It is the skull with the just old laughing from the nose—the skull with the thought in it, the heart with its fondnesses still living in its dust.

One such letter, at least, all the world knows of now, which is the last written the completest history of the Revolution, an Epistle, an Epigram, a Love-poem, and the history of Man in two lines. When the French war broke and his career expired, this old, bearded, white-haired letter was found, addressed "Monsieur le Ministre" in all the petitions, and on the other to all the Ministers in the world. "It is for my consolation," writes some poor French Minister, who sends his letter "A la Société, 7 October, 1801." "It is my consolation, M^{onsieur} would grant me, for the sake of God and the most Holy Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife, if it were only her name on a card! it would be the greatest consolation I could receive; and I should ever bless the greatness of M^{onsieur}." Never delivered. M^{onsieur} was incapable of receiving such petitions. No matter: they are all dead now, and M^{onsieur}'s greatness is un-bleamed!

Embroidery.



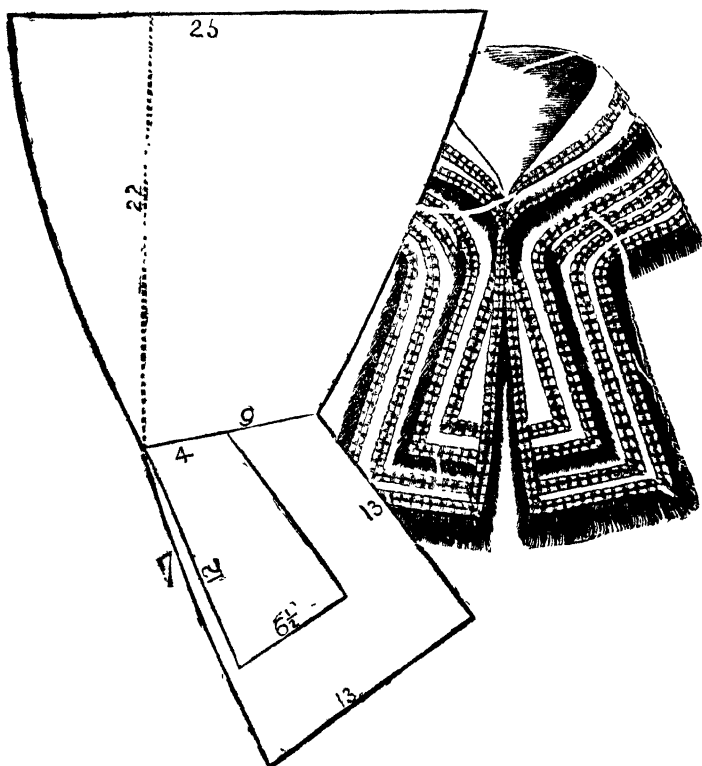
POINT LACE—VANDYKE COLLAR.

This collar is given the full size for working, and will require from five to six pairs of needles, according to the fancy of the worker. The materials are very simple; the broad part marked *s* is Italian braid; the other parts may be worked in two or three thicknesses of good sewing cotton—the board's head being the best; *b*, Brussels lace; *c*, English lace; *d*, Sorrento edging, may be worked in the finer cotton; whilst *e* (Spanish wheel), *f* (roses), and *g* (Venetian bars), should be worked in the thicker cotton, to give strength and durability to the work.

The Fashions.



The bustle of the lady on the left is made of fancy rice-straw and blonde, trimmed on the right with small feathers, the inside ornamented with a ruche of blonde and small flowers; the dress is of tulle, with from twenty to twenty-four bouffes, all the same breadth, but gradually fuller; the body is very long-waisted, and fastened with a bow with long ends; the sleeves are pagoda, and trimmed with three or four rows of falls, the same as the dress; the chemise and under-sleeve, of English point lace. The dress of the lady on the right is of plain tulle, stars & bands; the body is high, and trimmed with a ruche, bordered with pullings of ribbon; the skirt has three bouffes trimmed in the same manner; the Pearl Mantel is the same as our pattern, but with very deep-lacy sleeves.



SCARF MANTELET.

Below is given a proper working pattern of the newest Scarf Mantelet, the latest importation for the London Mantle and Shawl Company, St. Paul's Churchyard. It is very simple in making, and very elegant when made. We give the pattern of one half, with the dimensions in inches for a person of average stature; of course, when the pattern is cut only to this measure, and fitted on, it may easily be made larger or smaller as necessary. The whole Mantelet is composed of five pieces, and may be made of any material, either muslin, satin, or of the same material, as the dress. The one from which the above engraving is taken was made of black moire antique, with ruffles of black ribbon, and trimmed with deep black fringe. That given on the left hand figure of our Fashions is of the same shape, but trimmed with deep lace. The dotted line is to show where it is turned down.

THE WATCHWORD.

(Concluded from p. 88.)

"I DO not ask you," said Mr. Wallingford, after a short pause, "what your feelings now are with regard to me, for I know how every noble mind must shrink from those who act in disobedience to the laws of their country and their God."

"But," cried Egerton, and he took the hand of Mr. Wallingford whilst he spoke, "I cannot trace in your countenance the hardened villany that would prompt you to act a part so base and so dishonourable. I read there sorrow and suffering, but not the crime for which the world condemns you."

"You are right, young man; I am innocent of that crime, although the world can never know it. I was for many years established as a banker in London. My credit was great and my name unsullied, when I took into partnership a young man named Craftly, whose character stood high in the world, and of whose merits as a man of business I had had frequent opportunities of judging. For some time our credit seemed to increase, our business went on prosperously, and I thought myself fortunate in having secured Mr. Craftly as my partner; but we are dim-sighted mortals, and rarely can foresee what is most for our welfare and happiness. I trusted so much to Craftly that I became negligent of my own business—fatally negligent—for, by degrees he became sole actor, and I even ceased to examine the documents which he said required my signature. Thus the bills, forged by him, went out into the world under my name. The cry of forgery arose; a trial came on, and the proofs of guilt brought forward against me by Craftly were too strong to be set aside by an impartial jury. I was pronounced guilty—and he who had thus destroyed my character, blighted my name, and left me a ruined man—he stood scatheless. Overwhelmed by the bitter agonies of grief, I gave myself up to despair, when my daughter came like a good angel to solace and to cheer me. I need not here detail my escape from prison; it is enough to say that it was effected by means of my daughter and a faithful friend, both of whom were well aware that I was innocent of the crime which had been laid to my charge. Rosalie, the dear child of my affection, fled with me to America, and there became the support and comfort of my life. Mr. Craftly, now sole manager of the bank, continued to carry on the business. His character stood unimpeached, and he heard in silence my fair fame blighted, and the honour of my name for ever ruined—but I envy not his riches and prosperity—I have learned to

look on this world only as a passage to a better, and its vain titles and empty honours are now alike indifferent to me.

"Briefly let me add, the story of my misfortunes was carried imperfectly to my poor mother. She believed the crime to have been committed by me; her reason could not stand the shock, and she was brought hither by my faithful servant Jenkins in the state in which you found her. She has remained here ever since; and, to avoid detection, it was arranged that Jenkins should not admit any person to the cottage to whom the watchword was unknown. I received a letter from him a few months since, announcing that my mother's reason seemed likely to be restored. My daughter and I heard the intelligence with gratitude, and hastened hither in the hope of her being able to return with us to the peaceful home which has been made dear to me by the gentle and attractive virtues of my child. But my mother is hastening to another and a better home. Her spark of life is nearly extinct, and we wait but to consign her to the grave, ere we bid an eternal adieu to this country. I have been in London for some time past in disguise; where I learned from the friend already mentioned that a legacy had been lately left to my daughter, which will secure for her an independence. When it pleases God, therefore, to take me also from this world, I shall not fear to leave her amongst the many friends to whom her virtues have endeared her."

This narration failed not to excite our hero's warmest interest. He felt deeply for the incalculable injury which had been done to Mr. Wallingford, but still more for the misfortunes in which it had involved his daughter. Rosalie's character, drawn by her father in fair yet simple colours, kindled in Egerton's breast a sentiment of far deeper interest than that which her personal charms had already inspired, and a deep shade of melancholy overspread his countenance as the question painfully suggested itself to his mind, how he could, under existing circumstances, restore her to her country and the place which she ought to hold in society. This reflection rendered him thoughtful and silent, and he felt relieved by Jenkins coming to request Mr. Wallingford's attendance on the invalid.

"I will not ask you to accompany me," said Mr. Wallingford, "my mother believes her parting scene with you is over, and it would but agitate her to renew it."

"Will you not see me at another time yourself?" exclaimed Egerton, with energy. "Do not, I entreat of you, refuse me admittance when I come again."

"I will gladly see you, my young friend." I

should ill repay your kindness were I to refuse a request thus made to me."

Frank grasped Mr. Wallingford's hand in token of his gratitude; then, hurrying home, he hastened to relate to Mr. and Mrs. Egerton every circumstance that had occurred since his first introduction at the cottage.

When he ceased to speak Mr. Egerton exclaimed, "Order the carriage to be got ready as quickly as possible, Frank. We have no time to lose, we must set out for London immediately."

Frank obeyed, and then inquired the cause of his father's sudden resolution.

"You know," replied Mr. Egerton, "that Mr. Craftly is my banker. Here is a letter I had from one of his clerks a few hours since. He says, Mr. Craftly had been seized with a severe and alarming illness before he wrote, and that his life was despaired of. The sinner must not die in his sin, Frank, if we can prevent it; nor the innocent man be deprived of his right."

In the course of half an hour Mr. Egerton and his son were on their way to London, and in these days of expeditious travelling they were not long on their journey. They drove directly to Mr. Craftly's door, but were refused admittance, as the servant said his master was dying.

"I must come in," said Mr. Egerton, in a tone of authority; and followed by his son he entered the house.

He asked to see the physician, and when he appeared, Mr. Egerton requested him to say candidly whether he had any hope of Mr. Craftly's recovery.

"None," was the reply. "It is impossible that he can live many hours."

Mr. Egerton said he must see him, and requesting the physician to accompany him, he hastened to the apartment of the dying man.

Mr. Craftly was now relieved from the agony of his disorder, and lay composed and free from pain. He knew Mr. Egerton as he approached, and feebly said to him:—"Have you come to look after your affairs, Mr. Egerton? you will find all correct, but I still hope to settle many accounts with you."

"Unhappy man! has the physician not warned you of your danger?"

"He tells me I am dying, but if that were the case I could not feel so free from pain as I now do."

"Beware," said Mr. Egerton, "of trusting to a broken reed. It is true the agony of your disorder has passed, but your death is not less certain; and it is not of your earthly accounts that you ought now to think. Have you made up your accounts with Heaven?"

A livid hue spread itself over the features of

the dying man, and he said, in a voice that was scarcely audible, "What do you mean?"

"I mean to ask if, in your dying hour, no unrepented sin weighs heavily on your conscience—are you prepared to stand before the judgment-seat of God?"

A groan of anguish was the only answer Mr. Egerton received, and he proceeded: "I would fain spare you, Mr. Craftly, but this is not a time to be too scrupulous; tell me, therefore, have you not suffered an innocent man to be condemned for your guilt?"

The unfortunate man struck his clenched hand against his forehead, and cried, in a voice of agony, "Wallingford, Wallingford!"

"As you hope for mercy for your own offences," said Mr. Egerton, in a solemn tone, "show mercy to those whom you have basely injured, and make a full confession of your guilt."

"But if I should recover—if my own confession were to condemn me to—to—"

"If it should condemn you even to death," said Mr. Egerton, taking up the unfinished sentence: "you ought rather to rejoice at the punishment which justice would award your crime in this life, and employ the time allowed you in preparing for a better. But it is impossible that you can recover; the hand of death is over you, and, oh! before it strikes the impending blow, let an act of justice and of mercy smoothe your passage to the grave."

Mr. Craftly started up with almost supernatural strength, and, in a clear and steady voice, he said, "I forged the bills—I committed the crime of which Wallingford was accused; he is innocent—I—I alone am guilty."

"Have the goodness to take down this confession in writing," said Mr. Egerton, turning to Mr. Craftly's law-agent, who was in the room.

When this was done, Mr. Craftly, calling for a pen, signed his name, though with a feeble and trembling hand.

When Mr. Egerton returned to the room where he had left his son, he was so much agitated that some time elapsed before he had power to relate what had passed. When the tale was told Frank grasped his hand in silence, but words could not have expressed his gratitude more emphatically.

Mr. Egerton returned the affectionate pressure. "I have done but my duty," said he; "it remains with you to do the rest—here are your credentials;" and he gave into his son's hand the paper which was to restore to the father of Rosalie honour, fame, and fortune.

Frank was now all impatience to return, and with as little delay as possible, he and Mr. Egerton commenced their journey home, which was performed quite as expeditiously as the

one to town. Frank waited but to press his arms affectionately round his mother, and to tell the happy result of his father's expedition, ere he was pursuing his way at a rapid pace to the cottage. He reached it soon, but when Jenkins appeared at the wicket, he at once perceived that his countenance foreboded evil.

"Alas! sir," he replied to Egerton's eager inquiries, "my poor mistress is dying. What has delayed you so long? She has wished much to see you again."

With a feeling of grief, which for the moment superseded his joy at the important news he had to communicate, Frank hastened to Mrs. Wallingford's apartment. "May I enter?" he asked in a trembling accent.

She knew his voice, and, in a feeble tone, desired he might come in. She had been removed by her own wish to a couch placed opposite the window. Frank was shocked to observe the change already made in her appearance, and her death-like hue told at once that Jenkins had spoken truly. Her son hung over her in mute sorrow, and Rosalie knelt by the couch, her thoughts so much engrossed by her dying parent that she did not notice Egerton until he approached and threw himself on his knees by her side.

"I rejoice to see you again, my dear young friend," said Mrs. Wallingford; "I have wished much to give you my parting benediction." She raised herself, and, looking out on the bright prospect before her, she continued, "My children have brought me hither that I might once more behold the fair face of nature. It is a lovely scene, and worthy of the Hand that formed it. Look out, my friends, on yonder mountain; it represents a true picture of life. The bright and sunny spots mark the joyous hours of our existence, whilst the dark clouds upon it represent our sorrows and misfortunes. Now the whole scene is overshadowed: so the grave closes alike over our sorrows and our joys. Look out again, and you will see a bright and shining light illuminating the mountain: it is the Sun of Righteousness, through whom we surmount the terrors of the grave and rise to an eternal day!"

Her eye sparkled, as if a ray of that divine light had reached it. She turned to her son; "Bless you, my son!" said she—"bless you, my dear son!" She pressed her feeble hand on Frank and Rosalie's. "Bless you, my children!" she added, in a fainter tone. Once more her eye grew dim, her head sank again on the pillow, and her spirit passed from its mortal tenement without one sigh to denote the parting struggle.

Rosalie's head sank unconsciously on Egerton's shoulder when she received that death

had deprived her of her beloved parent. He raised her tenderly, and, placing her in her father's arms, he withdrew, lest he should be considered an intruder on their sorrow. Anxious, however, to divest their minds from that sorrow by the tidings he had to communicate, he waited in the cottage for an opportunity of again seeing Mr. Wallingford.

They met in the little room where their first introduction had taken place, and Mr. Wallingford, pressing the hand of his young friend, said, with strong emotion, "I rejoice that you have witnessed the closing scene of a Christian's life. My mother's life was an exemplary one, to which her death bore testimony. Rosalie and I have now no tie to bind us to this country, and we must leave it without delay. We shall carry with us, however, the recollection of your generous friendship, and ever think with gratitude of your kindness to my lamented parent."

"You must not leave us!" exclaimed Egerton; "you have yet many years, I trust, to spend happily and prosperously in your own country. Here"—and he gave the paper into Mr. Wallingford's hand.

Mr. Wallingford stood for some minutes in speechless astonishment, then, raising his clasped hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "Thank God for this unlooked-for happiness! And," he continued, "if prosperity should ever tempt me to think too much of worldly gains or worldly pleasures, may the painful remembrance of my mother's death recall to my memory that He who has thus liberally dispensed His blessings has at the same time taught me that I am mortal."

He then expressed, in language affectionate and strong, his fervent gratitude for Egerton's exertions in his favour. "I have only to wish," he added, "that my mother had lived to hear of this happy reverse in my circumstances."

"I regret," said Egerton, "that I did not arrive in time to make it known to her; but when I came, her thoughts were fixed on a better world, and I should have deemed it sinful to recall them again to earth."

He then gave Mr. Wallingford a detail of his proceedings since they had parted, and ended by inviting him and his daughter to the castle; but Mr. Wallingford declined accepting the invitation until the last mournful duties to his mother were fulfilled. Frank was well pleased with the promise of a visit at any time; and, anxious that Rosalie should be made acquainted with the intelligence awaiting her, he bade farewell for the present.

Some days after, the remains of the pious and virtuous Mrs. Wallingford were deposited in the grave. A plain marble tombstone covered the spot where she was laid, and on it were en-

graves, at Egerton's request, the words which had brought about his acquaintance with her, "Fidelity to thy trust."

Soon after the funeral had taken place, Frank arrived at the cottage, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton. He had not seen Rosalie since Mrs. Wallingford's death, and now she met him with a smile of welcome, though tears still glistened in her eyes in memory of her recent loss.

"We are so very much indebted to you," she said; "I know not how we shall be able to prove our gratitude."

"Your gratitude is now due to my father," said Frank, presenting Mr. Egerton as he spoke; "but my mother longs to claim an equal portion for herself."

Mr. Wallingford and his daughter returned with their visitors to the castle, where he was easily persuaded to leave Rosalie, whilst he went to town to make some necessary arrangements in his affairs. Our hero's happiness was now nearly complete. In the development of Rosalie's character he found all his expectations realised, and each new day seemed to give her a firmer hold on his affection.

A few weeks were sufficient for the settlement of Mr. Wallingford's business. He then returned to the castle for his daughter. Fain would Egerton have made known to Rosalie his attachment before she went away, but Mrs. Egerton besought, and at length prevailed on him to give up this intention.

"Believe me, my dear Frank," she said, "Rosalie is not yet aware of feeling any stronger affection for you than gratitude would call forth. That she likes you is evident; let absence, for a time, teach her how necessary you are to her happiness."

Frank was persuaded with difficulty, and he saw Rosalie and her father depart with a feeling of grief that it would be impossible to describe.

On their arrival in town Rosalie was at once involved in all its gay and fashionable amusements. Those who admired her beauty or sought her fortune flocked around her wherever she appeared; but, alike indifferent to their flattery and pretended love, she turned with pleasure to reflect on the attentions she had received from Egerton. "He never flattered me," thought she, "he never praised my beauty, nor admired me for my accomplishments, yet I always felt when he was near that I had a friend on whom I could rely in every exigency—one who never would forsake me."

Buried in reflections such as these, Rosalie was sitting alone one morning, when the servant announced a visitor, and the next moment Egerton entered the room.

"Mr. Egerton!" she exclaimed, with a look

that did not belie her words, "how delighted I am to see you."

When she had made many anxious and kind inquiries after Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, Frank, in his turn, asked how she liked the life of gaiety which he was told she led.

"Very little" was her reply. "My father is occupied with business all the morning, and I seldom see him save in a crowd of company either at home or abroad. I think with regret of our happy retirement in America, where I constantly enjoyed his society, and often remember the pleasures of the castle, and all the kindness I found there."

"Return to the castle, then, dear Rosalie," said Frank, suddenly inspired. "Let me carry you back to my father and mother as their daughter, and their happiness will only be surpassed by mine; for I love you, Rosalie, more dearly than I can express."

Rosalie's answer may be guessed from the sequel. In the course of the next week Mr. and Mrs. Egerton came to town to make arrangements for and to witness the celebration of her union with their son. In the course of a few more weeks the marriage took place, and the world could not produce a happier pair than Frank and Rosalie.

A ROMANCE, IN FOUR LETTERS.*

I.—CHARLES TO LOUISA.

Sweetest Angel!—To see you and to love you was the work of a moment. What heart so insensible, so flinty, but what would blaze up like tinder at the smallest spark from your eyes? Whoever contemplates you for awhile might be enabled to write the anatomy of beauty, and marvel piecemeal over each of your manifold perfections. Your coal-raven-night-pitch-ink-jet-black hair, that curls in graceful ringlets, are the strings of an Æolian harp that wind themselves round my poor heart, that swims in the sweet waters of its delicious sensations, feelings, ecstasies, and raptures, till half-drowned in astonishment, admiration, and adoration—your forget-me-not, sky, or prussian-blue eyes, that serve as stars to light up the darkness of my soul, and plunge like a match into the phosphorus-bottle of my love, and kindle a flame sufficient to set fire to a hundred cigars, three hundred torches, and a thousand worlds—your carmine, dawn-of-morning, sunset red cheeks, that resemble a pot of paint, in which I would fain immerse myself like a brush, in order to dissolve in the fiery elements of my glowing love—that microscopic, elegant, lovely, honied, miniature of a mouth that at-

* Translated from the German.

tracts my kisses with the same magnetic power that a manger of hay attracts a horse—that superlatively exquisite dimple in your chin into which I should delight to be able to creep on all-fours, and rest there as on a Turkish divan—that alabaster, chalk, marble, snow-white and swan-like neck, that supports, like a Roman column, the finest and most expressive head—those arms as round as pillars, from which hang, like as from an elegant woollen bell-rope, those two hands soft as butter or swan's-down, each finger of which is an eighth wonder of the world—and those feet—oh, those feet, worthy to be the pedestal of a goddess! I could write a treatise in three folio volumes upon them, if I could but find a publisher. Yes, all these things have driven me so beside myself, that I am lying on the sofa like a blank mark of suspension, or, like another Orlando Furioso, and would fain write verses if I could but find rhymes; but I must express my thoughts on paper in plain prose. Angel, I love you! the murder's out—it is written on paper—it is true! look at it yourself in black and white. Will you love me in return? Will you let me taste the delights of paradise in the ocean of unfathomable bliss? Let the rosy tips of your lily fingers take up one of the writing arrows from the wing of a goose—unless, indeed, you prefer steel pens—and impress upon the snowy carpet of a sheet of post paper those heavenly words that will sound like the voice of angels crying out:—Charles, I love you in return! The mere thought that it is within the reach of a delightful possibility that such words may be traced by you, causes a thrill of rapture to shake my nerves, as if the full chorus of the spheres were ringing in my ears. Write soon, or I shall expire.

Yours, eternally,
CHARLES.

P.S.—Pray don't think that I love you on account of the 10,000 pounds that are to be your marriage portion; how could I care for money without you? You would be equally dear to me whether you were worth a plum, or not worth a penny.

II.—CHARLES TO THE JEW ASCHER.

Excellent Man!—Have but a month's patience, and you shall be not only paid, but rewarded in a princely style. I am about to marry 10,000 pounds—I mean a girl whose fortune amounts to that. She is plain enough, to be sure; but her money is most fascinating. You shall open the ball at my wedding, and dance the first *polonaise*. Your friend,

CHARLES.

III.—LOUISA TO CHARLES.

Noble, Disinterested Man!—For noble you are since you wish to marry me, and are so indifferent to fortune—the moment is most propitious for the display of your generous sentiments, since I have no money left, my father having just become a bankrupt. But come, notwithstanding, for my hand is nevertheless at your service. Only you must undertake all the expense of my *trousseau*, and of the wedding, which I am sure you will do with pleasure, like a noble creature as you are. In return, I shall be the most unassuming and economical of wives. A small dwelling of six or eight rooms will satisfy me; and as to servants, a lady's maid, a cook, and a maid of all work, will be all that I require. Nor shall I expect more than one new dress every month, unless when we happen to be going to a ball. In order that we may not get tired of each other's company, my parents, and my five brothers and sisters, will do us the pleasure of dining with us every day; we are none of us accustomed to more than five or six dishes. Come soon, that I may fold you in my arms.

Yours for ever,

LOUISA.

IV.—CHARLES TO LOUISA.

Most Honoured and most Honourable Young Lady!—I am the most unhappy of mortals. My health is so bad, that my physician has ordered me to try a change of air, and to set off for the south of France. You shall hear from me on my return. In the meantime, do not debar yourself from the pleasures of society, and do not have the slightest scruple to accept of any match that may offer, for I should be sorry to stand in the way of your happiness, though I cannot for the present contribute to it.

Your most obedient servant to command,

CHARLES.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.—A celebrated author and critic of the present time, writes thus of the above-named work: "The thousand quiet glances into the very depths of the human heart, have rendered the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' next to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Don Quixote,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' the most fascinating of all fictions. We had rather, for our parts, have been its author, than have written all Dickens's Novels, one-half of Bulwer's, and one-third of Sir Walter Scott's. It is a veritable creation, and yet seems as old as the fields and flowers. You take it to your heart as instantly and as affectionately as you do them; and while, in common with everybody who reads it, you love and bless the kind-hearted author, you at the same time, with all critics, salute him as a 'Maker,' a great original genius."

COSTUMES OF THE WORLD.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

"The women in these islands wear their beautiful long hair plaited in many tresses, and it often grows with such luxuriance that it frequently reaches to the ground; a handkerchief, folded cornerwise, generally covers the head. The gown is made like the vest worn by the men; it is of purple or maroon velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and with a very long waist. A beautiful girdle is worn under the vest, which always floats open; the girdle is fastened with an immense gold or silver ornament at each side, formed in the shape of a shield. The petticoats worn with this robe are of rich blue or pink silk, beautifully embroidered and spangled. In these islands stays are unknown. The most graceful form of the vest is its fitting quite close to the waist; the female peasants also wear high heels to their shoes, ornamented with silver buckles.

Embroidery appears, from all the ancient authors, to have attained the greatest perfection in these islands. It was first invented by the Phrygians. In Homer's time, not only were the dresses of the ladies beautifully worked by



their own delicate fingers, but they also appear to have embroidered pictures or stories.

The women of Selo, who have always been celebrated for their beauty, have a very pic-

turesque dress, which is thus described by Dr. E. Chandler: "They wear short petticoats, reaching only to the knees, with white silk or cotton hose; their head-dress, which is peculiar to the island, is a kind of turban of linen, so fine and white that it seemed like snow. Their slippers are chiefly yellow, with a knot of red fringe at the heel; some wore them fastened with a thong.

Their garments were of silk of various colours, and their whole appearance so fantastic and lively as to afford us much entertainment."

In Cyprus the female dress is very becoming. The head-dress is modeled upon the kind of *calathus* which is often seen represented upon Phœnician idols and Egyptian statues; it is worn by all classes. Their hair, which they dye with henna till it becomes of a fine brown colour, hangs down behind in a great many glossy braids or plaits. Round the face ringlets are arranged in a very graceful manner, and among the "hyacinthine waves" of these shining curls are placed the flowers of the jessamine, which are strung together upon slips cut from the leaves of the palm-tree. This coiffure, which is as simple as it is elegant and beautiful, is much admired by all strangers who visit the island.

In their dresses they are fond of displaying the brightest and most gaudy colours. The upper robe is generally of a rich crimson, scarlet, or green silk, protusely embroidered in gold; their yellow or scarlet trousers are fastened round the ankles, and they wear yellow boots or slippers. Their love of ornament is very great, and they adorn the head and neck with gold coins, chains, and various other trinkets. Around the waist also they wear a large and massive belt or zone, clasped in front by large and heavy brass plates; the waist of the robe is made as long as possible. But, though very handsome, the women of this island are naturally rather corpulent; and, as stays are there unknown, they of course have no means, even if they wished it, of diminishing their size.

The women of Cephalaria wear their hair wreathed in broad plaits over a small thin turban, which is fastened in a knot on one side of the head. The gown, which discloses the neck and shoulders, is closed at the breast, and confined at the waist by a shawl; it flows loosely from the girdle, and is open in front. Under it is worn a pair of loose white trousers. The *bpaks*, mentioned in a fragment of Sappho as being worn at Mitylene, are supposed to be facsimiles of these trousers; they are drawn tight above the ankle, and leave to view the bare feet, on which are worn a pair of low light slippers that just cover the toes and heels.

The dress of the women of the Isle of Ios is simple and graceful. A light underdress gives the outlines of their elegant forms, without in-

accommodating their movements. Their petticoats are short, and ornamented round the bottom and round the front of the bosom; they also



wear loose jackets, and a kind of turban, one end of which hangs down upon the left shoulder.

The women of *Argentiera* have the singular fancy to admire clumsy legs, and those to whom Nature has denied this perfection make up for it by wearing several pairs of very thick stockings; they also have velvet boots, either embroidered or ornamented with silver buttons. Their petticoat, which is very short, to show their legs, is white, with a red embroidered border; the rest of their dress consists of an enormous mass of linen, which hangs about them without much shape.

Their gala-dress is very picturesque. It consists of a short petticoat with a coloured hem; very wide, open upper sleeves, and tight under ones; a velvet bodice, made rather low round the bosom, which is veiled by a full tucker of linen; and a kind of coiffure, between a turban and a hood, covering the head, and allowing but little hair to be seen.

The most curious part of the costume is a very short ornamented apron, which is sewn into the bodice, about half-way between the neck and the waist, and quite conceals the symmetry and grace of the latter.

It is the custom in some of the islands for a bride, on the day of her marriage, to wear a veil

of red silk. This practice has been transmitted from the ancient *Greeks*, with whom the *flamen*, or red veil, was in general use on this occasion.

The costume on a *jour de fete*, or any great occasion, in the Isle of *Naxos*, is very curious. The head is covered with a turban of fine white muslin, edged with embroidery; a white linen vest is clasped round the throat; over it is an open bodice with a very broad ornamented girdle: the sleeves of this bodice are tight to the wrist, and the petticoat reaches below the knee. But the extraordinary part of this dress is a short upper robe, immensely full, and curiously arranged in close plaits and folds, in such a manner that, from the hips, it suddenly spreads out into two enormous wings or fans, giving the wearer a most grotesque appearance. A short cloak, richly embroidered, and having holes through which the arms are passed, the short apron above mentioned, and shoes with very thick soles and large bows, complete the attire, which is ornamented with coloured borders and embroidery in every part.

In *Tinos* the dress is very simple. It consists of a garment not unlike a chemise, which reaches to the neck and below the knee, and is frequently of white linen. At the height of the



knee, from the bottom, is sewn a narrow-coloured border. The sleeves of this robe are very wide and loose down to the wrists, and are edged round the bottom with embroidery; the head

is enveloped in a kind of veil, which is twisted into the form of a very small turban, but the ends are brought round the face, crossed on the neck, and then allowed to float down the back, the stockings are neat, and the shoes have high heels. Altogether, it is a simple and elegant costume.

In Palmyra the robe is confined at the waist by a girdle, from whence falls the narrow embroidered apron, the sleeves are nearly tight down to the wrists, and an open jacket is worn that reaches as low as the hips. The head is ornamented with a simple, but elegant turban of very fine white linen. In some of the islands, and even in some parts of the continent, unmarried women braid their hair and ornament it with natural flowers, others adorn their heads with the most tasteful and elegant shaped turbans, formed of light-coloured muslins.

FASTIDIOUSNESS

IN the plainest prose, what is fastidiousness? Stern old Johnson, who confessed that it was difficult for him to pity the choice sorrows of a fine lady, says, to be fastidious is to be 'insolently nice—delicate to a vice—squeamish—disdainful.' Do these seem amiable adjectives? Impertinent dictionary maker! Unaccommodating, obdurate Saxon tongue! Is there no unique name for that fine essence—that impalpable *sine qua non*—which is the life and soul of the genteel? No! none but itself can be its parallel. Let us, then, not seek to define, but to examine it.

Personal fastidiousness is said to be the characteristic of a condition of high refinement. If refinement were a matter of physics, this might be admitted. The Israelitish ladies "could not set the sole of their foot to the ground for delicateness and tenderness," but were they therefore, refined women? There is an implication even of impiety in the scriptural notice of them. Poppets must have a bath of asses' milk, somebody of old wept because a rose leaf was doubled under him. Not to go beyond our own day and sphere for instances, we have our selves known a gentleman who would not sign his name until he had put on his gloves, lest by any accident his fingers should incur the contamination of ink; and a lady who objected to joining in the Holy Communion, because the idea of drinking after other people was so disgusting! Shall we then reckon among the marks of true refinement a quality which is compatible with ignorance, with vice, with fanaticism, vanity, and irreligion?

Hans Christian Andersen has given us one of his shrewd little stories in point.

There was once a prince of great honour and

renown who wished to marry a real princess. Many persons calling themselves princesses had been offered for this dignity, but there was always something about the ladies which made him doubtful of their claim to the title. So not being able to satisfy his fastidiousness on this point, he remained for a long time undecided.

One night, during a tremendous storm, a young lady came to the door and requested admittance, saying that she was a real princess. She was in a most pitiable condition—dragged from head to foot, with the rain pouring in torrents from her dishevelled locks, she looked forlorn enough for a beggar. But the prince would not prejudice her; he invited her to spend the night and in the meantime his mother devised a plan by which to ascertain whether her pretensions were genuine. On the place where the princess was to sleep she put three small peas and on the top of them twenty mattresses, covering these again with twenty feather beds. Upon this luxurious couch the supposed princess retired to rest, and in the morning she was asked how she had passed the night.

'Oh, most wretchedly,' she replied, "there was something hard in my bed which distressed me extremely, and has bruised me all over black and blue."

Then they knew that her pretensions were not false, for none but a real princess could have possessed sufficient delicacy of perception to feel the three little peas under twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds!

Is not then delicacy of personal habits desirable?

Beyond doubt, when it is held in subservience to higher things. The man or woman to whom coarseness is not offensive, can never be agreeable as a companion, whatever the general excellence which might be expected to counterbalance this defect of nature or education. But to be naturally or habitually delicate is one thing, to be systematically fastidious quite another. The quality or habit we are considering has its root in the profoundest egotism, and its branches are so numerous that it is impossible to consider them all in detail. It is like the paper mulberry-tree, no two leaves of which are alike.

But personal fastidiousness, although a hardener of the heart, a traitor to the rights and feeling of those who depend on us, a bar to improvement, a puller-down of all the faculties of the soul, is not the only form of this specious enemy. Its effects upon society are quite as extensive and fatal in its other character of—what we may call for want of a more expressive term—*exclusiveness*. In this shape its office is to allow value and charm to all that is desirable, only in proportion as others are shut out from its enjoyment. It seems strange that this go-

obvious refuge of empty pride could become a formidable moral evil, but it is one of the sorest of our condition of society—a condition which, because it is artificial and contrary to our better nature, we please ourselves with calling refined. An anxious reaching after something which shall distinguish us from others is one of the natural traits of mortal man; but one of the most unlovely and ungenerous manifestations of this disposition is the attempt to undervalue a large part of all the things and people that we see, in order that our taste and judgment may be reckoned supreme by people as superficial as ourselves. It is this which occasions the listlessness displayed by certain persons when they are out of their own set; the chilling look, the dead reply, the disclaiming air, with which they decline to participate in social pleasures which have not a certain conventional sanction. They are so fastidious! They lament the fault, too, with an air that says they would not be without it for the world; they evidently feel that their chosen position depends upon an incapacity to enjoy common pleasures, quite ignorant all the while that the highest point and object of true cultivation is a universal human sympathy. What wounds, what heart-burnings, what stiflings of the sweet charities of life, what "evil surmisings," what an unchristian tone of intercourse, what loss of a thousand advantages to be communicated and received, result from the cultivation of a spirit of fastidious exclusiveness! How much spontaneous kindness is prevented by the intrusion of a cultivated and cherished distaste for certain harmless peculiarities which we have chosen to consider intolerable! We can pardon criminality in some shapes more easily than we can overlook mere unpleasantness in others, so arbitrary is our fastidiousness, so unamenable to right reason. "There are far worse sins than sins against taste," said a young clergyman once to a lady who was inveighing against the coarseness of certain reformers; and the lesson might well be repeated in many a so-called refined circle. One of the deep condemnations of this effeminate nicety is that it is always exercised about trifles.

Like other things spurious, fastidiousness is often inconsistent with itself; the coarsest things are done, the cruellest things said by the most fastidious people. Horace Walpole was a proverb of epicurean particularity of taste, yet none of the vulgarians whom he vilified had a keener relish for a coarse allusion or a malicious falsehood. Beckford, of Fonthill, demanded that life should be thrice winnowed for his use, but what was his life? Louis XIV. was "insolently nice" in some things, what was he in others? If we observe a person proud of ~~attention for fastidiousness~~ we shall always

find that the egotism which is its life will at times lead him to say or do something disgusting. We need expect from such people no delicate, silent self-sacrifice, no tender watching for others' tastes or needs, no graceful yielding up of privileges in unconsidered trifles, on which wait no "flowing thanks." They may be kind and obliging to a certain extent, but when the service required involves anything disagreeable, anything offensive to the taste on which they pride themselves, we must apply elsewhere.

What is called fastidiousness in literature is, happily for literature, nearly out of date. The first demand now-a-days is, that a writer shall say something, and only the second that he shall say it well. Mere style is but little esteemed, except so far as it has direct fitness to convey ideas clearly. There is plenty of criticism of style, but its grounds are more manly than they were a hundred years since.

Delicacy of taste in all things is one of the most charming and desirable of qualities. It supposes in the first place great perfection and sensitiveness of bodily organization; in the second, high cultivation, and in the third, a moral tenderness which is tremblingly alive to the most delicate test. Without the last of these requisites the others are null, or worse; with it they are indeed things to be thankful for. It was our lot once to meet a gentleman who had lost his sight and hearing, yet retained his taste in even increased sensibility—a circumstance which occasioned the keenest mortification to his high-strung and proud mind, because it assimilated him with the beasts. Yet who has not known people who prided themselves on this very quality, without reference to any other? True delicacy is founded on principle; it selects and rejects for a reason. Mere fastidiousness is often either conscious coarseness attempting a redeeming and *gentle* trait, or ambitious vulgarity aping the refined. Delicacy is consistent, because it is real; fastidiousness forgets to be so when the inducement is absent. Delicacy is sensitive for others; fastidiousness is too often mere self-indulgence slightly veiled. Delicacy is always conciliated by what is intrinsically good; fastidiousness is disgusted by any originality even of virtue. Delicacy is at home even in a desert; fastidiousness can exist only in the atmosphere of a pseudo-refinement. Delicacy accompanied Catharine Vonder Wart, when she watched alone in the open storm all night by her husband, wiping the foam of agony from his lips, and bearing up his spirit as he lay stretched upon the rack; fastidiousness would have stayed at home, wringing her hands and tearing ~~at~~ her hair perhaps, but never thinking such service possible.

NEW BOOKS.—NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW BOOKS.

The Naval Heroes of Great Britain; their History and Achievements. London: Purkess and Co.; and all Booksellers.

ALTHOUGH this work is issued in numbers, which gives it a rather fugitive appearance, it is on a subject of great and abiding interest, and one which is not without its value even in an educational point of view. Fraught with heroic inspiration as are the achievements of those great men who created or still maintain the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, there is a good political reason why they should never be forgotten. So long as the world is troubled by the tyrannies of any rabid Czar, there will be a sound reason why the brilliant deeds of our Blakes, Duncans, and Nelsons should be held up before the eyes of the youth of Britain, and that youth, not only to keep this tight little island still free, and the homes of their mothers and sisters inviolate, but to beat down oppression wherever it may lift its head. On this account alone we hope "the Naval Heroes" will circulate largely; a result, however, which its historic and dramatic interest, apart from all other points of value, must secure. For when shall the time arrive when the people of England will cease to read with pride and emotion of the exploits of "those brave men who, more than guns and wooden walls, have constituted, and still constitute, the greatness and the glory of the British navy?"

In the three numbers before us we have an account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, with the life and victories of Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, and Blake, embellished with faithfully drawn and well engraved portraits; and when the whole is completed, bringing down the biographies of our naval heroes to the days of Sidney Smith and Napier (for who knows what the compiler may not have to chronicle yet?) it cannot fail, from its subject, of making a very interesting volume.

The Losses of an
and Beeton, 148,

In introducing the above-named book to the peruser of these presents, we bow over a quacking goose-quill and add nought. For, as the fair peruser has seen by the advertisements, it is written by the Editor of her Magazine; and very common honesty indeed forbids the smuggling into these pages of any commendation of the story. Let us hope, however, that it is not bad manners simply to record its title, nor mere rashness and avaricious vanity to assert that it is nicely printed, and may be had of all booksellers in town and country.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE PRIZES.

For notice concerning the Prizes, our readers are referred to the wrapper.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that essays on "CHILDREN: WHAT LESSONS THEY TEACH, AND WHAT BLESSINGS THEY BRING," announced last month, must be sent in on or before the 12th of August. The subject of the next essay (for the October number), is "THE ATTRIBUTES OF A TRUE LADY." The Prize in each case consists of a magnificently-printed Volume.

CROCHET PATTERNS.

A SHEET, containing several interesting crochet patterns, is in preparation, and (printed separately) will be presented with an early number to every purchaser. We may take this opportunity of adding, that all our crochet patterns are drawn with such accuracy that they may be worked without those details of instruction which would occupy so much space.

MRS. STOWE.

We are happy to inform our readers that we hope to commence in our next number a series of contributions from the pen of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

M. M.—Wilful men must have their way. There is no help for it.

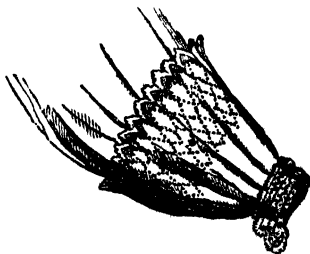
LILLY.—Return it.

HENRY.—The "medieval period" is synonymous with the "middle ages."

MABELLA.—Silkworms may usually be procured at an herbalist's. They are sold in Covent Garden.

CONSTANT READER.—On such a question of law, imperfectly stated, we must decline to give an opinion. You had better consult a lawyer.

LADIES' COFFS.—In deference to the wishes



of LETITIA, E. S., Mrs. R., and several other correspondents, we give the patterns of three of the most elegant cuffs of the season. The first and

third are both in broderie Anglaise, the second is of lace and ribbon, or it also may be made of broderie Anglaise edged with narrow lace,



which gives it an extremely light and elegant appearance

D L (Castlecomer)—Reference to the wrapper of the present volume will inform you of the method adopted to distribute the prizes. The address of the Editor and the Proprietors is 148, Fleet street, purchasers of the magazine are not entitled to insert any anecdotes they may send they are perfectly welcome to ask for any information they may require, which shall always be given, if possible

C M G—The expense of printing any single copy of a book is little short of the expense of printing five hundred. A single copy of this magazine, with its engravings, would cost the purchaser something like forty pounds. A new translation of a standard work must be very superior to command a publisher or a sale. It is hard to say whose is the best French Dictionary. Nungent's (late editions) is very good, and may be purchased for three or four shillings

CORA—We must repeat that we cannot answer theological questions, or give any opinion on Church observances. Your hand is unsteady, but it is evidently improveable

INQUISITIVE—The finger adjoining the little finger.

MARION H.—Professor De Morgan's "Elements of Arithmetic" is a very valuable work on the subject, and one which may be recommended to all who have acquired the common rules.

NORA, if she wrote with a little more care, would write well

K A's verses are excellent in tone, but faulty in construction. Although we are no pedantic sticklers for an utter exactitude of rhythm and rhyme, where a poetical spirit is apparent, yet it is necessary to pay a stricter adherence to them than **K A**. does in this example.

ANT GARY—The opera cloak in the May number is simply round; the lines in the engraving representing the folds into which it would naturally fall.

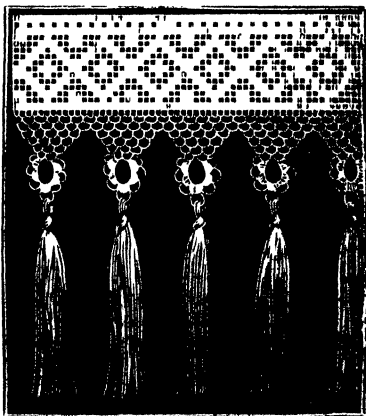
SOLITARY—Mental affliction has often been known to turn the hair grey. Unless you have recourse to hair dye (a receipt for which will be found at page 83 of vol i.) we know of no means to restore the colour. But hair dyes of all kinds we distinctly disapprove

A E C—See the answer above. To oblige our correspondent, and others perhaps who have not the book at hand, we reprint the following receipt for removing sun freckles, from vol i.—Take of Venice soap an ounce, dissolve it in half an ounce of lemon juice to which add of oil of bitter almonds and deliquated oil of tartar each a quarter of an ounce. Let the mixture be placed in the sun till it acquires the consistence of ointment. When in this state add three drops of the oil of rhodium, and keep it for use. The mode of application is this. Wash the face at night with elder-flower water, then anoint it with the ointment. In the morning cleanse the skin from its oily adhesion by washing it copiously in rose water.

OLIVER—Tracing paper may be made as follows. Mix together, by a gentle heat, one ounce of Canada balsam and a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine and with it wash one side of tissue-paper. It dries very quickly

E M A—We really cannot suggest a remedy. **EMILY**—Until Emily learns to speak French we are afraid she would experience some difficulty in obtaining a situation as English teacher in a French school. If, however, Emily writes the language fluently, a month in Paris with a good teacher would suffice to overcome this difficulty

CONSTANCE E M W F B, and our subscribers generally, will be pleased with the following pattern of crochet fringe. It requires no description, and may be worked from the engraving



W C M—Any respectable music-publisher in London will procure for you the song, on order. **AN HUMBLE ADMIRER**, is thanked for his music-scrip; and referred to the answer to **W. C. M.**

DECLINED.—"Childhood Thoughts" (by no means good); **E. L.**'s poems, "First Love" &c. **J. L.**'s verses, "Transposition." **ACCEPTED**.—"Enjoyment."

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

RICE PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—Swell the rice with a very little milk over the fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it (currants, gooseberries, scalded, apples pared and quartered, raisins, or black currants) with one egg in the rice, to bind it; boil it well, and serve with sugar.

SAUSAGE-MEAT.—Chop fat and lean of pork together; season it with sage, pepper, and salt, and you may add two or three berries of allspice: the meat may be kept in a very small pan, closely covered; and so rolled and dusted with a very little flour before it is fried.

OXFORD SAUSAGES.—Chop a pound and a half of pork and the same of veal, cleared of skin and sinews; add three quarters of a pound of beef-suet; mince and mix them; steep the crumb of a penny-loaf in water, and mix it with the meat, with also a little dried sage, pepper and salt.

TO STEW DUCKS.—Half-roast a duck; put it into a stew-pan with a pint of beef-gravy, a few leaves of sage and mint cut small, pepper and salt, and a small bit of onion, shred as fine as possible. Simmer a quarter of an hour, and skim clean; then add near a quart of green peas. Cover close, and simmer near half an hour longer. Put in a piece of butter and a little flour, and give it one boil; then serve in one dish.

SOMERSETSHIRE FIRMITY.—To a quart of ready boiled wheat, put by degrees two quarts of new milk, breaking the jelly, and then four ounces of currants picked clean and washed; stir them and boil till they are done. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and a little nutmeg, with two or three spoonfuls of milk; add this to the wheat; stir them together while over the fire; then sweeten, and serve cold in a deep dish. Some persons like it best warm.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put to it the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

TO DRY CHERRIES WITH SUGAR.—Stone six pounds of Kentish; put them into a preserving-pan, with two pounds of loaf-sugar pounded and stewed among them; simmer till they begin to swell; then strain them from the juice; lay them on a hot hearth, or in an oven, when either is good enough to dry without baking them. The same syrup will do another six pounds of fruit.

TO DRY CHERRIES WITHOUT SUGAR.—Stone, and set them over the fire in the preserving pan; let them simmer in their own liquor, and shake them in the pan. Put them by in common china dishes; next day give them another scald, and put them, when cold, on shelves to dry, in an oven of moderate heat as above. Twice heating, and shaking them, will do them. Put them in a box, with a paper between each layer.

CHERRIES IN BRANDY.—Weigh the finest merrill; having cut off half the stalk prick them with a new needle, and drop them into a jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Pound three quarters the weight of sugar or white candy; strew over; fill up with brandy, and tie a bladder over.

CURRENT JAM, BLACK, RED, OR WHITE.—Let the fruit be very ripe, pick it clean from the stalks, break it, and to every pound put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; stir it well, and boil half an hour.

Sick Room and Nursery.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Half a dozen specifics for its cure have been given to the public from time to time, yet we do not remember that one single case of confirmed rabies has ever been cured within the last dozen years. Still, we are confident that, in the Providence of God, there is for every bane an antidote, and it becomes men to “prove all things” until the remedy for hydrophobia shall have been discovered and universally made known. A correspondent of the “National Era” writes from Milbury, Massachusetts, as follows: “I am now in my eighteenth year, and have obtained what information I could, both from observation and critical study. It has lately been discovered that a strong decoction made of the bark of the roots of the white ash, when drank as medicine, will cure the bite of a mad dog. This, undoubtedly, is owing to the fact that rattlesnakes can be made more easily to crawl over live fire-coals than white ash-leaves; and they are never found in the forest where the white ash grows. Would it not be advisable for druggists in our large towns and cities to keep constantly on hand a medicine prepared from the roots of the white ash? It might be the means of saving some valuable lives from a sudden and painful death.

NAILS GROWING INTO THE FLESH.—A late writer in the “Ohio Cultivator,” gives the following remedy: “Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides. It cured mine after I had suffered weeks with its festering.”

CORNS.—Corns may be prevented by easy shoes; frequently bathing the feet in lukewarm water, with a little salt or potashes dissolved in it. The corn itself will be completely destroyed by rubbing it daily with a little caustic solution of potash till the soft skin is formed.

TOOTHACHE.—Pain is often produced in a tooth without the exposure of the nerve having taken place, and it is then caused by inflammation, which may prevail without inducing actual decay. The best and most expedient method to allay the inflammation is to apply leeches to the gums, and to foment the mouth with warm (not too hot) water. When cold is taken in the teeth, slight pain will often be experienced in them. It is by no means an unusual occurrence for the concomitant and aggravating suffering of the earache to be produced by the exposure of the nerves of the teeth. Instances occur in which, on the removal of a decayed tooth all symptoms of earache have entirely vanished. The toothache is most frequently occasioned by the exposure of the nerve; under these circumstances, the decayed portion of bone should be removed, or as nearly so as possible, the cavity dried, and some liquid, best calculated to subdue inflammation and irritation, applied. The most generally useful application, perhaps, is the pure spirits of wine, or the same camphorated; or a mixture of iodine with the camphorated spirits. A bad state of the general health will not unfrequently produce pain and irritation of the teeth and gums, and especially any interruption of the due performance of the digestive functions; the inconvenience thus occasioned may be relieved, or, at any rate alleviated, by having recourse to gentle aperient medicines, and a short abstinence from stimulating aliments and beverages.

Things Worth Knowing.

THE Necropolis of Thebes (Egypt) according to the calculations of Stephens, still contains millions of mummies, which, on the lowest scale, would represent about 2,000,000. for the cost of embalming alone.

HORSE power in steam engines is calculated as the power which would raise 33,000lbs. a foot high in a minute, or 90lbs. at the rate of four miles an hour. Some experimentalists estimate it at one third less, but the above is adopted by most theoretical writers.

CROCHET CHAIN.—Make a round of the silk you intend making the chain; work in four stitches of double crochet. The second round is to work across it, or take the opposite stitch, and so on; keep working in the opposite stitch. It will produce a very handsome chain.

TO SOFTEN AND REMOVE PUTTY.—Spread a little nitre or muriatic acid over the putty, and in a short time it will become soft, when it may be easily removed.

GERMINATION OF OLD SEEDS.—Humboldt states that an aqueous solution of chlorine possesses the property of stimulating or favouring germination. Its action is so decided as to be apparent on old seeds, which will not germinate under ordinary circumstances.

RABBITS have a dislike to treading on newly-turned up soil. To protect young cabbages and other plants from them keep the ground about them loose with a Dutch hoe.

A GOOD TOOTH-POWDER.—Mix well together half an ounce of finely-ground charcoal with 1½ ounce of prepared chalk.

RATS.—The serious objection to poisoning rats and mice is, that they die under the flooring, and behind the wainscoting, and so become a terrible nuisance. The trap, baited with nuxvomica and oatmeal, is the best remedy. Any unusual noise will frighten away rats. A pistol or gun discharged occasionally near their holes, will in time drive them away.

GINGER BEER.—The following is an economical ginger beer receipt. Pour two gallons of boiling water on a quarter of a pound of cream of tartar, one ounce of sliced ginger, and two pounds of lump sugar. Let it stand six hours, then add two spoonful of yeast, and let it stand for six hours more. At the end of that time strain through a fine sieve, put it into stone bottles, tie down the corks, and it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours.

TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF HAIR.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, and add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with a little of this liniment, and the proportion be very gradually augmented, it will answer every purpose of increasing the growth of hair, much more effectually than can be attained by any of the boasting empirical preparations which are imposed on the credulous purchaser.

TO EXTRACT A THORN, IF THE FLESH HAS GROWN OVER IT.—Apply shoemakers' wax, and a pessive over that—to remain on for twelve hours, or till the wax draws out the end of the thorn.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKE OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and will amply repay the trifling trouble in preparing it.

Wit and Wisdom.

"Good Friday."—Robinson Crusoe's faithful "nigger," when he became a convert to Christianity.

Capital Punishment.—Being kissed to death by a pretty girl.

They who wish to build up the structure of happiness must lay virtue as the foundation stone.

A fair correspondent asks, What is the difference between seventeen and seventy? The former is *careless and happy*, and the other *hairless and cap-py*.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to to-morrow.

Charles Fox told an insolent knave he would kick him to —. "If you do," was the reply, "I'll tell your father how you are squandering his money."

Children say what they do; old people what they have done; and fools what they wish to do.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man: one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

A strictly orthodox old gentleman, in Massachusetts, returned home one Sunday afternoon, from church, and began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon. "I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven." "Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never get another such a chance."

Romances generally end with a marriage. And many young girls, when they leave school, would wish to go through the romance of life, as they do most romances, by beginning at the end.

A young farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and, strutting across the floor, says to his wife: "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it will not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know of a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our old meal-barrel. I'm sure no one will think of going there to disturb it."

Absence diminishes little passions and augments the larger: as wind extinguishes the flames of a candle, and makes a fire burn brighter.

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

When neighbour Jones went in to dinner the other day, he found one of his apprentices in the kitchen, quietly rolling up his sleeves. "What are you going to do?" said Jones. "Oh," quietly responded the boy, "I am going to dive down into that pot, to see if I can find the pea that soup was made from."

The pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank Him cannot be innocent.

Direct your industry to right ends. Fowell Buxton once said that it might possibly require as much industry to be best billiard-player as senior wrangler.

A "spon" is a thing that is often near a young lady's lips without kissing them. This is like the definition of a "maud"—viz., a thing which holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

C. S.—“DEAR SIR,—I am impelled to write to you, though I dare say you will think it indelicate. But I cannot help it. I have no one to speak to or consult with but those who are ready to blame me; and you will never see me or know me, though I am sure of your sympathy and advice. Some time ago—when I was a foolish girl, perhaps—I fell in love with a young man. At that time neither of us had seen our twentieth year. It was our first love; and I do not know why I should be ashamed to say we were extremely happy in each other's affection. I do say that the dearest devotion of my life was bound up in my first love. But he was in a lower station than myself, though my superior in all else; and he was very proud and sensitive as to the difference between us in this respect. It was worthy pride; while I, I am ashamed to say, Mr. Editor, was rather passionate and vain, and cared little what I said when I fancied I had reason to be annoyed. The short of it is, that on one occasion I allowed myself to insult him deeply in the way I knew he would most feel; and though at the moment he did not reproach me, I felt that I had done what he would never forgive. Still, with wicked perverseness, I made no apology, but still kept up my appearance of anger; though, to confess the truth, I could have cried at my folly and cruelty. Well, we parted so. Two days after, we met by accident; but the devil was in me still, and I really passed him. This settled it. He never saw me again. Month after month passed away, and there was no news of him. I did not always know where to throw myself in his way, even if my vanity would have allowed such a sacrifice to my love; and so it continued till a year, and then another, passed. All this while he was rarely out of my thoughts; and I believed then, and I believe now, that it was the same with him. At last, the continual gnawing thought became wearying; I longed to get rid of it; and after I had rejected two or three offers, circumstances and this fact induced me to accept a gentleman about twelve years older than myself. I told him that I had no love to give him, though I really esteemed him; and we were married. The result I never foresaw. I hoped to have brought my rebellious heart to duty when it would not yield to fortune; and so I believe I did; and if the man I married had possessed any warmth of nature, if he had loved me, I sincerely think I should not be writing this letter now. But he was at once cold and jealous, as I soon found. He cared nothing for my society, seldom even used those words of endearment which are common stock in some households; treated me like a servant; and yet, if I looked serious, taunted and ridiculed me on my “old flame.” By these means he kept alive those feelings I did my best to stifle, and made me draw those comparisons I really prayed to avoid. You will think that perhaps I should have been quite as unhappy and dissatisfied with my first lover, if I had married him; but I did not marry him, and so one does not know. Well, I had been married a whole year, or nearly, when one morning, after a wretched time of sulk from my husband, I met C. We happened both to be out walking, and happened both to choose a place a good two miles from where either of us lived, where we often used to go together when we first knew each other. He advanced and spoke to me heartily, though at first plain they felt, and I am afraid I too was conscious of a beating heart. Being out in the fields, I could not leave him abruptly; and as we spoke of indifferent subjects only, perhaps

there was no occasion. I don't know. But, by a fatal weakness, I was led to ramble, scarcely without knowing how or why, to the same neighbourhood on the corresponding day of the next week. We met again; and returning down the road, laughing at some old reminiscence, my husband stood before us. Imagine my shame and confusion. He went on without speaking. I did not go home directly; but when I got there I found no one there; nor has he, my husband, ever returned. Circumstances favoured his going away to some distance; he has written to tell me I shall never see him again; and from time to time sends me money. I wrote and explained the truth; I promised—and I would have kept to it—never by any chance to allow myself to speak to his other offender again; but all in vain. He sends me money orders, and that is all. And so I am situated. All this happened six months ago. For most of that time I endeavoured to make peace, and was willing to submit to anything in atonement for what I am bold to say was less discretion than accident. But it was to no purpose. I only met with haughty and insulting silence, and having been so long repelled where affection was never sought or pretended, I do not now desire much else. I do not write, therefore, dear Mr. Editor, to ask you how I may try to avert the shame of separation by the discomfort of re-union; nor do I need any security for my own honour beyond my own will. But about the money, sir, I am not altogether dependant upon my allowance; and I am divided between mortification at receiving subsidies from one who deems me shameless, and the desire I feel not to do anything which may be construed into rebellion. But perhaps the mortification I thus endure is a fit penalty for the indiscretion which my rebellious mind will not admit. Print this letter, if you please; it may be of service to some, and it is not likely to fall into the hands of the one or two who alone know the story. And even if it does, you will only then be the instrument of another salutary humiliation to me. And now, dear sir, pray advise me whether I should continue to take the money or not.”—We are glad, in the present case, that we are absolved from making an answer. Our correspondent is evidently one who needs little advice, and whose impetuous feelings would lead her to reject it if it was not in accordance with her own notions. But we believe that she does not really write for that purpose. It is not to ask whether she shall continue to accept the money forwarded (though no doubt it is a question with her) but to disburden her mind, that she has made this communication. We avail ourselves of the permission to print her letter, for the reason she suggests; and leave it, trusting that our correspondent may find peace, and assuring her that she will never find it out of the path of duty.

E. D. A. has lately been thrown in the way of a young gentleman, who acts rather curiously towards her. This conduct E. D. A. explains by the fact that he wishes to gain her love; but he has made no declaration, owing, as our correspondent supposes, to her having treated him “rather cool.” We think E. D. A. is right, first, in inferring that a young gentleman who acts curiously is in love; and second, that he has “never told his love,” because he is coolly treated. But that E. D. A. should encourage him (the question she asks) depends upon whether he deserves encouragement, and whether E. D. A. desires his affection, which she does not mention.

CONGRATULATE ME! pardon us. Of her claims to the attention of ALBERT we have no doubt; the doubt, in fact, is all on the other side.

ELIZABETH.—Write again, and wait awhile.



THE SECOND NAPOLEON.

WHEN the clever nephew of his uncle assumed the dignity he has since so worthily sustained, and proclaimed himself the Emperor Napoleon the Third, not infrequent were the inquiries as to who Napoleon the Second may have been. French history, so far as the masses have explored it, has been confined to vicious anecdotes of the Grande Monarque and his court, the story of the great Revolution, and the wars of Napoleon. Beyond this little is popularly known; and we believe that the following memoranda concerning Napoleon's own son will be as new to many as they must be interesting to all.

Napoleon Francis Joseph was born in Paris on the 30th of March, 1811, and was at once proclaimed King of Rome.

When Napoleon first abdicated at Fontainebleau (April, 1814), the infant King of Rome was

taken by his mother to Vienna, at the wish of Francis of Austria, who for the first time then saw the child. In 1815, after his father's second abdication (which the allied sovereigns would not accept in favour of his son), young Napoleon was placed under the guardianship of grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, by whose directions he was educated as a German prince. His title of "King of Rome" was changed to that of "Duke of Reichstadt."

He early evinced a taste for a military life, and was educated in that profession. In the prosecution of this design, and to divert his mind from another model, the example of Prince Eugene of Savoy was proposed for his imitation. To cut off all intercourse with the agitators and adventurers of France, he was carefully secluded from communication with any persons except his

although it was accompanied with the amplest indulgences in all other respects, was felt as an irksome restraint, to which a recollection of earlier years gave a keener edge; and ideas of his father's fame and grandeur perpetually haunted his imagination. To the study of the German language he at first evinced a decided repugnance, which, however, he afterwards overcame; but he had little inclination for literature. He had a radical dislike for fiction.

During his education at Schoenbrunn, his tutors were much perplexed by his extreme curiosity with regard to his father, and the circumstances and causes of his fall. It was evident that the restless spirit of Napoleon possessed the mind of his son. His instructors were directed by the Austrian court to acquaint him with the whole truth, as a means of allaying the alarming and feverish anxiety of his mind. This plan had the desired effect, but he was thoughtful and reserved upon the subject of his life and fortunes.

When the news of his father's death was communicated to him by M. Foresti, he was deeply affected. He was taught the learned languages; but to these studies he paid little attention, Caesar's Commentaries being the only Latin book he seriously read. He devoted himself with ardour to military studies. He also left some proofs of literary industry. Among the papers of the Prince, in Italian, is a sketch of the life of Prince Schwartzenberg. From his fifteenth year he was permitted to read any book on the history of Napoleon and the French Revolution. At length he was initiated into the policy of the Austrian Cabinet. Accordingly, Prince Metternich, under the form of lectures on history, gave him the whole theory of imperial government. These lectures produced the effect desired; and he was thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of absolutism.

The Revolution of 1830 produced a startling effect on the young Prince. He was not informed of the pertinacity with which his uncle Joseph urged his claims to the crown of France; least of all could the Prince have been aware of the effect which would have been produced at that time in France had he suddenly made his appearance there, while the people were hesitating about accepting Lafayette's nomination of the Duke of Orleans.

He first appeared in society on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party, held at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley, when he became acquainted with Marmont, one of his father's marshals. In June, 1831, he was appointed Lieutenant-General, and assumed the command of a battalion of Hungarian Infantry. He was beginning to exhibit symptoms of consumption; and his attention in the discharge of his new duties hastened the pro-

gress of the disease. Much against his own wishes, he was taken from his favourite military pursuits; but his impetuous disposition hastened his dissolution. The first return of vigour excited the Prince to renewed exertion; he commenced hunting in all weathers, which, together with exposure in visiting a neighbouring military station, soon occasioned a recurrence of the most dangerous symptoms, and, after a short period of painful suffering, he died at the palace of Schoenbrunn, on the 22nd of July, 1831, in the twenty-first year of his age.

Under the guidance of Metternich, the grandson of Francis became an Austrian subject instead of a French prince, and forbade his ever cherishing any aspirations to a throne.

The intelligence of his death was received with profound sensation in France, but at that time the people had quietly acquiesced in the elevation of the house of Orleans; and the event which caused so much sorrow in the hearts of the survivors of the Bonaparte family soon ceased to excite attention or feeling elsewhere. In the other nations of Europe there was but little regret that an individual, however blameless in private life, who from circumstances might have disturbed the general peace, had been providentially removed by death before the opportunity had offered for awakening the ambition which distinguished his father.

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

FOR CHILDREN, LARGE AND SMALL.

THE COFFEE POT AND MILK FITCHER.

THERE WAS ONCE a cook, fat and old, who had scoured her kitchen and arranged it in the very neatest way, and then she stood and looked around, and was delighted with the sight of the white porcelain, the shining copper kettles, and the bright crystal glassware, that she had placed all in good order round on the walls. Finally she took a sieve full of the finest white sand and sifted it over the stone floor, and then she thought no lady's boudoir was as handsome as her kitchen. She was tired with all the work she had done, and after she had kindled the coal-fire on the hearth, and it burnt so that the copper teakettle, which was scoured as bright as gold, seemed to be in a blaze, and then began to sing, she put a great iron pot nearer the fire, pushed the settee up to the hearth, and sat down to peel potatoes.

Everything was still in the kitchen, except the crackling of the coal, the buzzing of a few flies around the warm hearth, and a gentle scraping and cutting as the cook pared the potatoes. She must have been tired to death, for as she sat there at work she could hardly keep her eyes open. At first she peeled the

and nicely, as an economical cook always does, especially when it has been a bad season for potatoes, and they are very dear. But gradually the parings grew thicker and thicker, and as she began to nod she even cut off great pieces of the potatoes. At last she leaned back against the wall, her hands fell upon her lap, the half-parings rolled about the kitchen, and she lost herself entirely. Then she suddenly heard a noise, as if of a fine little voice, and as she partly opened her weary eyes she saw and heard the great white porcelain coffee-pot, high upon a shelf opposite, whispering with its neighbour the milk-pitcher.

"This is a hard life," said the coffee-pot to the milk-pitcher; "every day coffee, and nothing but coffee; always drinking and nothing at all to eat." "That's true," answered the milk-pitcher. "Milk, milk, always milk; the eternal thin blue milk; it often seems so flat and insipid to me." "Well," said the coffee-pot, "what if we got something for ourselves? I will take a piece of that roast venison down there." "And I will take a sausage," said the milk-pitcher.

The old iron pot standing over the fire heard this conversation, and slowly raised the tin cover that was over him, and blew out the steam, bubbled, and shook, and groaned, and said to both of them, while his tin cap fell back now and then—

"Don't do that—It's against the order of the kitchen—No good will come of it—I have nothing but water, year out, year in—Have to put up with it—I have grown old so—Let things be as they are." "What!" said the coffee-pot vehemently, "the order of the kitchen is just what I don't like. You can talk; with meat and meat broth anybody can make out, but nothing but coffee is another thing." The milk-pitcher was of a more retiring nature, and probably thought that the old bubbler was in the right after all. Accordingly she said to the coffee-pot—"Don't let us do it." But the latter climbed nimbly on her three handsome little feet down from the shelf, and ran to the roast venison, and cut off a piece with her long nose, and then she carefully lifted the cap that covered her head, put the piece of venison in, put the cover on again, and climbed back to the shelf. "Now," said she, "when the cook puts in coffee I shall have coffee, and meat, and meat broth all at once." When the milk-pitcher saw that there was no difficulty she got upon her feet, climbed down, put in a piece of sausage, and climbed upon the shelf again, and said: "Now, when the cook puts in milk, I shall have milk, and sausage, and meat broth all together." The old iron pot by this time raised his tin cap again, blew off the steam, bubbled, and shook, and said, "Much good may it do you."

Meanwhile the whole kitchen was looking on in excitement. The plates rolled up to each other on the shelf, and asked mysteriously what would be done now that the coffee-pot and milk-pitcher had taken meat and sausage: the clear, bright glasses rang together and declared plainly that it was wrong to do so, and the silver voices of the spoons were also heard, saying that no good could come of it, and that it would turn out that the old iron pot was right. But the tin pans, dishes, and scoops, that every day got something new to lick up and taste, cried and made a great hubbub, and said that they could not blame the coffee-pot and milk-pitcher, because they could not be contented with coffee and milk. At this the teakettle, that was scoured till it shone like gold, puffed out his glowing cheeks and said, "Psh—sh—sh!"

At the same moment the kitchen door was opened, and the scullion boy came in, and slammed the door behind him so that the windows shook and rattled. At this the fat cook jumped up affrighted, rubbed her eyes, and looked attentively around. She did not know whether she had been dreaming, or whether the coffee-pot and the milk-pitcher and the iron pot had actually done and said all that we have written. But the pot and the pitcher and all the things stood quietly in their places, only some of the tin utensils were shaking on their nails with the slamming of the door, and the teakettle that was scoured till it shone like gold was letting the boiling-water run out of its long crooked neck, hissing all over the kitchen.

"What strange things happen to a body," said the cook to the scullion, and told him what she had just seen and heard. "That's all nonsense," said the boy, "you have been dreaming: it comes from your drinking too much coffee; coffee makes the blood thick and makes people sleep, and then they have such queer dreams."

The cook too was perfectly convinced that she had been dreaming, for, when she looked at the potato parings that she had cut off, she knew perfectly well that she had done it when she was half asleep. So she went busily to work and pared the rest, and cooked the soup, and saw to everything, and did whatever was to be done in the kitchen and in the hall. When at evening she had the soup ready, she went to cut some roast venison and sausage in slices and put them on a plate; but she found that a piece of venison and a sausage were missing. Involuntarily she looked up to the coffee-pot and the milk-pitcher, but they stood quietly on their shelf, shining white as ivory. "Nonsense," said the cook aloud to herself, "I have been dreaming; it was certainly not so, and she shall not suspect a whit of it."

And then she cut the roast meat and sausage in very thin slices, for there was only a little left, and she had to cover over a plate with them, or else she was afraid the lady of the house would scold her. While she was doing this the milk-pitcher whispered to the coffee-pot, "Come, let's confess, or else the cat will get a whipping." "No, no," answered the coffee-pot, "that's no more than the cat deserves. If she hasn't taken anything now, she has done it often enough before, when some other cat has been punished; so to-day she can afford to take a flogging." Meanwhile the cat came out mewing from behind the range, where she had been hidden, asleep. The smell of the roast meat had probably waked her up, and the cook, who did not know how she should cover the plate with the thin slices of venison and sausage, fell into a passion at the sight of the cat, seized her by the skin, and held her nose close to the roast meat, and beat her vigorously, and said, "You greedy creature, it was you, and I'll teach you to let roast meat alone; you may catch mice, but you shan't carry off sausages." At last the cat got loose, jumped over the kitchen table, threw down a handsome cup, and in her terror leaped through a window pane out into the garden, and the whole window rung and clattered at her exit.

At this the mistress of the house came in, and asked what made the noise, and what was going on. And as she saw the broken cup lying on the floor she was very angry with the cook. But the cook excused herself and said it was the cat, and that she had also eaten up the meat and sausage. "Yes, yes," replied the lady, very angry, "it is always the cat—the cat does everything; but I don't believe you, and you shall pay for the cup and the window-glass." This was alarming to the cook, for the cup was very finely painted, and must have cost a deal of money. She stooped down in ill humour to pick up the fragments, and got the broom to sweep the pieces of porcelain together. Then the milk-pitcher said softly to the coffee-pot, "We must own it now, or else the poor cook will have to pay the damage." "Well, what if she does?" answered the coffee-pot. "She has often enough taken things and said it was the cat, and the cat has been punished when she was innocent, let her suffer once for the cat's fault."

When the cook had swept up the pieces and stood up again, her eye accidentally fell upon the coffee-pot, and she saw it was really so, or long stooping had made her a little dizzy, she thought she saw plainly the snake's head on the long nose of the coffee-pot mewing. She thought of her strange dream, and was on the point of getting on the table to examine the two vessels, when the

mistress of the house rang for her to talk with her about the dinner next day, and the guests who were expected. The cook received all sorts of directions, and completely forgot her dream and the queer behaviour of the coffee-pot and milk-pitcher. Indeed, the next day, when after dinner the coffee was sent for immediately, she was so much in haste that she poured the coffee and cream into the coffee-pot and milk-pitcher without looking into them beforehand. Accordingly, the venison and sausage remained there, and the coffee and milk took a taste from them.

The mistress of the house poured out the coffee, and the guests took some, but soon set their cups down without drinking. "Why don't you drink some?" said the hostess to the guests. Everyone had some excuse. For one the coffee was too hot, another found it too strong, and a third was forbidden to drink coffee by his physician. At last the hostess gave a cup to her little daughter, who at once made a face at it, and said, "Why, mamma, how does the coffee taste?" The lady noticed this, and tasted the coffee and the cream, and was not a little alarmed at the beverage she had put before her guests. She took both the vessels, and ran in anger down into the kitchen, and the cook received a good scolding for making such coffee, or rather for letting the vessels go in such a slovenly condition that they made the coffee taste badly. The cook protested that only the day before she had washed them out with boiling-water, and that they certainly were perfectly clean. At this the lady was greatly provoked, and threatened to send off the cook if she made any excuses.

Now, while the lady went into the dining-room and brought out new coffee to be boiled, and the cook stood stupefied and could not understand the reason why the coffee was bad, the milk-pitcher whispered to the coffee-pot, "Now, mustn't we tell?" "I believe she did wash us clean this time," was the answer, "but yet there have been times enough when she didn't. The scolding she has got to-day is no more than she deserves for former misbehaviour." The cook had heard nothing of this conversation; but when she smelt of the coffee and cream, her dream of the day before came to her mind. One smelt of venison, the other of something smoked. She poured out the milk and coffee, and found the sausage and roast meat, and then she stood with the vessels in her hand, as if rooted to the spot, when

it suddenly she understood it all, and called her mistress, and said in a trembling voice, "See, madam! you will believe that this was not me; it certainly was the snake who did it—the young rascal!—he played me

the trick. I told him yesterday my dream, how the coffee-pot and milk-pitcher took the roast-meat and sausage, and then he went and put the roast meat and sausage in them, so as to make fun of me. Yes, yes, madam, there is no mistake, it was he, the—” And the cook doubted up her fist as if she would rush upon the boy if he were only there. Then the mistress called up the scullion and scolded him for the silly joke which he had played off. But he was rude, and said he did not do it, and that the cook was always trying to get something against him. At this the noise grew high; the lady scolded, the cook raved, and the boy grew ruder and ruder, so that the milk-pitcher was afraid and sorry, and said to the coffee-pot, “Come, now, we must tell, or else all will turn out badly.” But the coffee-pot replied, “What’s that to us? If the boy is not to blame to-day, he has played tricks enough on the cook before and never been punished. Now let him suffer for it; and as for madame, she may put up with his insolence for once, for often enough she is unjust to the servants when she is angry.”

In the contention and noise, nobody heard the low words of the two vessels; and the cook, who at last could not bear with the obstinate boy any longer, fell into a rage, and gave him a smart box on the ear. At this he was madened, and snatched the coffee-pot out of her hand and flung it at her head, so that the blood gushed out over her face, and the pot broke in pieces and the coffee in it was spattered over the new dress of the mistress. The boy ran out of the room, and the lady and the cook cried and lamented after him; the one on account of her head, the other on account of her dress.

While the lady went to clean her dress, and the cook to her chamber to wash off the blood, it was as still in the kitchen as if nothing had happened, and the old iron pot that stood by the fire and bubbled slowly raised his tin cover, blew off clouds of steam, and said to the milk-pitcher, “I told you before, no good comes of breaking the rules.” “Well,” said the milk-pitcher, “they all deserve what they have got, and if they didn’t deserve it to-day, why that makes no difference.” “You’ll get your pay, too, and if not to-day—that will make no difference,” bubbled the old iron pot. And in fact it was not long before the cook came back, with her head bound up, sat down by the sink, and began to wash up the things. She took the milk-pitcher and scoured it with soap and sand, so that it hurt badly. And for a long time after the pitcher got no milk, for as often as the cook was going to pour some in, she perceived an unpleasant odour of smoked sausage, and then she would take the pitcher and give it another scolding, so that it would groan and bemoan.

The old iron pot always told this story, as he sat quietly bubbling over the fire, to all the other vessels that came into the kitchen, as a friendly warning to them not to wish for anything that did not belong to them. Most likely they all took it to heart; at least, nobody has ever heard since that a coffee-pot has gone to get roast meat, or a milk-pitcher sausage.

THE TRYST.

THE moss is withered, the moss is brown
Under the dreary cedarn bowers;
And fleet winds running the valleys down,
Cover with dead leaves the sleeping flowers.

White as a lily the moonlight lies
Under the grey oak’s ample boughs;
In the time of June ’twere a paradise
For gentle lovers to make their vows.

In the middle of night when the wolf is dumb,
Like a sweet star rising out of the sea,
They say that a damsel at times will come,
And brighten the chilly light under the tree;

And a blessed angel from out the sky
Cometh her lonely watch to requite;
But not for my soul’s sweet sake would I
Pray under its shadow alone at night.

A boy by the tarn on the mountain side
Was cruelly murdered long ago,
Where oft a shadow is seen to glide,
And wander wearily to and fro.

The night was sweet like an April night,
When misty softness the blue air fills,
And the freckled adder’s tongue makes bright
The sleepy hollows among the hills—

When, startled up from the hush that broods
Beautifully over the midnight time,
The gust ran wailing along the woods
Like one who seeth an awful crime.

The tree is withered, the tree is lost,
Where he gathered the ashen berries red,
As meekly the dismal woods he crossed—
The tree is withered, the boy is dead.

Down the blue river waves, slow and soft,
A damsel is rowing her boat with joy;
Put thy arms around her, good angel aloft,
If she be the love of the murdered boy;

For still she comes, as the daylight fades,
Her tryst to keep near the cedarn bowers,
Hear with her gently, tenderly maid,
Whose hope is as open life summer flowers.

ALICE CARRINGTON

that degree of north latitude, beyond the Mexican shores; and the ruby-throated humming-bird (*T. cyathotis*), which was found breeding, by Mr. Drummond, near the sources of the Elk River, and is known to reach at least as far north as the 47th parallel.

According to Bullock, they will remain suspended in a space so small that they have scarcely room to move their wings, and the humming noise which they produce proceeds entirely from the prodigious velocity with which they vibrate those tiny organs, by means of which they will remain in the air almost motionless for hours together. During the breeding-season, they become jealous of encroachments, and exhibit great boldness in defence of their supposed rights. When any one approaches their nest, they will dart around with a humming noise, frequently passing within a few inches of the intruder's head. A small species called the Mexican star (*T. cyanapogon*) is described by Mr. Bullock as exhibiting great intrepidity while under the influence of anger. It will attack the eyes of the larger birds, striking at them with its sharp, needle-like bill; and, when invaded by one of its own kind during the breeding-season, their mutual wrath becomes immeasurable, their throats swell, their crests, tails, and wings expand, and they fight in the air till one or the other falls exhausted to the ground. Indeed, old Fernando Oviedo gives a still more alarming account of their fiery temper. "When they see a man climb ye tree where they have their nests, they flee at his face, and stryke him in the eyes, commyng, goying, and strynging with such swiftness that no man would ryghtly believe it that hath not seen it."

Various attempts have been made, with more or less of success, to rear these beautiful little birds in confinement. One which was captured by Wilson, though quite young, refused to take food, and in a few hours it could only just be detected that life remained. A lady, however, undertook to be its nurse, revived it in her bosom, and, by feeding it with loaf-sugar dissolved in water, which was also sprinkled over fresh flowers for its cage every morning, contrived to keep the bird alive for three months.

It is extremely susceptible to cold, and, if exposed to it, death speedily ensues. A beautiful male specimen was preserved by Wilson in 1809, which he put into a wire cage, and placed in a retired and shaded part of a room. "After fluttering about for some time," he says, "the weather being uncommonly cool, it closing by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for a whole forenoon. No motion whatever of the lungs could be perceived on the closest inspection, though, at other times, this is remarkably observable; the eyes were

dead; and, when touched by the finger, it gave no signs of life or motion. I carried it out to the open air, and placed it directly in the rays of the sun, in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became very apparent; the bird, breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes, and began to look about with as much seeming vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, I restored it to liberty; and it flew off to the withered top of a pear-tree, where it sat for some time dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor."

We give on the next page a representation of the male and female of one kind of these beautiful birds, called the "Topaz-throated." The nest is usually attached to the upper side of some horizontal branch; but sometimes the branch is inclined, as in the present instance. The nest is about an inch in diameter, and as much in depth, and is formed externally of a species of grey helen, the portions of which are said to be glued together by the saliva of the bird. Within this outer coat is a padding of the cotton or down of plants, smoothly arranged, and lined with a yet finer layer of silky fibres; the eggs are two, and of a transparent fineness. The young ones take their food by inserting their bills into those of the parent birds.

This is a large species, and, without exception, one of the most splendid of the whole race. In every part the plumage is composed of the scaly-formed feathers, which are always present where a metallic lustre prevails; and in every position its brilliant colours receive a variation of tint differing from that last seen, and superior in splendour to anything with which we could compare it.

The length of this bird, not including the long centre tail-feathers, is five inches and a half: these exceed the others by nearly three inches. The colours of the whole plumage of the body may be said to be of a rich brownish-orange, in some lights appearing of the deepest lake, and in others of a brilliant ruby colour tinted with golden; on the lower surface the golden lustre is most prevalent above the deep shade and ruby tint; the gorget is alternately of a topaz-yellow or emerald green, and it is surrounded by a shade of nearly velvet-black, which gradually assumes a purple tint, and shades into the colour of the body; the wings are very long and powerful; the tail is above of a golden-green, shaded with red, below of a bright chestnut; in form it is rather rounded, and the two centre feathers make it appear sometimes very lengthened, sometimes forked, according to their position; the tail is feathered to the division of the toes.

The female is somewhat less than the young males; the centre tail-feathers are shorter

larger; the prevailing colour of the plumage is bright emerald green, with metallic lustre, but which is somewhat diminished by a grey tint

The young have not the long feathers in the tail, the two centre plumes of which exceed the others by about one-eighth of an inch; the



which pervades the whole; the gorget is marked by twelve feathers, which have a golden lustre when placed in the light, but is not very distinctly marked; the outer tail-feathers are of a dull green, the next pair are of a brilliant violet, the others of a bright chestnut,

plumage of the upper parts is of a bright green, with the ruby tints appearing at intervals; the under part has more of the red colour, and is shaded with green and bright orange; the gorget is not yet apparent, but the space between the eyes is nearly even.



THE FUNERAL FIRE.

There came a pitch. A blazing fire of dry branches crackled under our kettle, in which burned delicious morsels, out with regard to no known tale than the deer we had tracked and slain. Meanwhile we smoked and told stories in the dark: neither story-teller

nor smoker ever turning his eyes from the hearth, where lay the last fading glories of the day. An old Indian had accompanied us, departing from the familiarity of his people, told us a story too, waiting at his own pauses of the tale.

Once upon a time, many years ago, went the Indian story, a war raged between the Chippewas and their enemies, and the lands of the hostile tribes were red with blood. It was then that a party of the Chippewas met a band of their foes upon an open plain in the country of the Great Lakes. Metewan, the leader of the Chippewas, was a brave; his martial deeds were the song of every youth who looked to obtain renown in the war-path; and the young squaws talked of them at the fires. And never did the chief act with more bravery or prudence than on this occasion. After he had, by the strength of his arm, turned the battle against his enemies, and while he was giving the great snout of victory, an arrow quivered in his breast, and he fell upon the plain. No Indian warrior killed thus is ever buried. According to old custom, he was placed in a sitting posture upon the field of battle, his back supported by a tree, and his face turned towards the path in which his enemies had fled. His spear and club were placed in his hands, and his bow and quiver leaned against his shoulder. So they left him.

But was he gone to the land of spirits? Though he could not move, nor speak, he heard all that had been said by his friends. He heard them bewail his death and could not comfort them; he heard them speak of his great deeds; he heard them depict the grief of his wife whom she should be told he was dead. He felt the touch of their hands, but his limbs were bound in chains of strength, and he could not burst them. His thoughts flowed as free as the great rivers; but his limbs were like the fallen branches. His anguish, when he felt himself thus abandoned, was heavy; but he was compelled to bear it. His wish to follow his friends who were about to return to their wigwams so filled his mind, that, after making a violent exertion, he rose, or seemed to rise, and followed them. But he was invisible; they neither saw his form nor heard his voice. Astonishment, disappointment, rage filled him, while he attempted to make himself heard, seen, or felt, and could not; but still he followed on their track. Wherever they went, he went; when they walked, he walked; when they ran, he ran; when they built their fires, and sat down, his feet were in the embers; when they slept, he slept; when they awoke, he awoke. Their labours and toils were his; and the fruits were theirs alone, and still they knew him not. He saw them eat the sweet flesh of the deer, and the corn, and bison-meat, but no portion came to him; he saw them bend over the pleasant fire, which administered a soothing warmth to his shuddering limbs. He heard them recount their valiant deeds, but he was unable to tell them how much his were exceeded theirs; he heard them paint

the joys which awaited their return to their wigwams, but could not say how much peace and how much love was in his.

But no one seemed to hear his words, or, if they heard his voice, they thought it the winds of summer rustling among the green leaves and the shaking of branches. At length the war-party reached their village, and the women and children came out to welcome their return. "Kumaudjeewug! kumaudjeewug! kumaudjeewug!" (they have met, fought, and conquered) was shouted from every mouth. The old warrior whom weakness had compelled to throw down the bow and the spear, and the eagle-eyed boy who was fast hastening to take them up, did each his part in making joy. The wife came forward with embraces, the timid maiden with love weighing on her eyelids, to meet their braves. And if an old warrior found not his son, he knew he had fallen bravely, and grieved not; and if the wife found not her husband, she wept only a little while: for was he not gone to the great Hunting Grounds?

Still no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded chief. He heard many ask for him; he heard them say that he had fought, conquered, and fallen, pierced through his breast with an arrow, and that his body had been left among the slain.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief with a loud voice. "I am here; I live! I move! See me!—touch me! I shall again raise my spear and bend my bow in the war-path; I shall again sound my drum at the feast." But nobody knew of his presence; they mistook the lowest tones of his voice for the softest whisperings of the winds. He walked to his own lodge; he saw his wife tearing her hair, and bewailing him. He endeavoured to undeceive her; but she also was insensible to his presence or his voice. She sat deep in ring, with her head upon her hands. He told her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply. He then placed his mouth close to her ear and shouted, "Give me food." The wife said, "It is a fly buzzing." Her enraged husband struck her upon the forehead. She placed her hand to her head and said, "It is a little arrow of pain."

To make himself known, the chief began to think upon what he had heard the priests and wise men say, that the spirit sometimes left the body and might wander. He reflected that possibly his body had remained upon the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning companions. He determined then to return upon their track, though it was four days journey. He went. For three days he pursued his way, and saw nothing; but on the fourth, as he came to the skirts of the forest, he saw a fire in the path. He walked to see the

to avoid stepping into it, but the fire also went aside, and was still before him. He went another way, but the fire still burned in his path. "Demon!" he exclaimed at length, "why dost thou keep my feet from the field of battle, where my body lies? Knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and seek again to enter that body? Or dost thou say I shall return and do it not? Know that I am a chief and a warrior, well-tried in many a hard battle—I will not be turned back."

So saying, he made a vigorous effort, and passed through the flame. In this exertion he awoke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back to a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, the same as they had been left. Looking up, he beheld a large *cassia*, a war-eagle sitting upon the tree above his head. Then he knew this bird to be the same he had dreamed of in his youth, and which he had taken as his guardian spirit, his Manitou. While his body had lain breathless, this friendly bird had watched it. He got up and stood upon his feet, but he was weak, and it was a long time before he felt that his limbs were his. The blood upon his wound had stanchcd itself, he bound it up. Possessing, as every Indian does, the knowledge of medicinal roots, he sought diligently in the woods for them, and obtained sufficient for his purpose. Some of them he pounded between stones and placed upon the wound, others he ate. So in a short time he found himself so much recovered as to commence his journey. With his bow and arrows he killed birds in the day, which he roasted before the fire at night. In this way he kept hunger from him until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that whoop which says a friend is returned. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe came to bring him across, and soon the chief was landed amidst many shouts. Then he called his people to his lodge, and told them all that happened. Then ever after it was resolved to build a fire by the dead warrior, that he might have light and warmth, if he only dreamed as the chief had dreamed.

SHOOTING STARS AND METEORIC SHOWERS.

ANTIQUITY refers us to several objects as having descended from the skies, the gifts of the immortal gods. Such was the Palladium of Troy, the image of the goddess of Ephesus, and the sacred shield of Numa. The fable of the ancients in believing such traditions has been the subject of remark; but however fabulous the particular cases referred to, the notion has been transmitted to modern times, and even supposing the fact itself, of the actual

transition of substances from celestial space to terrestrial regions, and no doubt the ancient faith upon this subject was founded on observed events.

A singular relation respecting the stone of Ensisheim on the Rhine, at which philosophy once smiled incredulously, regarding it as one of the romances of the Middle Ages, may now be admitted to sober attention as a piece of authentic history. A homely narrative of its fall was drawn up at the time by order of the Emperor Maximilian, and deposited with the stone in the church. It may thus be rendered. "In the year of the Lord 1492, on Wednesday, which was Martinmas-eve, the 7th of November, a singular miracle occurred, for, between eleven o'clock and noon, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a prolonged confused noise, which was heard at a great distance, and a stone fell from the air, in the jurisdiction of Ensisheim, which weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and the confused noise was, besides, much louder than here. Then a child saw it strike on a field in the upper jurisdiction, toward the Rhine and Inn, near the district of Giscano, which was sown with wheat, and it did it no harm, except that it made a hole there and then they conveyed it from that spot, and many pieces were broken from it, which the landvogt forbade. They therefore caused it to be placed in the church, with the intention of suspending it as a miracle, and there came here many people to see this stone. So there were remarkable conversations about this stone but the learned said that they knew not what it was, for it was beyond the ordinary course of nature that such a large stone should smite the earth from the height of the air, but that it was really a miracle of God, for, before that time, never anything was heard like it, nor seen, nor described. When they found that stone, it had entered into the earth to the depth of a man's stature, which everybody explained to be the will of God that it should be found; and the noise of it was heard at Lussigny, at Vitting, and in many other places, so loud that it was believed that houses had been overturned: and as the King Maximilian was here the Monday after St. Catharine's Day of the same year, his Royal Excellency ordered the stone which had fallen to be brought to the castle, and when having covered a long time about it with the noblemen, he said that the people of Ensisheim should take it, and order it to be hung up in the church, and not to allow anybody to take anything from it. His Excellency, however, took two pieces of it; of which he kept one, and sent the other to the Duke Sigismund of Austria: and they speak a great deal about this stone, which they suspended in the church, and it still is, and a great many people come to see it." It remained for three centuries suspended

in the church, was carried off to Colmar during the French Revolution, but has since been restored to its former site, and Ensisheim rejoices in the possession of the relic.

The celebrated Gassendi was an eye-witness to a similar event. In the year 1627, on the 27th of November, the sky being quite clear, he saw a burning stone fall in the neighbourhood of Nice, and examined the mass. While in the air it appeared to be about four feet in diameter, was surrounded by a luminous circle of colours like a rainbow, and its fall was accompanied by a noise like the discharge of artillery. Upon inspecting the substance, he found it weighed 59 lbs., was extremely hard, of a dull, metallic colour, and of a specific gravity considerably greater than that of common marble. Having only this solitary instance of such an occurrence, Gassendi concluded that the mass came from some of the mountains of Provence, which had been in a transient state of volcanic activity. A remarkable example took place in France in the year 1790. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, on the 24th of July, a luminous ball was seen traversing the atmosphere with great rapidity, and leaving behind it a train of light; a loud explosion was then heard, accompanied with sparks which flew off in all directions; this was followed by a shower of stones over a considerable extent of ground, at various distances from each other, and of different sizes. A *procès-verbal* was drawn up, attesting the circumstance, signed by the magistrates of the municipality, and by several hundreds of persons inhabiting the district. This curious document is literally as follows. "In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety, and the thirtieth day of the month of August, we, the Lieut. Jean Duby, mayor, and Louis Maillon, procurator of the commune of the municipality of La Grange-de-Juillac, and Jean Darmite, resident in the parish of La Grange-de-Juillac, certify in truth and verity, that on Saturday, the 24th of July last, between nine and ten o'clock, there passed a great fire, and after it we heard in the air a very loud and extraordinary noise; and about two minutes after there fell stones from heaven; but fortunately there fell only a very few, and they fell about ten paces from one another in some places, and in others nearer, and, finally, in some other places farther; and falling, most of them, of the weight of about half a quarter of a pound each, some others of about half a pound, like that found in our parish of La Grange; and on the borders of the parish of Creon they were found of a pound weight; and in falling, they seemed not to be inflamed, but very hard and black without, and within of the colour of steel; and, thank God! they occasioned no harm to the people, nor to the trees, but only to some tiles which were broken on

the houses; and most of them fell gently, and others fell quickly, with a hissing noise; and some were found which had entered into the earth, but very few. In witness thereof, we have written and signed these presents. Duby, mayor. Darmite." Though such a document as this, coming from the unlearned of the district where the phenomenon occurred, was not calculated to win acceptance with the *savans* of the French capital, yet it was corroborated by a host of intelligent witnesses at Bayonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and by transmitted specimens containing the substances usually found in atmospheric stones, and in nearly the same proportions. A few years afterward, an undoubted instance of the fall of an aërolite occurred in England, which largely excited public curiosity. This was in the neighbourhood of Wold Cottage, the house of Captain Topham, in Yorkshire. Several persons heard the report of an explosion in the air, followed by a hissing sound, and afterward felt a shock, as if a heavy body had fallen to the ground at a little distance from them. One of these, a ploughman, saw a huge stone falling toward the earth, eight or nine yards from the place where he stood. It threw up the mould on every side, and, after penetrating through the soil, lodged some inches deep in solid chalk rock. Upon being raised, the stone was found to weigh fifty-six pounds. It fell in the afternoon of a mild but hazy day, during which there was no thunder or lightning; and the noise of the explosion was heard through a considerable district.

While this train of circumstances was preparing the philosophic mind of Europe to admit as a truth what had hitherto been deemed a vulgar error, and acknowledge the appearance of masses of ignited matter in the atmosphere occasionally descending to the earth, an account of a phenomenon of this kind was received from India, vouched by an authority calculated to secure it general respect. It came from Mr. Williams, F.R.S., a resident in Bengal. It stated that on December 19th, 1798, at eight o'clock in the evening, a large, luminous meteor was seen at Benares and other parts of the country. It was attended with a loud, rumbling noise, like an ill-discharged platoon of musketry; and about the same time the inhabitants of Krakhut, fourteen miles from Benares, saw the light, heard an explosion, and immediately after the noise of heavy bodies falling in the neighbourhood. The sky had previously been serene, and not the smallest vestige of a cloud had appeared for many days. Next morning, the mould in the fields was found to have been turned up in many spots; and unusual stones of various sizes, but of the same substance, were picked out from the moist soil, generally

from a depth of six inches. As the occurrence took place in the night, after the people had retired to rest, the explosion and the actual fall of the stones were not observed; but the watchman of an English gentleman near Krakhut brought him a stone the next morning which had fallen through the top of his hut, and buried itself in the earthen floor.

This event in India was followed, in the year 1803, by a convincing demonstration in France, which compelled the eminent men of the capital to believe, though much against their will. On Tuesday, April 26th, about one in the afternoon, the weather being serene, there was observed in a part of Normandy, including Caen, Falaise, Alençon, and a large number of villages, a fiery globe of great brilliancy moving in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some moments after there was heard in L'Aigle and in the environs, to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports, like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed. The noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, and appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon lasted. The vapour of which it was composed was projected in all directions at the successive explosions. The cloud seemed about half a league to the north-east of the town of L'Aigle, and must have been at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which it hovered, a hissing noise like that of a stone discharged from a sling was heard, and a multitude of mineral masses were seen to fall to the ground. The largest that fell weighed $17\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; and the gross number amounted to nearly three thousand. By the direction of the Academy of Sciences, all the circumstances of this event were minutely examined by a commission of inquiry, with the celebrated M. Biot at its head. They were found in harmony with the preceding relation, and reported to the French Minister of the Interior. Upon analysing the stones, they were found identical with those of Benares.

The following are the principal facts with reference to the aërolites, upon which general dependence may be placed. Immediately after their descent they are always intensely hot. They are covered with a fused black incrustation, consisting chiefly of oxide of iron; and what is most remarkable, their chemical analysis develops the same substances in nearly the same

proportions, though one may have reached the earth in India and another in England.

Iron is found in all these bodies, and in a considerable quantity, with the rare metal nickel. It is a singular fact, that though a chemical examination of their composition has not discovered any substance with which we were not previously acquainted, yet no other bodies have been found, native to the earth, which contain the same ingredients combined. The volume of some of these passing bodies is very great. One which travelled within twenty-five miles of the surface, and cast down a fragment, was supposed to weigh upward of half a million of tons. But for its great velocity, the whole mass would have been precipitated to the earth.

In addition to aërolites, properly so called, or bodies known to have come to us from outlying space, large metallic masses exist in various parts of the world, lying in insulated situations, far remote from the abodes of civilisation, whose chemical composition is closely analogous to that of the substances the descent of which has been witnessed. These circumstances leave no doubt as to their common origin. Pallas discovered an immense mass of malleable iron, mixed with nickel, at a considerable elevation on a mountain of slate in Siberia, a site plainly irreconcilable with the supposition of art having been there with its forges, even had it possessed the character of the common iron. In one of the rooms of the British Museum there is a specimen of a large mass which was found, and still remains, on the plain of Otumba, in the district of Buenos Ayres. The specimen alone weighs 1400 lbs., and the weight of the whole mass, which lies half buried in the ground, is computed to be thirteen tons. In the province of Bahia, in Brazil, another block has been discovered weighing upward of six tons. Considering the situation of these masses, with the details of their chemical analysis, the presumption is clearly warranted that they owe their origin to the same causes that have formed and projected the aërolites to the surface. With reference to the Siberian iron, a general tradition prevails among the Tartars that it formerly descended from the heavens. A curious extract, translated from the Emperor Tchongire's memoirs of his own reign, is given in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, which speaks of the fall of a metallic mass in India. The Prince relates, that in the year 1820 (of our era) a violent explosion was heard at a village in the Punjab, and at the same time a luminous body fell through the air on the earth. The officer of the district immediately repaired to the spot where it was said the body fell, and having found the place to be still hot, he caused it to be dug. He found that the heat kept increasing till they reached a lump of iron violently hot. This was

afterward sent to Court, where the Emperor had it weighed in his presence, and ordered it to be forged into a sabre, a knife, and a dagger. The workmen reported that it was not malleable, but shivered under the hammer; and it had to be mixed with one third part of common iron, when it was found to make excellent blades.

A multitude of theories have been devised to account for the origin of these remarkable bodies. Laplace suggested their projection from lunar volcanoes. It has been calculated that a projectile leaving the lunar surface, where there is no atmospheric resistance, with a velocity of 7,771 feet in the first second, would be carried beyond the point where the forces of the earth and the moon are equal, would be detached, therefore, from the satellite, and come so far within the sphere of the earth's attraction as necessarily to fall to it. But the enormous number of ignited bodies that have been visible, the shooting stars of all ages, and the periodical meteoric showers that have astonished the moderns, render this hypothesis untenable, for the moon, ere this, would have undergone such a waste as must have sensibly diminished her orb, and almost blotted her from the heavens. Sir Humphry Davy, in a paper which contains his researches on flame, strongly expresses an opinion that the meteorites are solid bodies moving in space, become heated and even ignited from their own immense velocity.



The writers of the Middle Ages report the occurrence of the stars falling from heaven in independent showers among the physical appearances of their time. The experience of modern days establishes the substantial truth of such relations, however once rejected as the inventions of men delighting in the marvellous. Conde, in his history of the dominion of the Arabs, states, referring to the month of October

in the year 902 of our era, that on the night of the death of King Ibrahim Ben Ahmed, an infinite number of falling stars were seen to spread themselves like rain over the heavens from right to left, and this year was afterward called the year of stars. Theophanes, one of the Byzantine historians, records, that in November of the year 472 the sky appeared to be on fire over the city of Constantinople with the coruscations of flying meteors; and the chronicles of the West agree with those of the East in reporting such phenomena.

The first grand phenomenon of a meteoric shower which attracted attention in modern times was witnessed by the Moravian Missionaries at their settlements in Greenland. For several hours the hemisphere presented a magnificent and astonishing spectacle, that of fiery particles, thick as hail, crowding the concave of the sky, as though some magazine of combustion in celestial space was discharging its contents toward the earth. This was observed over a wide extent of territory. Humboldt, then travelling in South America, accompanied by M. Bonpland, thus speaks of it: "Toward the morning of the 13th November, 1799, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting meteors. Thousands of bodies and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with bodies of falling stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds." An agent of the United States, Mr. Eliott, at that time at sea between Cape Florida and the West India Islands, was another spectator, and thus describes the scene: "I was called up about three o'clock in the morning to see the shooting stars, as they are called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun after day-break. The meteors, which at any one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth toward which they all inclined more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." About thirty years previous, at the city of Quito, a similar event occurred. So great a number of falling stars were seen in a part of the sky above the volcano of Cayambare that the mountain itself was thought at first to be on fire. The sight lasted more than an hour. The people assembled in the plain of Esida, where a magnificent view presented itself of the

highest summits of the Cordilleras. A procession was already on the point of setting out from the convent of Saint Francis, when it was perceived that the blaze on the horizon was caused by fiery meteors, which ran along the sky in all directions, at the altitude of twelve or thirteen degrees. In Canada, in the years 1814 and 1819, the stellar showers were noticed, and in the autumn of 1818 on the North Sea, when, in the language of one of the observers, the surrounding atmosphere seemed enveloped in one expansive ocean of fire, exhibiting the appearance of another Moscow in flames. In the former cases, a residuum of dust was deposited upon the surface of the waters, on the roofs of buildings, and on other objects. The deposition of particles of matter of a ruddy colour has frequently followed the descent of aërolites—the origin of the popular story of the sky having rained blood. The next exhibition upon a great scale of the falling stars occurred on the 18th of November, 1831, and was seen off the coasts of Spain and in the Ohio country.

We now come to by far the most splendid display on record; which, as it was the third in successive years, and on the same day of the month as the two preceding, seemed to invest the meteoric showers with a periodical character; and hence originated the title of the November meteors. The chief scene of the exhibition was included within the limits of the longitude of 61° in the Atlantic Ocean, and that of 100° in Central Mexico, and from the North American lakes to the West Indies. Over this wide area an appearance presented itself, far surpassing in grandeur the most imposing artificial fireworks. An incessant play of dazzlingly brilliant luminosities was kept up in the heavens for several hours. Some of these were of considerable magnitude and peculiar form. One of large size remained for some time almost stationary in the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, emitting streams of light. The wild dash of the waters, as contrasted with the fiery uproar above them, formed a scene of unequalled sublimity. In many districts the mass of the population were terror-struck, and the more enlightened were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the Apocalyptic image—that of the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig-tree casting her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. A planter of South Carolina thus describes the effect of the scene upon the ignorant blacks: "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and,

taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment, I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upward of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth; east, west north, and south, it was the same."

This extraordinary spectacle commenced a little before midnight, and reached its height between four and six o'clock in the morning. The night was remarkably fine. Not a cloud obscured the firmament. Some of the luminosities were of irregular form, and remained nearly stationary for a considerable time, like the one that gleamed aloft over the Niagara Falls. The remarkable circumstance is testified by every witness, that all the luminous bodies, without a single exception, moved in lines, which converged in one and the same point of the heavens; a little to the south-east of the zenith. They none of them started from this point, but their direction, to whatever part of the horizon it might be, when traced backward, led to a common focus. Conceive the centre of the illustration on p. 142 to be nearly overhead, and a proximate idea may be formed of the character of the scene, and the uniform radiation of the meteors from the same source. The position of this radiant point among the stars was near γ Leonis. It remained stationary with respect to the stars during the whole of the exhibition. Instead of accompanying the earth in its diurnal motion eastward, it attended the stars in their apparent movement westward. The source of the meteoric shower was thus independent of the earth's rotation, and this shows its position to have been in the regions of space exterior to our atmosphere.

Several theories have been broached on this subject. Though great obscurity rests upon it, the fact may be deemed certain that independently of the great planets and satellites of the system, there are vast numbers of bodies circling round the sun, both singly and in groups, and probably an extensive nebula, contact with which causes the phenomena of shooting stars, aërolites, and meteoric showers. But admitting the existence of such bodies to be placed beyond all doubt, the question of their origin, whether original accumulations of matter, old as the planetary orbs, or the dispersed trains of comets, or the remains of a ruined world, is a point beyond the power of the human understanding to reach.

Crochet.



TOILET SACHET.

This Sachet is made in the form of an envelope, and is intended to contain a lady's night-dress, &c., either in a short excursion, or to lay on the pillow during the day, forming an elegant ornament to the bed. It is to be worked in square crochet from the engraving, beginning with three squares, and increasing to the proper width. The back is plain square crochet, with the border running round; the lining is worked separately, and sewn on after the sachet is made up. The lining should be of a colour to match the hangings of the bed, and of a material to wash with the work.

GERMAN KNITTING.

Set on 4 stitches, skip the first stitch, knit the second, turn the first stitch over the second, — make a stitch by bringing the silk in front of the pin; knit the third stitch the common way, and the fourth stitch a back stitch. Put the silk back again behind the pin and begin as before by skipping the first stitch. 45 stitches is the size for a lady's purse, but whatever number is set on must be in fours, as 41, 48, 52, &c.

Very fine steel knitting-needles, and 3 skeins of purse-silk are the materials required.

The Fashions.



We have chosen this month two of the most beautiful of the Parisian dresses. The dress of the one on the left is of tulle with high closed body with basquins with small bows of black velvet up the front and on each shoulder. The sleeves are open very high up, and fastened likewise with bows of velvet. The skirt is ornamented with ribbon and bows of velvet. The dress of the lady on the right is of silk, with bands of velvet on the bodice, a brighter colour than the dress, the under sleeves of both are made very full. Collars of brocade Anglaise, or lace. Bonnets still keep smooth but are made of very light materials. Those in our engraving are of grape, with few & white. Bows are much worn inside.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

CHAPTER IV.

In the garden at Sunnyside every spring had been planted, in a remote corner in Helen's garden, a beautiful fig-tree, which every autumn saw removed to the green-house for protection against frosts and storms, which its nature could not endure. It was a singularly-formed tree. The stem was large, but ill-shaped; it looked as though it had been blasted in its growth, for it was only two feet in height, while from every part of it had sprung fresh and luxuriant stems, each adorned with the most beautiful foliage. It was true the early and scarcely perceptible frost, which had fallen upon it in that first year of its exile, had in a measure blighted the tree; but the sunshine, the dew, and the tender care bestowed upon it another year, had saved it. So it had been with Helen Wise. The tree, as she once said to her mother, *was* like her. A calamity had come upon her, and, in a measure, dwarfed and withered her physical energy; but the mother's love had been like dew and sunshine on her heart: it had developed in that shrinking frame, that timid nature, powers which, under a less genial influence, had never made themselves manifest—had evolved her moral courage, her power to act and think.

"You are like that tree, Helen," her mother had repeated, when she saw it, as she had prophesied, recovering from the first year's exposure.

Helen would not *then* have thought of comparing herself with it—the simile, to her imagination, only held good so long as the withered shrub was at the point of death.

"Though you, my daughter, will never be a beautiful woman save to those who know you, to them you will be all you could wish. Your mind and the affections of your heart, thank God! have not been dwarfed. Be what you will, Helen, I have no fear in trusting you. You have never been a child, as children are—you are a woman in thought and motive."

A sad truth was that. The tiny girl *was* a woman. She had never been a child from the day when that deformity overshadowed her. In her sympathising mother she had lived, and known what it was to be happy; but when left with the children alone with her father, there was a contraction of the nature which to the mother was open as the rose is to sunlight.

Only a few weeks had passed, after his wife's death, when Mr. Wise acquainted Helen with his intention of making an immediate change in his family affairs. He had, he said, determined upon placing her in a boarding-school near Boston; the boys he should send to the

South, where they could be under the safe charge of one of his relatives. It was high time, he thought, that the children's education should be attended to.

When Helen heard this resolution, she knew not what to do. Of herself, though she shrunk from the presence and companionship of strangers, she thought not now. The injunction of her mother that she should always remain with, and be all to her brothers, seemed one she must fulfil. Yet how to oppose the will of that father? Not by tears, she answered herself; and by words, had she thus been ever able to influence him?

She saw the preparations for departure going on day after day at Sunnyside, but could not bring herself to *act* concerning it till the appointed time drew evidently very near. Then every word that Edwin spoke fell with such a pang upon her heart, every *care* of Jamie was so powerful to strengthen her resolution, that she at last one day sought her father. The boys were both with her, and she nerved herself for the dreaded encounter by looking upon them—and a mere look was enough. She promised herself to speak calmly and to intreat humbly, if need be, that he would not separate them—that he would intrust to her care the children their mother, in dying, had desired might be left to her guidance. But when she came to him, her soul could find no utterance but in the earnest petition—

"O father, do not take the children away from me!"

"The deuce! What could you do with them?" was the answer. "I said it was the best way for them to go to their older relatives, and you must certainly go off to school. Don't you think it time you should be learning?"

"Only let them go with me! I want to learn—but I could not live away from them. Mother wished that we should be kept together. I will not trouble anybody with the care of them; there are so few of us, let us grow up together. O father, do, do let it be so!"

"But—I can't understand you. What would you do with such things in a boarding-school? Jamie, what *could* you do with him? And Edwin, he's little better than a baby."

"It was mother's wish that we should be kept together. I know about Jamie better than anybody else, and can manage him better; and as for Edwin, oh, I cannot part with him! Don't part us, father, do not!"

The old man looked down on the little *beetle* figure whose pale face was so earnestly watching him, and a throb of pity, I do not say of affection, moved his heart. He paused at last in his pacing through the parlour, and simply said—it was in a tone less harsh than usual—

"I'll make the arrangements, and it shall be

as you wish ; but you must be able to give me a good account of your charge, Helen, when I return."

"Are you going away, too, father?"

Perhaps the old man noticed the great difference in the calm tone with which the question was asked, and the fervent manner in which she had pleaded a moment before. He looked at her with close scrutiny as he answered—

"Yes, I am going to Europe. I shall sail from Boston next month."

The intelligence was received in silence; for, indeed, it was no occasion for grief to either of these children.

Jamie, no fear of parental authority, no awe, or love, held in check; in the spirit of opposition, malice, and folly, he met all rebuke, chastisement, or attempt to control which proceeded from his father. He had been meek, submissive as a lamb, to the gentle Emma Wise, his pitying mother. By stern measures, by force, by threats or frowns, the poor creature was not to be subdued; and the mere fact that his father had attempted such governance was enough to arouse his unfortunate child's blind hate.

Edwin, gay as a bird, easily affected by all strong influences, loving and fearing, and hating with a warm-hearted, petted child's enthusiasm—Helen, meek, long suffering, careful, patient, full of reverence—to these young creatures who adored each other, the day of parting with their sire was not an evil day. They had not in his presence the freedom of their poor brother, who was restrained in mirth or in wrath by no mental, moral suasion; they could not conquer the intense consciousness, the unnatural dread, with which his presence inspired them.

CHAPTER V.

MONEY will purchase all sorts of favour. What a truism have I proclaimed! It secured the uncommon accommodation which Mr. Wise sought in — school, Boston, rooms for his children and the nurse-woman—a rare privilege, which people less used to domination would scarcely have thought of asking, and which, on no account, had been granted, but for a compensation commensurate with the favour.

The brothers and sisters formed a group which much interested the principal, Mrs. Hughes. They appealed silently but forcibly to her better nature; for she, in common with the great majority, had two natures. The lady was a widow; she had been a mother, but her children all died young. The silent, unobtrusive, but very evident sorrows, and the rich mental grace of Helen Wise, made an ineffaceable

impression upon her mother heart. She was a true woman, and she saw in the sister of those boys one whom it was her duty to strengthen in every way, that she might not be crushed in the trials which it was very apparent she had to bear.

But while to herself the lady was making this resolution, Helen, in her own heart, was awed by the dignified manner of the principal — was striving by equal reserve to guard herself against all that in her new position might, if suffered to come in near enough contact, dishearten and afflict. Mrs. Hughes was unfortunate in the impression which she conveyed to her new pupil's mind; for even when she smiled her kindest on Helen, the young girl had no other thought but to thank God that *her own* were with her — that she might see in Edwin's sunny face a reflection of her mother's smile, and hear in his voice an echo of those dear tones which were hushed for ever.

Helen was, perhaps, too keenly alive to the fact, that the sense of beauty is by no means an unselfish sense — and that, of the many thoughtless young creatures who surrounded her, very few would care or think to penetrate beyond the unattractive, "outward, visible form." She was too gentle, as well as quite too proud, to wish their pity, and she would have suffered all things from loneliness rather than ask the friendship or love of strangers. The curious glances of scholars she could bear; for her mother had long ago schooled her in the knowledge, and her own sensitiveness assured her, that she would never attract the attention of strangers by her beauty, but, unavoidably, by her deformity.

When the school-duties were over (it was a happy thing for her), she had sufficient occupations to draw her thoughts from self, and from the young creatures around her. It was in these hours that she relieved the nurse from her cares, and either walked with the children or amused them in her room.

The youngest boy was now seven years old. As yet, he had only found a playmate and companion, an equal brother, in Jamie. He had never yet been told that his elder brother's words were only echoings, which had no meaning to him who uttered them. He knew not that the passions, before which he sometimes shrunk in terror, were only those of a fiercely animal nature. He had yet to learn the dreadful truth, that God, in his providence, had sent the child into the world shorn of intellect—a creature in human form, with human voice and faculties, but without mind. And Helen dreaded the day when Edwin should feel the shock which had so troubled her, when they told her that Jamie was an idiot.

Edwin was small in stature for his years, but

a very beautiful child. His noble head was his crown of glory—his large, clear blue eyes beamed with intelligence—and even in his sleep there was a smile upon his features that had led one to imagine he held in those hours of abstraction converse with angels. Helen felt almost a mother's pride thrilling her heart when she looked on him, and every day she remembered to bow down in her thankfulness before the high God, to bless Him that he had suffered those children to remain with her. She never permitted them to go out and play among the other children. A constant fear for Jamie, a dread lest the thoughtless might acquaint Edwin with what she could not bear that he should yet learn, prevented this. She played with them, she amused them, and the youngest boy's lessons were always attended to under her own supervision.

That the sister was repaid for her devotion a thousand-fold, I need not say. Affectionate obedience and respect were always yielded by Edwin; and that she was encouraged to ceaseless effort by the control she had already been able to exercise over Jamie, in the maddest bursts of passion, could easily be seen. He would become silent and calm in an instant, when she spoke, though none others could subdue him.

But it was not after a day's or a month's exertion that Helen Wise was thus rewarded.

Many a time, after a futile effort to subdue a temper that, without reason or sense, was wild as the whirlwind, she could only weep over her inefficiency. Could only weep, I said; it had been a sad case then indeed! Oh, she did more! She remembered her mother's counsel, and she prayed; and, at last, learned the quiet, easy way in which to master him. More than this, taking advantage of his extraordinary love of colours, she procured the most brilliant patterns, painted flowers for him while he stood by and watched her; and then, when he manifested his unmeasured delight as he looked at her work, she undertook to teach him. But it seemed at first an almost fruitless effort; still, it was begun with a hope that was too great to admit of speedy demolition. For months she continued that labour, and at last it began to be successful; Jamie's attention was secured, and what seemed almost like an intelligent interest and desire to learn was aroused. He would sit and listen with his eyes to her voiceless teachings, and work as Helen worked, until his gay copies almost rivalled her not very skilful painting.

Still Helen was not with this conquest content. Knowing that Jamie's rambling, unsettled nature would never for hours together content itself with one occupation, she bought the gayest wools, and showed him how to hold

the needle, and to work with these in his own fancy suggested. Then she learned how to make baskets, that she might teach him again. And in not one of these pious efforts did the sister fail. An unlooked-for joy was this, for not only was the poor boy's time now fully occupied with tasks that delighted him, his passions seemed chained as by some spell; it was a spell of music—the music of Helen's gentle, quiet, loving ways! The language of her sad, sweet eyes was as intelligible to him as was that of her words to Edwin—he learned to know when she was grieved, when glad—he seemed, also, to feel with her in her sorrows and her triumphs.

It was not possible that Helen Wise should live in Boston for the four appointed years—it was thus long her father had decided they should remain at — school—without finding among the many who in that time made their home for months together at the seminary some who became very near and dear to her.

Though the care of her brothers awakened all the tenderness of her heart, as well as the thoughts and exertions of her mind, she needed another interest and affection yet; and for this she found exercise and life in two young girls, twin sisters. The love for these which sprang to active life was not that flower of sudden birth, that youthful friendship, whose death is as speedy and certain; it followed the interest which their beauty and mutual devotion to each other had awakened. Helen knew that they were also in sorrow. They were orphans, a few years older than herself, who, on their mother's death, had been placed in Mrs. Hughes' charge, for the completion of their education.

It was many months before Helen had interchanged more than a mere casual word with these girls, and they might have finished the prescribed course without forming more than a mere formal acquaintance with her, had it not been that they, attracted by the shining virtues of the little deformed Helen, took advantage of a moment in which they performed towards her an act of humanity, and the advances which they made were gladly received by her.

There was an astonishing resemblance between Julia and Anna Saxe—more thorough, indeed, than that of their minds—though in these there was also a great similarity, the one being, as it were, an echo or copy of the other. Not an echo, either, for it had much of individuality; but Julia was stronger in constitution, of firmer will, and her intellectual power was greater than that of her sister.

To Helen Wise they were dear alike, and after she had learned them thoroughly, necessary alike. In the warm-heartedness, generous, an-

thrustastic, chivalrous temperament of Anna, there was something that acted on the not chilled but worn and saddened nature of Helen like a charm: it was as a cool breath of wind on a sultry August day. And in thoughtful, courageous, and sympathising Julia, she found that other friend which she so needed; a friend whose experience in the world had been more varied and extensive, whose perception was keener than her own, whose ambition was of another sort. There was such an elevating, self-sustaining tendency in her character—her mind was of so pure and high an order, and she was one to mightily influence feebler or more timid persons. If Helen did look up to, and heartily admire this new friend, in turn Julia Saxe revered her gentle companion.

In all her varied and long experience and observation of school-girl friendships, Mrs. Hughes had never seen anything to resemble this, formed between these pupils; and she encouraged its development in every way, for it rejoiced her to see to what sort of minds the heart of her little pet opened itself. Though there were but a few years' difference in their ages, the young Southerners were far in advance of Helen—almost all their years had been passed in schools, and they had improved their talents well. Helen's abilities were solid, but by no means brilliant: she moved at a slow pace through her tasks, but all she mastered was well understood, and not to be put away under the lock and key of memory, but to be used and put to advantage; therefore, though not the most promising labourer, because after putting her hand to the plough she never looked back, her teachers knew that the field of mind she worked would be fruitful and abundant.

As months passed on, they became like children of one loving family, bearing each other constantly in mind—thoughtful for each other's comfort, assisting, encouraging, and tenderly loving. That was a circle into which none were suffered to intrude, whose perfect harmony another entrance had broken. They were a company of orphans, for David Wise was as one dead to his children—the beautiful bright Southerners, the mild, quiet, and altogether spiritual, loving Helen Wise, poor Jamie, and Edwin, the darling and amusement, the pupil of them all.

It was a circle which, to the great grief of each member, was at the end of two years broken. Anna's health failed, and she was obliged with her sister to return home.

The separation between Helen and her friends was very grievous to them all. That for those beautiful girls a happy destiny was in store she could not doubt. Possessed of wealth and talents, and inclination that capacitated them

to be and to do all things in the right way, the prospect opening before them was a bright one. If life and health were given them, their genial dispositions would be sure to find all things joyous in this fair world. They themselves, though they stood alone in the world, knew that they were richly blest when they parted with Helen Wise, thinking of the continual care and sorrow that must press upon her always. Yet they could not find it in their hearts to pity her. They admired and loved her, for they saw a heroine in that frail maiden, who, bearing a heavy cross, could yet look up smiling and reverently to the face of Heaven, and say, without a sigh, "Even so, Father." They had called her their dear sister—and they felt that she was, indeed, so much, when they kissed her for the last time ere their long journey.

What an episode was that friendship in the solemn, noble poem of the deformed girl's life!

Long after they were gone, one thought of wonder and of doubt was lingering in Helen's mind. While she assisted them in packing their things away, the day before their departure, they had shown her the likeness of their mother, saying, as they did so, that they had once meant it should never be seen by other than their eyes—it was too sacred, too precious.

(To be continued.)

LACE AND LACE MAKING.

EACH of the lace-making towns of Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace; in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word *point*, in the ordinary language of needlework, signifies simply *stitch*; but, in the phraseology of lace-making, the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms *point de Bruxelles*, *point de Malines*, *point de Valenciennes*, &c. In England we distinguish by the name of point a peculiarly rich and curiously wrought lace, formerly very fashionable. In this sort of lace, the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins. In each town there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them understand and practise only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular towns

or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example: the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night-dresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.; the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear or *negligée*, but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable, so the division of labour among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium there are as many different kinds of lace-workers as there are varieties of spiders in nature. It is not therefore surprising that, in the several departments of this branch of industry, there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the workwomen. Those who make only the ground are called *Drochelenses*. The design or pattern which adorns this ground is distinguished by the general term, "The Flowers," though it will be difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesques of these lace-patterns. In Brussels the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground; in other places, the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *Plattenses* are those who work the flowers separately; and the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work the figures and the ground together. The *Strigieuses* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground. The *Fancuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, under-ground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on their health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

THE Essays we have this month received on the subject, "Children, what lessons they teach, and what blessings they bring," are numerous, and of the number many are good. We must warn our fair competitors, however, that some excellent papers, which stand well for the prize, are placed beyond consideration by their extreme briefness. We must again announce that no Essay is acceptable that falls short of one page of print, or exceeds four. Among the writers of these very short yet good papers we find FANNY, BERTHA, THETA, and ANNIE HARVEY. A. C., who carried off the prize by her excellent paper on "Woman's Rights," writes not so well this month: except for the masculine character of the style, we should hardly have recognised her. LEBASI has weakened her good remarks by too copious a dilution from the bathos of Martin Tupper. The Essay of CLARA MARSHAN does her great credit, especially for its thoughtfulness and religious feeling; but the dull, heavy, monotonous tone which, unhappily, and quite unnecessarily, pervades the religious literature of the present day, infects her style, and blunts the excellence of her matter. KITTY CLOVER'S Essay is good; with care, a little more thought, a little more repose of style, she would write a very acceptable paper. FANNY M. B.'s Essay arrived too late for consideration. Of A. DE S. M., and DESSIE (Taunton), it is enough to say that they have won certificates of Merit. But we must remind these ladies that they have not favoured us with their address. To MARIANNE, whose paper here follows, the prize is awarded.

CHILDREN:

WHAT LESSONS THEY TEACH, AND WHAT BLESSINGS THEY BRING.

CHILDREN are at once a source of ceaseless anxiety and pleasure. They increase the troubles and cares of life immensely; but they shed brighter beams of light and love around our hearths and homes than aught else of earth.

The constant exercise of watchfulness and self-control requisite to shield them from danger and guide their minds aright, is productive of results greatly beneficial to ourselves—greater perhaps than we imagine. They keep alive the kindly sympathies of the heart—too often blunted by the evil influences of the world—without which earth would indeed be an unlovely place. They give vigour to every virtuous impulse, and frequently rouse the soul from apathy to energetic action. The lessons they teach are many and valuable, not the least of which are simplicity, truth, and candour. Wise are they who humble themselves to learn from babes these essential attributes of the

Christian character. Were we invariably to adopt in our intercourse with each other those amiable traits characteristic of children, instead of the ambiguous language and studied affection that has become habitual with too many of us, we should save ourselves innumerable heart-burnings, jealousies, and unchristian bickerings.

We should do well, also, to imitate the example of children in their grateful affection for, and generally patient submission to those from whom they receive most kindness and attention, ever referring to parental authority, as the fountain of wisdom, for the settlement of their childish disputes. Great as is the kindness and provident care of a parent towards his children, infinitely greater is that of our heavenly Father daily exercised over us. Should we not, then, follow in the steps of these tiny monitors, and cheerfully render to Him the homage, reverence, and clinging affection they so sweetly manifest for us? Children not only enliven the home circle by their hearty and joyous outbursts of merriment, but serve also to check the play of evil passions within its hallowed bounds. How often has the presence of a child prevented the fierce ebullition of wrath, or sent the unjust and unfeeling retort back unuttered, saving hours of after-anguish of spirit!

Were the world not blessed with children, less resistance would be made to vice, and the most powerful incentives to virtue would be wanting. Many a father could tell of strong temptation overcome (in any and every form) by the sweet innocent smile, or the truthful, opportune remark of an ingenuous child. In many instances a thought of "those dear ones at home" has saved from the drinking-cup, the dice-box, or the charms of the courtesan. When seeking to gratify the distempered cravings of his sensual appetites, the parent, if he is as yet on the confines of vice, is frequently arrested by the thought of the fearful wickedness he is committing in setting such an example before his children. He is induced to reflect, listens to the voice of conscience, allows the better feelings of his nature to triumph, and re-enters the bosom of his family, with a chastened spirit and a fervent thanksgiving to the beneficent Father of all, who, in His inscrutable wisdom, vouchsafed gifts so precious, and links so bright in the chain of love, by which He draws our souls heavenward. Nor are children instrumental in restraining the lords of creation alone from the paths of vice and crime. There have been mothers who have stood on the verge of a fearful precipice, driven to desperation by the gross neglect, brutal treatment, or, worse than all, cool indifference of him who promised "ever to love and cherish," madly contemplating a plunge either into the "silent deep," or the dark gulf of sin and misery. At such a moment tiny arms

have been outstretched, and loving lips heard lisping the simple word, "Mother." That word has recalled the sorely-tried and tempted soul to a sense of duty. Those wild thoughts are hushed, her own mighty wrongs forgotten, and the mother feels, whilst gazing on her helpless babes, that, come what may of shame or sorrow, *they cannot be forsaken.*

Children are not only frequently the means of saving their parents in the hour of temptation, but also of keeping them out of the way of it. The woman who assiduously strives for the mental and physical comfort of her family experiences an abundant reward in the sweet tranquillity of mind enjoyed when the heart is ever devising, and the hands executing, kindly offices for others. By this generous activity of mind and body, the purest feelings of the heart are kept in play, leaving less space for indulgence in gloomy thoughts or gossiping propensities, either of which usually lead into temptation.

Children are blessings, inasmuch as they break the monotony of daily-recurring business duties. Man is ever craving after novelty and change. A home unblessed by children's merry voices and winning smiles is not unfrequently fancied dull, and forsaken for the more exciting scenes of the "club," or "social party," which often lead to total neglect of home duties, and the claims of *her*, who is daily and hourly, though perhaps unmerited and unappreciated, anticipating the wants and insuring the comfort of the absent one. If the blessings children bring are so numerous, it behoves us to esteem a large family less a burden than a beneficial gift from an all-wise Being; bringing, it is true, additional anxiety and labour, but perhaps exempting us from severer trials of our faith and patience. Being ever solicitous to mould our own tempers and actions according to the "heavenly model of humanity," that we be not stumbling-blocks, but faithful monitors to our children." Bearing in mind that if at the last day all are included when the Saviour numbereth up his jewels, we shall not *then* think God gave us one too many.

MARIANNE.

SUBLIME GESTURE. — A pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Doncaster, a boy about ten years of age, on being asked, by signs, "Who made you?" uncovered his head, assumed a reverent expression of countenance, and with his open hand pointed upwards. There was a simple grandeur in the act never to be described or forgotten — a mental acknowledgment which no words could have more emphatically conveyed.

FRAGILE FETTER. — During the joint-stock mania of 1842, a wag advertised a company for draining the Red Sea, and recovering the valuable dropped therein by the children of Israel in their passage, and the Egyptians in their pursuit.

COSTUMES OF THE WORLD.

SWITZERLAND.

THE dress of the Swiss peasantry is admired by all who visit their country. It varies considerably in most of the cantons, and each separate district is easily distinguished by the colour and shape of the garments worn by its inhabitants. Laws relating to dress have, however, been found necessary, even among these simple people, to restrain a wanton extravagance and luxury of attire, which spread so rapidly when once allowed a free indulgence.

The dress of the higher ranks is usually very plain. Black is the colour invariably worn for full dress. On Sundays the women dress in black in the morning, and in colours in the evening. In the arrangement of their hair, they follow the French modes.

Of all the numerous costumes seen in this country, that of the canton of Berne is the most admired. The men wear immense broad brimmed straw hats, brown jackets, and large breeches. The women plait their hair in long tresses with ribbons, and let it hang down their backs. They have a very becoming straw hat, a jacket without sleeves, a black or blue petticoat, edged with red or white, red stockings with black clocks, and no heels to their shoes. The shift, or under-garment, has short, full sleeves, and reaches to the throat, where it is fastened with a broad black collar ornamented with red. They frequently have silver ornaments passed between the shoulders and under the arms. On *fête* days they often wear a black

The *paysanne's* dress consists of a large flat straw hat, decorated round the crown with four large bows of ribbons of different colours, and also a bunch of flowers. The hair, which



is drawn back from the forehead, falls behind in two long braids. The *jupe* is exceedingly short—sometimes even the garter is visible. It is usually of two, but not unfrequently of three colours, and very full. The chemise, or under-garment, reaches to the throat, and has full, round sleeves. The bodice of the *jupe* is so covered with lace, embroidery, chains, and buttons of brass and silver, that the real material of which it is composed is scarcely perceptible. Frequently, too, the throat is surrounded with a broad frill, lying flat upon the bosom, not unlike the bands worn in England in the reign of Charles II. The stockings are always white and fine, and the shoes neat. (Fig. 2.)

The women of Soleure are distinguished by a neat and elegant straw hat, fastened on to the head with a frill of black lace. Their hair is curled in front, and they frequently have a black handkerchief round the throat, a black petticoat, a green and scarlet bodice, and scarlet ribbons in their shoes. The upper *jupe* is often black, with a red border round the bottom, it just reaches to the knees, and below it are seen about two inches of a white under-petticoat, edged with pink. The white stockings are gartered with coloured ribbons, with long ends; the sleeves of the shift are full, and cover the



lace cap, of large size, almost like a fan, tied under the chin (fig. 1).

The costume of the canton of Lucerne is described as extremely becoming for the young, to whom the gay colours of which it is composed impart a certain, of appropriate interest.

arms to the elbows. A large white muslin cap, with a plaited border, is often worn.

Near Bâle, the only head-dress is a frill of black lace, pinned into the plait of hair which surrounds the head. The petticoats are longer, and of a dark colour, with a gaily-striped bodice and handkerchief.

In the Grisons, the paysannes wear becoming black lace caps, which are pointed upon the



forehead, but allow the hair on the temples to be seen, and are tied under the chin. They often have red stockings with white clocks, an orange bodice laced with green over a blue stomacher, a purple cloth petticoat bordered with green, a striped handkerchief and apron, and long white sleeves.

In Zurich, a white chemisette, which meets the bodice, and is finished at the throat with a frill, and the sleeves of which form three large puffs, is worn; the hair, which is plaited, hangs down the back, and has black lace entwined with it.

In the small canton of St. Gall, the head is frequently uncovered, the hair being made into one large plait on the back of the head, and adorned with long gold or silver pins. On Sundays, a pretty little cap made of white muslin, lined with green silk and with a small crimson crown, is frequently worn; it has a neat and becoming appearance. The hair is arranged quite flat upon the temples, and very little of it is allowed to be seen. The top of the chemise is often finished round the neck with a full frill, not unlike a ruff. On *fete* days a neat little short jacket is worn; it is quite open in front, so as to show the stomacher, and is bordered with coloured ribbons. (Fig. 3.)

In Uri, the hair is worn in ringlets, and a pretty little straw hat, decked with bows of coloured ribbons, is coquettishly perched on one side of the head. The striped petticoats are fine, the bodice without a stomacher, and

adorned with a silver chain, the stockings scarlet, and large buckles in the shoes.

In Unterwalden, the hair is drawn back from the forehead, leaving it quite bare; behind, it is formed into a broad plait, adorned with several gold pins, that stand round the head like stars. The rest of the dress resembles that in most of the other cantons.

In Appenzell, the bodice boasts every variety of colour, and the petticoat is generally bright scarlet, with white stockings and black shoes. Beneath the stomacher and bodice is a kind of brown vest, fastened round the throat with a necklace. The hair hangs in small curls on the temples and neck, and a cap of black velvet adorns the head; the crown fits quite tight, and two black lace wings rise from the sides, and are supported by a crimson ribbon passed through them. (Fig. 4.)

In Zug, the hair is curled in front, and a large straw hat is placed on the top of the head. A large white frill lies flat over the bosom, and the petticoat is frequently black for half its length, while the other half is blue or red; the stockings are coloured, and the bodice gaily embroidered.

In Fribourg, the bodice is replaced by a long apron of white linen, which covers the front of the body of the dress; the petticoat is very long, the sleeves white, and above the top of the apron is seen a black and scarlet neckcloth,



with a rosette in front. The hair is arranged in two plaits down the sides of the face, and the head is covered with a large straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

Near Thurgovia, the paysanne's cap is very simple, being a tight caul of coloured silk, with

a frill of black lace round it; the hair is curled. The little brown jacket, with its blue stomacher and yellow bodice laced with scarlet, has a very pretty effect, which is increased by a yellow petticoat and a red *sous jupe*, bordered with black or green.

At Tessin, a long brown great-coat is frequently worn by the women; the broad-brimmed hat is tied on with a coloured handkerchief; the petticoat is ornamented with fringe, and not unfrequently the paysannes are seen with bare feet and ankles.

At Oberhasli, straw hats are worn, with very long petticoats, shoes trimmed with scarlet, gay bodices, and coloured aprons.

In the Valais, the usual mixture of gay colours is seen in the costume, but the petticoat is larger than in most of the other cantons; while the neat white sleeves, which are full and short, and the snow-white stockings and black shoes, give a picturesque appearance to the dress, which is heightened by the curiously-shaped little straw hat, decorated with flowers and ribbons, and placed so as to show a broad plait of the hair which peeps from beneath it. Sometimes the hat is nearly as flat as a plate, surrounded with bows of ribbon and edged with black velvet.

At Neuchâtel and Geneva, probably from the visits of numerous foreigners, the paysannes have abandoned their national costume, and generally appear in gowns, caps, and shawls of a French make.

In the Pays de Vaux, the bodice is worn without a stomacher; it is often green, the jupe striped in white, scarlet, and blue, the apron of snowy linen, fastened with a pink ribbon, and a pink fichu over the neck completes the dress. The large straw hat is placed on one side, and within it is a cap of black lace, which sets off the complexion most becomingly. The crown of the hat is curiously shaped.

Near Gouggisberg, the head is adorned with a coloured handkerchief, twisted round it like a turban. The little black jupe, bordered with scarlet, does not reach to the knees, which are uncovered, the stockings being gartered below them. The shoes have large red rosettes, the bodice is scarlet; above it the chemise reaches to the throat, where it is fastened with a black and scarlet collar; over this is worn a brown jacket, with long sleeves, and a white apron.

THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analysing the sunbeam and sending back to the eye the full luxury of coloured light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term

than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously coloured, who think of the secret agencies for ever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organised structure!—who reflect on the deep yet divine philosophy which may be read in every leaf—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order!

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf; and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window-panes. This is, however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacks, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement produced by light; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell, or producing actual growth—a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions,

from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, colour, and odour.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favourable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy germinated and grew; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that at which water freezes; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under favourable circumstances, the life-quickenings processes begin; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil; and these, which, rising from their dark chambers, are white, quickly become green under the operation of light.

In the process of germination, a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality; but, as this has been variously de-

scribed by different authors, it is important to describe what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed “to the topmost twig” by the force of capillary attraction, and another power called *endosmosis*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown by covering spirits of wine and some water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light, the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kail—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophylle*, which is the green colouring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers: the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy there is a constant production of carbonic acid; and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickenings element by the animal races, the balance is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency: from the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon, the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to it as sleep is to the wearied animal.

There are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant: germination and vegetation are carried under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order, this regular progression, showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

Bright effluence of bright essence increate

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery; but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

Germination is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations: these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colourless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into coloured bands which we will call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These coloured rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which Nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates in its desire to create the beautiful. These coloured bands have not the same luminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most light; the red rays have the function of heat in the highest degree.

Thus, associated in the sunbeam, we have *light* producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of colour over all things—*heat*, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, called *actinism*, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of coloured media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analysing their effects. A yellow glass allows light to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost

entirely; a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of light, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those of peculiarly heat-giving power.

With this knowledge, we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine: this proves the necessity of the principle *actinism* to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media, present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks; indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays alone is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly; the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. When the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased; at this season, the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own. It is decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. It is peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays: they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific or heating one; and to this are due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

Such is the rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

IS ISSUED

In Twelve Monthly Numbers, 2d. each,

AND

In Yearly Volumes, 2s. 6d.

Every Purchaser of Twelve Consecutive Numbers, or a Volume when completed, is entitled to a Chance of obtaining one of the prizes annually distributed by the Proprietors.

Notices to Correspondents.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that essays on "THE ATTRIBUTES OF A TRUE LADY," announced last month, must be sent in on or before the 12th of September. The next Prize will be awarded for the best original tale, the subject being left to the judgment of the competitors. The Prize in each case consists of a magnificently-printed Volume.

CROCHET PATTERNS.

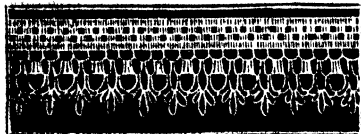
A SHEET, containing several interesting crochet patterns, is in preparation, and (printed separately) will be presented with an early number to every purchaser. We may take this opportunity of adding, that all our crochet patterns are drawn with such accuracy that they may be worked without those details of instruction which would occupy so much space.

THE WATCHWORD.—We have mislaid the address of the authoress of this tale, and wish to communicate with her privately.

MARIA.—We cannot undertake to recommend the composition. The hair will almost surely grow again. Lime may be obtained of any builder.

ANNE will find Cassell's "Popular Educator" well fitted for her purpose. The lessons contained in it are given with equal clearness and exactitude.

AGNES B. and several other subscribers having asked for a crochet edging, we have pleasure in subjoining the following engraving.



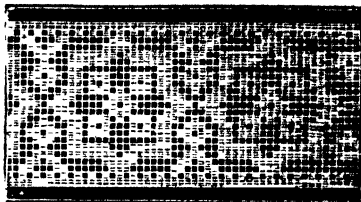
NELLY.—There should be no difficulty in getting the numbers, with the right cheques in. Only the stem of the flower should be immersed.

MARY B.—We feel flattered, and sincerely thank you for your exertions on behalf of the Magazine.

L. L.—Take courage. Again endeavour to effect the good work, which cannot fail of success ultimately.

JENNIE.—Take of powdered myrrh,orris root, bole ammoniac, borax, rose pink, Peruvian bark, camphor, cloves, prepared chalk, cinnamon, of each one drachm; mix well together, and add six drops of oil of cloves and six drops of oil of cinnamon well rubbed into the mixed powders. Put into bottles for use. This makes an excellent tooth-powder.

STYLIA, Mrs. B., AGNES B. and others, will be pleased with the following pattern for insertion. Like the crochet edging above, it is well adapted to the trimming of an infant's dress. The insertion may be made broader by adding the upper edge of the edging to each side.



M. M. is thanked. The pattern shall appear, if possible.

LAURA OLIVIA.—To promote the growth of hair. Take of eau-de-cologne, an ounce; tincture of cantharides, a drachm; and five drops each of oil of rosemary and oil of lavender. Mix, and rub into the roots of the hair. There is nothing like exercise, frequent bathing, and simple digestible diet to avert the disfigurement of a blotched face. If these means do not insure a clear, not a brilliant complexion, the causes are seated in the skin itself.

J. E. C.—For receipt to prevent the falling off of hair, see the answer above.

LILYANA's first letter has not reached us.

VALENTINE.—Seven.

ALICE.—We must decline to give advice in so delicate a matter.

M. S. S.—The lines are prompted by a good feeling, but the execution is not good enough to warrant us in publishing them.

B.—So far as we understand the matter, there would be no impropriety at all in the proceeding you suggest.

J. B. (Mansfield).—There is no yellow cheque with the first number of this volume. The distinctive figures which were marked on the yellow cheques of preceding volumes are this year, for greater security to the purchaser, stamped on a cheque in the wrapper itself.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Collodion is obtained in liquid form. We know of no method of preventing hair from turning grey; it may be dyed, but the process is often disagreeable, and seldom efficacious.

ANNE S.—We believe Miss Landon's poetical works may be had of Mr. Moxon for five or six shillings.

M. G. G. (Limerick).—There is little chance of disposing of amateur designs, unless they are of striking originality.

MARY.—We strongly incline to doubt the authenticity of the prophecy. We do not know the name of the author of the works you mention. MARY asks for a really good method of cleaning ribbons; we shall be obliged to any correspondent who will inform her.

Mrs L. (Rochester).—Received.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

PERKANTS AND PARTRIDGES.—Roast them as Turkey; and serve with a fine gravy, into which put a small bit of garlic, and bread-sauce. When cold, they may be made into excellent patties, but their flavour should not be overpowered by lemon.

TO POT PARTRIDGE.—Clean them nicely; and season with mace, allspice, white pepper, and salt, in fine powder. Rub every part well; then lay the breasts downwards in a pan, and pack the birds as close as you possibly can. Put a good deal of butter on them; then cover the pan with a coarse flour-paste and a paper over, tie it close and bake. When cold, put the birds into pots, and cover them with butter.

A VERY CHEAP WAY OF POTTING BIRDS.—Prepare them as directed in the last receipt, and when baked and grown cold cut them into proper pieces for helping, pack them close in a large potting-pot, and, if possible, leave no spaces to receive the butter. Cover them with butter, and one-third part less will be wanted than when the birds are done whole. The butter that has covered potted things will serve for basting, or for paste for meat-pies.

TO CLARIFY BUTTER FOR POTTED THINGS.—Put it into a sauce-boat, and set that over the fire in a stew-pan that has a little water in. When melted, take care not to pour the milky parts over the potted things: they will sink to the bottom.

GROUND.—Roast them like fowls, but the head is to be twisted under the wing. They must not be overdone. Serve with a rich gravy in the dish, and bread-sauce.

TO POT MOOR GAME.—Pick, singe, and wash the birds nicely; then dry them; and season, inside and out, pretty high, with pepper, mace, nutmeg, allspice, and salt. Pack them in as small a pot as will hold them, cover them with butter, and bake in a very slow oven. When cold, take off the butter, dry them from the gravy, and put one bird into each pot, which should just fit. Add as much more butter as will cover them, but take care that it does not oil. The best way to melt it is by warming it in a basin set in a bowl of hot water.

TO BLANCH RABBIT, FOWL, &c., is to set it on the fire in a small quantity of cold water, and let it boil: as soon as it boils, it is to be taken out and put into cold water for a few minutes.

TO STEW MUSHROOMS.—The large buttons are best, and the small flaps while the fur is still red. Rub the large buttons with salt and a bit of flannel, cut out the fur, and take off the skin from the others. Sprinkle them with salt, and put into a stew-pan with some pepper-corns; simmer slowly till done, then put a small bit of butter and flour, and two spoonful of cream: give them one boil, and serve with suppers of bread.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Sprinkle mushroom flaps, gathered in September, with common salt, stir them occasionally for two or three days, then slightly squeeze out the juice, and add to each gallon bruised cloves and mustard-seed, of each half an ounce; bruised allspice, black pepper, and ginger, of each one ounce; gently heat to the boiling-point in a covered vessel, macerate for fourteen days, and strain. Should it exhibit any indications of change in a few weeks, bring it again to the boiling-point, with a little more spice.

BRUSCHES OF BUTTER.—To the pulp of any scalded fruit, put of sifted sugar an equal weight; beat it two hours, then put it into little white paper forms, dry in a cool oven, turn the next day, and in two or three days box them.

Things worth Knowing.

FOR TAKING GREASE OUT OF CLOTH.—To about a quarter of a pint of hot water add about two tablespoonfuls of spirit of sal ammoniac, and apply the same to the greasy parts with a piece of woollen cloth, when it will produce a lather, if the parts be thickly covered, as in the case of a coat collar, which must be cleaned off with a sponge and cold water. and the cloth will present a freshness almost equal to new. Silks may be cleaned in a similar way.

FATTENING FOWLS WITH POTATOES.—Fowls will fatten in one half the time on potatoes bruised and mixed with meal, than they will on any kind of corn, or even meal itself. The potatoes, however, must be bruised while hot, and the meal added when the mash is given to them.

HERRINGS.—A single herring, if suffered to multiply, unmolested and undiminished, for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.

SCENTED OILS.—Saturate some fine cotton-wool with the purest olive-oil, and spread it, with alternate layers of jessamine or other free-scented flowers, in a jar or other vessel. In a few days the flowers will have imparted the whole of their perfume to the cotton. The oil may then be pressed out, and kept in a bottle for use, and the cotton will serve to perfume drawers or ward-robes.

NATURE PRINTING.—The following is a method of obtaining the figure of a plant:—A piece of paper is to be rubbed over with powdered dragon's blood, and then the small branch or leaf of which the design is required is to be laid upon it. By means of slight friction, it soon takes up a small quantity of the powder; and being then laid upon moistened paper, an impression may be taken.

POMADE, to prevent baldness, is made thus:—Beef suet, one ounce; tincture of cantharides, one teaspoonful; oil of origanum and bergamot, of each ten drops. Melt the suet, and, when nearly cold, stir in the rest of the ingredients until set.

THE COVERING FOR PRESERVES used by the trade, instead of bladder, is made by brushing over sheets of paper, of the thickness and length required, with linseed-oil which has been previously boiled. The sheets should be hung on a string, and be thoroughly dry before using. This material is also used for tulip shades, and as a substitute for glass in workshops. It is perfectly waterproof.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—By the usual mode of introducing the salt, it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. In order to make the two mix properly, after cutting off the top, put in a drop or two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt and stir. The result is far more agreeable—the drop or liquid is not wasted.

TO PRESERVE BOOKS.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large sales of this leather to remain in the London Docks, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp. This manner of preserving books with perfumed oil was known to the ancients. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscripts. Hence the expression used by Horace, "*signa cedre*," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with cedar-oil, or, in other words, of being preserved and remembered.

Wit and Wisdom.

An old bachelor, being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel extatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sistermatic."

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long-bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force, though shot by a child.

A parishoner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line of Scripture: "He was clothed with *curves* as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that that individual had got a habit of swearing."

Many persons are led by their vices, as there are many who are led by their noses; but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

Erotism is defined as putting the private I too much before the public eye.

A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants provided himself with some farthings, and, on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman, as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," says Johnny, "but you have made a mistake!" "Oh, no," said the gentleman; "I never give less."

"First class in sacred music, stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?" "Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and *meet her* by moonlight alone."

A wife who loses her patience must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

Love is only a dream; but, unlike the dreams of sleep, it brings no repose with it.

If you send out a learned man to convert the Cannibals, what does he stand a chance of becoming? An *eaten* (Eton) scholar.

The mind, like the mules on the Alps, is best left wholly to itself when in a slippery place; there is then less danger of its stumbling than if it is hastily checked.

Bour-y's best honour is to help the poor, and its chief happiness to live in good men's thoughts. It has open hands, a zealous heart, constant good will on earth, and a seat prepared in heaven.

Whenever our neighbour's house is on fire, it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own. Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension, than ruined by too confident security.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that must be blamed, but the excess—so in pride.

An aged spinster was wont to console herself for by-past disappointments in the matrimonial line by the following reflection:—If she had been married, and had a baby, and the poor thing had crawled into the oven and burnt itself to death, what a horrible thing it would have been!

As nice as we are in love, we forgive more faults in that than in friendship. Expostulations between friends end generally ill, but well betwixt lovers.

The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it, in the power of none.

Feetly and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

Sick Room and Nursery.

THE CHOLERA AND AUTUMNAL COMPLAINTS.—

To oppose cholera there seems no surer or better means than cleanliness, sobriety, and judicious ventilation. Where there is dirt, that is the place for cholera; where windows and doors are kept most jealously shut, there cholera will find easiest entrance; and people who indulge in intemperate diet are actually, at such a season as the present, courting death. To repeat it, cleanliness, sobriety, and free ventilation almost always defy the pestilence; but in case of attack, immediate recourse should be had to a physician. The faculty say that a large number of lives have been lost, in previous seasons, solely from delay in seeking medical assistance. They even assert that, taken early, the cholera is by no means a fatal disorder. The copious use of salt is recommended on very excellent authority. Other autumnal complaints there are, of which diarrhoea is the worst example. They come on with pain, flatulence, sickness, with or without vomiting, followed by loss of appetite, general lassitude, and weakness. It attended to at the first appearance, they may soon be conquered; for which purpose, it is necessary to assist nature in throwing off the contents of the bowels, which may be done by means of the following prescription:—Take of calomel, three grains; rhubarb, eight grains; mix and take it in a little honey or jelly, and repeat the dose three times, at the intervals of four or five hours. The next purpose to be answered is the defence of the lining membrane of the intestines from their acrid contents, which will be best effected by drinking copiously of lin-seed tea, or of a drink made by pouring boiling-water on quince seeds, which are of a very mucilaginous nature. If the complaint continue after these means have been employed, some astringent or binding medicine will be required, as the subjoined:—Take of prepared chalk, two drachms; cinnamon water, seven ounces; syrup of poppies, one ounce; mix, and take three tablespoonfuls every four hours. Should this fail to complete the cure, half an ounce of tincture of catechu, or of kino, may be added to it, and then it will seldom fail. While any symptoms of derangement are present, particular attention must be paid to the diet, which should be of a soothing, lubricating, and light nature, as instanced in veal or chicken broth, which should contain but little salt. Rice, batter, and bread puddings will be generally relished, and be eaten with advantage; but the stomach is too much impaired to digest food of a more solid nature. Indeed, we should give that organ, together with the bowels, as little trouble as possible, while they are so incapable of acting in their accustomed manner. Much mischief is frequently produced by the absurd practice of taking tincture of rhubarb, which is almost certain of aggravating that species of disorder of which we have now treated; for it is a spirit as strong as brandy, and cannot fail of producing harm upon a surface which is rendered tender by the fermentation and contact of vitiated bile. But our last advice is, upon the first appearance of such symptoms as are above detailed, have immediate recourse to a doctor, where possible.

OIL OF BROWN PAPER FOR BRANS.—Take a piece of the thickest coarse brown paper, and dip it in the best salad oil; then set the paper on fire, and carefully preserve all the oil that drops for use.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

FLORESCA is in the position which a large number of Cupid's correspondents are reduced to by the irresolution, or the weakness, or the modesty, or the treachery of perfidious men. FLORESCA is not engaged. But there is a nice young gentleman who visits her brother, and who always pays such attention to her in public that the fact is remarked by all FLORESCA's friends. FLORESCA herself thinks that the extent to which he lavishes his attentions on her "in company" highly ridiculous. And yet this attentive man does not propose, and it is FLORESCA's opinion that he does not mean to do so; for though he has asked her if she did not think they would do well together, that is a long time ago, and he has not said anything of the kind since. Now, FLORESCA does not care a button about that; but the difficulty is in the gentleman's attention. Shall she continue to receive them, and endeavour to bear with them, or exterminate them with contempt? We advise her to receive them with a coolness and indifference which shall not fail to be observable. This course will soon decide all FLORESCA's doubts, including some of which she has not thought proper to confide to Cupid's Letter-Bag.

MARY.—It is pleasant to blame for too much constancy. MARY (what a beautiful name it is!) had a lover a long while ago—a "dear fellow," she says, "with the kindest heart in England, and almost the handsomest face." All MARY's mind was set upon him. She was then very young, and she looked forward to the time when they were to marry "almost with as much confidence as happiness." But before this time could arrive, he was carried off within a few hours by a sudden illness. MARY's grief she will say nothing about. She resolved she would keep his memory green, and never allow another to take the vacant place his death had made in her heart. She has done so; but circumstances have changed with her since then, and she has been dependent upon a relation for above a year. This circumstance inclines her to listen to the offers of one whom she could not fail to respect, for he is courted and respected by all who know him. Her friends say she is fortunate in having gained his affection; and she thinks she would say the same of any other girl in her situation. Still, whenever she would accept this gentleman, the thought of her first love seems to reproach her. Should she not conquer it? Certainly, say we—assured that she will be far happier in the exercise of the wholesome duties she was born to fill, than in the pleasures which the consciousness of an unwavering constancy might for a little time afford.

HYACINTHINE.—"On a visit to the west of England lately, I became acquainted with a young man who has business in London, which brings him within two or three miles of our residence; consequently he often visits us. On those occasions he always dines with a younger sister, notwithstanding his assertions that my company is far more agreeable. I can't understand it. Whenever our eyes meet in company, he will give me a very expressive look, and then turn and converse with my sister, who generally is seated on his left hand. He often tells me that he loves me, yet continues his strange behaviour. What am I to infer from this conduct, do ask Cupid?"—We have asked Cupid. His remarks on the subject are to this effect, that weak-minded young gentlemen often play off one sister against another; and that

the boldest and most effectual way of exploding such a plot is for the sisters to take the young gentleman into a corner, and demand simultaneously and on the instant an explanation of his extraordinary and deceitful conduct.

LILY.—"Will Cupid advise LILY how to act under the following circumstances:—Twelve months ago I was introduced to a young gentleman who, on a slight acquaintance, professed for me the most ardent attachment. Believing I could fully reciprocate his feelings, I accepted him. His manner of late has greatly troubled me—he has never called, and always avoids seeing me; now that he has won my regard, he appears to reject me. Shall I demand an explanation, or treat him with silent contempt? Anxiously waiting your opinion, &c."—As there may be some misapprehension of which LILY is not aware, and as she seems to have been regularly engaged to the gentleman in question, we think her former suggestion is the better one. She should ask an explanation of his injurious conduct.

A PUZZLED ONE, with a little reflection, should not be puzzled. Her duty is as plain as the case she submits to us. The least she can do is to regulate her conduct by that of the subject of her letter, and meet his contemptuous treatment with a proud reserve.

REBECCA T.—Your parents' desire seems to us very reasonable, and we strongly urge you not to run counter to it. We admire faith and affection in women as much as need be, perhaps; but prudence is not altogether to be excluded from the account. And it appears to us that it would be extremely rash to abandon home and country, and journey thousands of miles into a loose and lawless community, as the wife of a young man whom you have known only two months.

P. T. S.—Nothing is easier than calumny; and P. T. S. will probably find upon investigation that her anonymous correspondent merely designed to play a "good joke" by endeavouring to make her jealous by representations of her husband's infidelity. To believe the writer of an anonymous note, with no corresponding evidences, is purely unreasonable.

S. A.—Infirmary of temper such as you describe is likely to mar completely the happiness of your wedded life, if you do wed. It is a source of perpetual vexation more difficult to bear, while more difficult to overcome, than any other, perhaps; and we can but advise you to make it a serious ground for reflection, ere you bind yourself upon the horns of the matrimonial dilemma.

PENELOPE.—Unfortunately, you do not place Cupid in any position to sympathise with you. You have plainly abused the kindness and forbearance of a very good fellow—as he must be—and must now either submit or continue a course of behaviour certainly not creditable.

KATE wishes to know if it be really true that there are offices, in England and France, where matrimonial business is transacted, and matches "got up."—It is undoubtedly true as regards France; and it is said that many very happy marriages are the result; that is to say, we presume, according to the French idea of matrimonial felicity. There are professedly similar offices in England; but we never heard of one which was not a gross swindle, the delicate nature of the business insuring the swindlers from ever being exposed.

—Again we are thanked by a former correspondent for advice which has proved good, and "restored confidence and happiness." We are, of course, very glad to hear it.



THE MOTHER OF THE BONAPARTES.

LETITIA RAMOLINI was born at Ajaccio (24th August, 1750), of an ancient Italian family. The Ramolinis are descended from the Counts of Colalto. The first, who settled at Ajaccio, married the daughter of the Doge of Genoa, and received concessions and distinguished honours from that Republic.

Before she had completed her sixteenth year, Letitia had become a wife. She married Carlo Bonaparte, who played an important part in the troubles of Corsica. During the war for Corsican independence she shared the dangers of her husband, frequently accompany-

ing him on horseback in his expeditions. When the French army entered Corsica, many of the principal families, and among them the Bonapartes, were compelled to fly. They assembled at the foot of Monte Rotondo, the highest mountain in the island. In their flight, and during their sojourn among the mountains, they underwent many hardships. This was in the year 1769; and whenever he had occasion to speak of the events which preceded his birth, Napoleon always dwelt with admiration on the courage and magnanimity with which his mother had borne losses

and privations, and braved fatigue and danger.

At the death of her husband (1785); away from home, Signora Letitia, who had only reached her thirty-fifth year, had already become the mother of thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived their father. The order of their birth was as follows: 1, Joseph, born in 1768; 2, Napoleon, in 1769; 3, Lucien, in 1775; 4, Eliza, in 1777; 5, Louis, in 1778; 6, Pauline, in 1780; 7, Caroline, in 1782; 8, Jerome, in 1784. "Left a widow at an early age," says Madame Junot, who was intimate with the family, "in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the energy of her character." Joseph, the eldest of her children, was nearly eighteen years of age, and seconded her efforts with ardour and paternal affection. Napoleon was pursuing his military studies in France. The Archdeacon Lucien, a brother of their father, although in infirm health, had become chief of the family, and watched over their welfare with paternal solicitude.

The education of her four eldest children on the Continent, and the deportation of her husband to Paris, had rendered the family entirely French in their character and political sentiments. Corsica had been declared (30th of November, 1793) an integral part of the monarchy of France; and that declaration, which had satisfied the islanders generally, had somewhat effaced from their minds the bitter *souvenirs* of the conquest. The revolutionary cause of the Continent was embraced by the Bonapartes; Joseph entered into public life in the administration of the Department, while the younger brothers were preparing to take part in the approaching contest.

In 1792 public opinion in Corsica changed with regard to the French Revolution. Instigated by the venerable chief, Paoli, the people declared against the sanguinary Republic. Ajaccio was the only town that had refused, at the command of Paoli, to lower the tricolour.

The chief had urged the Bonapartes, the sons of his old companion in the war of independence, to join them in a fresh struggle against France. But their feelings, ambition, and interest lay in an opposite direction, and a separation took place. Paoli and his followers, in 1793, marched on Ajaccio; the three Bonaparte brothers were absent at this critical time; but the heroic Letitia, who had in earlier days followed her husband in scenes of danger, was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of herself and children. She despatched messengers to Joseph and Napoleon by sea and land; and gave notice

that they would soon arrive in the port with the representatives of the people.

While waiting for the French fleet, Signora Letitia was on the point of falling into the hands of her enemies. Roused suddenly at midnight, she found her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. She at first thought herself surprised by the partisans of Paoli; but by the light of a fir-torch she saw the countenance of the chief, and felt re-assured. It was Costa di Bastelica, the most devoted of the partisans of France. "Quick! make haste, Signora Letitia!" he exclaimed. "Paoli's men are close on us. There is not a moment to lose; but here I am, with my men. We will serve you or perish."

Bastelica, one of the most populous villages of Corsica, lies at the foot of Mont d'Oro. Its inhabitants are renowned for their courage and loyalty: one of the villagers had encountered a numerous body of the followers of Paoli descending on Ajaccio. He had learned that this troop had orders to take all the Bonaparte family, dead or alive. He returned to the village and roused their friends, who, to the number of three hundred, armed, and preceded their enemies by a forced march to Ajaccio.

Signora Letitia and her children rose from their beds, and, in the centre of the column, left the town in silence—the inhabitants being still asleep. They penetrated the deepest recesses of the mountains, and at daybreak halted in a forest, in sight of the sea. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the towsps of the enemy in the neighbouring valley, but they escaped the risk of an encounter. The same day, the flames rising in dense columns from the town attracted attention. "That is your house now burning," said one of her friends to Letitia. "Ah! never mind," she replied: "we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*"

After two nights' march, the fugitives descried a French frigate. Letitia took leave of her brave defenders, and joined Joseph and Napoleon, who were on board the vessel at Calvi with the French deputies, who had been sent on a mission to Corsica.

The frigate turned her prow towards Marseilles, where she landed the family of exiles, destitute of resources, but full of health and courage. All the fortitude of Letitia was called into exercise in these trying circumstances. She was reduced to poverty, and gratefully received the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowance in the military service.

France was then bleeding under the wounds

of a ferocious civil war, and threatened with the dangers of foreign invasion. The principal cities of the Republic had revolted against the central authority of Paris which was ruled by the Jacobins, and Marseilles led the rebellion; but the reduction of Lyons, and the vengeance inflicted on it, restored the supremacy of Paris. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles fled for protection to Toulon, which had called in the aid of the British and Spanish fleets to uphold the cause of the Bourbons. In this general flight, however, the Bonapartes did not participate—they belonged to the triumphant party. This connexion may in some measure be ascribed to Lucien, who, though a youth, had distinguished himself as a republican orator and partisan. In his early revolutionary career he greatly promoted the fortunes of the family, while Napoleon was yet but an unknown subaltern.

The close of 1793 was marked by the capture of Toulon, the last of the revolted cities which had held out against the victorious banner of the Republic. That event revealed to the French nation the genius of Napoleon, and elevated him to the rank of General of Brigade. To his promotion the family of Signora Bonaparte owed better days. To be near him, while he was stationed at Nice, the family had established themselves at the Château Salle, in the environs of Antilles, a few miles from Napoleon's headquarters.

But Napoleon, on whom the fortunes of the Bonaparte family now depended, was involved in the downfall of Robespierre; and after the 9th Thermidor (27th of July, 1794), he was arrested as an adherent and partisan of the tyrant. He was restored to liberty in a few days; but his release was followed by the loss of his position in the army, and he went to Paris to solicit restoration and employment. His brothers shared in the reverses of the moment. Joseph retired to Genoa, and Lucien suffered incarceration in the prison of Aix for six weeks. Proscription was now the lot of the Bonapartes, in addition to the poverty from which they had partially emerged, but into which they were now again plunged. In this extremity of their fortunes, Joseph became the prop and support of the family. His marriage with the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles raised him to affluence, and gave him a position which enabled him to be of essential benefit to his mother, and the children still remaining with her.

Signora Letitia continued to reside at Marseilles, with her family, till Napoleon's marriage (1796), and appointment to the command of the army of Italy. He at once assigned to his mother a portion of his income, by which she was raised from a state of comparative indigence to one of ease and comfort. Louis having

entered the army at the early age of seventeen, Jerome alone of all the sons remained with his mother, whose household was further reduced in 1797 by the marriage of her eldest daughter. About this period, Signora Letitia visited Corsica, and, returning to Marseilles, finally removed with her family to Paris, in 1799, where she took up her residence with her son Joseph.

When the revolution of the 18th Brumaire (9th November, 1799) took place, Paris had been violently agitated for some days. All were apprehensive of some decisive event, without knowing the cause of their disquiet. The Duchess d'Albrantes thus describes her visit to Signora Letitia, on whom she called after the affair was nearly over:—"She appeared calm, though far from being easy; for her extreme paleness, and the convulsive movement she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow, even if the others escaped. This she felt most forcibly. My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalising day; and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's messengers, who were frequently sent to calm her disquiet. The danger to which the Bonaparte family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 18th or 19th. If the Directory and the Councils had triumphed, all Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold; and their friends and partisans would have been exiled, to say the least."

After the revolution which placed Napoleon at the head of the consular government, Madame Letitia lived very retired in Paris—a manner of life which was equally in accordance with her own taste and the wishes of the First Consul, who was desirous that for a time his female relatives should make no display. From the trials and misfortunes to which she had been exposed, Letitia, who was naturally provident, had acquired habits of severe economy, and she always condemned superfluous expenditure on the part of her children. She entertained little fondness for her daughter-in-law Josephine, preferring the society and familiarity of the wives of Joseph and Lucien. She took part with Lucien in his quarrel with Napoleon, and, greatly to the chagrin of the latter, followed the family of Lucien to Rome, in 1805. When upbraided by Napoleon with an undue partiality for Lucien, she answered that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her, which she proved afterwards by a memorable devotion to himself. Shortly after the creation of the Empire, however, she was induced to return to

Paris, whither Napoleon invited her by tender solicitations, and offers of a splendid establishment. The Emperor settled upon her an annual income of a million francs (200,000 dollars), assigned her a separate court, and gave her the title of *Madame Mère*, equivalent to that of Empress Mother. She took up her residence in the sumptuously-furnished mansion which had been occupied by Lucien; but she was far from maintaining the princely state and hospitality which had distinguished her banished son in his days of prosperity and power. She always adhered to the economical habits she had formed in adversity, not from an ignoble love of gold, but from a dread she could never discard, that poverty and want might again become the portion of the family, and that her savings might be wanted in the hour of calamity.

On the approach of the Allies towards Paris, in April, 1814, Madame Mère accompanied the Empress Maria Louisa and her court to Blois. Her wonted prudence and prescience did not forsake her; for on this occasion she took care to receive her arrears of allowance (375,000 francs), and dismissed the greater part of her attendants.

By the treaty of Paris, in 1814, she was allowed to retain the title of "Madame Mère;" and an annuity of 200,000 francs, secured on the great book of France, was settled upon her. In August of the same year, attended by two maids of honour and her chamberlain, she followed her son to Elba, and presided on the 15th at a ball given in honour of his birthday. After the return of Napoleon from Elba, Madame Letitia repaired to Rome, where she took up her residence for her remaining days. Immediately after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, she proffered him all she possessed in the world to assist him in restoring her fortunes. "And for me," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "she would, without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on black bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast; pride and noble ambition were not subdued by avarice."

Count Las Casas, on his return to Europe from St. Helena, witnessed the truth of Napoleon's remarks. No sooner had he detailed his story of the Emperor's situation than the answer returned by the courier was, that "her whole fortune was at her son's disposal."

In October, 1818, she addressed an affecting appeal in his behalf to the Allied Sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. "Sires," she wrote, "I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I treat you to put a period to his misery, and

to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you who are his vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores above all things the generosity of conquerors."

Madame Letitia continued to reside in Rome, with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Farnesini, until her death, which took place on the 2nd of February, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. She occupied an extensive suite of apartments in the palace of her brother, which were handsomely furnished, and with more attention to neatness and comfort than is common in Italy. Her establishment was splendid, but private and unostentatious.

She led a very retired life in her declining years, amid the social circle of her children and a few intimate friends, and dispensing charities to the poor. She retained marks of her former beauty after she had reached her eightieth year. Canova's magnificent bust of her strikingly resembles the original. Her children and descendants were unwearied in their attentions to her to the last, and she died, as she had lived, a zealous devotee of the Catholic faith.

She is buried in Rome, and her dust has mingled with the imperial soil which holds the ashes of the mother of the Gracchi, and half the heroes of the earth.

GONE BEFORE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

STRANGE and subtle are the influences which affect the spirit and touch the heart. Are there bodiless creatures around us, moulding our thoughts into darkness or brightness as they will? Whence, otherwise, come the shadow and the sunshine, for which we can discern no mortal agency?

Often, as we grow older, come the shadows; less frequently the sunshine. Ere I took up my pen, I was sitting with a pleasant company of friends, listening to music, and speaking, with the rest, light words.

Suddenly, I knew not why, my heart was wrapt away in an atmosphere of sorrow. A sense of weakness and unworthiness weighed me down, and I felt the moisture gather to my eyes and my lips tremble, though they kept the smile.

All my past life rose up before me, and all my short-comings, all my mistakes, and all my wilful wickedness seemed pleading trumpet-tongued against me.

I saw her before me whose feet trod with mine the green holts and meadows, when the childish thought strayed not beyond the near or the possible. I saw her through the long blue distances, clothed in the white beauty of an angel; but, alas! she drew her golden hair

across her face to veil from her vision the saddened creature whose eyes dropped heavily to the hem of her robe.

O pure and beautiful one! taken to peace ere the weak temptation had lifted itself up beyond thy stature, and compelled thee to listen, to oppose thy weakness to its strength, and to fall, sometimes, at least, let thy face shine on me from between the clouds. Fresh from the springs of Paradise, shake from thy wings the dew against my forehead. We two were coming up together through the sweet land of poesy and dreams, where the senses believe what the heart hopes; our hands were full of green boughs, and our laps of cowslips and violets, white and purple. We were talking of that more beautiful world into which childhood was opening out, when that spectre met us, feared and dreaded alike by the strong man and the little child, and one was taken, and the other left.

One was caught away sinless to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, and one was left to weep pitiless tears, to eat the bread of toil, and to think the bitter thoughts of misery—left “to clasp a phantom and to find it air.” For often has the adversary pressed me sore, and out of my arms has slid ever that which my soul pronounced good: slid out of my arms and coiled about my feet like a serpent, dragging me back and holding me down from all that is high and great.

Pity me, dear one, if thy sweet sympathies can come out of the glory, if the lovelight of thy beautiful life can press through the cloud and the evil, and fold me again as a garment; pity and plead for me with the maiden mother whose arms in human sorrow and human love cradled our blessed Redeemer.

She hath known our mortal pain and passion—our more than mortal triumph; she hath heard the “blessed art thou among women.” My unavailing prayers, goldenly syllabled by her whose name sounds from the manger through all the world, may find acceptance with Him who, though our sins be as scarlet, can wash them white as wool.

Our hearts grew together as one, and along the headlands and the valleys one shadow went before us and one shadow followed us, till the grave gaped hungry and terrible, and I was alone. Faltering in fear, but lingering in love, I knelt by the death-bed: it was the middle-night, and the first moans of the autumn came down from the hills, for the frost-specks glinted on her golden robes, and the wind blew chill in her bosom. Heaven was full of stars, and the half-moon scattered abroad her beauty like a silver rain. Many have been the middle-nights since then, for years lie between me and

sound, or a thought turns the key of the dim chamber, and the scene is reproduced.

I see the long locks on the pillow, the smile on the ashen lips, the thin, cold fingers faintly pressing my own, and hear the broken voice saying, “I am going now. I am not afraid. Why weep ye? Though I were to live the full time allotted to man, I should not be more ready nor more willing than now.” But over this there comes a shudder and a groan that all the mirthfulness of the careless were impotent to drown.

Three days previous to the death-night, three days previous to the transit of the soul from the clayey tabernacle to the house not made with hands—from dishonour to glory—let me turn them over as so many leaves.

The first of the November mornings; but the summer had tarried late, and the wood to the south of our homestead lifted itself like a painted wall against the sky; the squirrel was leaping nimbly and chattering gaily among the fiery tops of the oaks or the dun foliage of the huckory, that shot up its shelving trunk and spread its forked branches far over the smooth, moss-spotted boles of the beeches and the lumber boughs of the elms. Lithe and blithe he was, for his harvest was come.

Now and then, across the stubble-field, with long ears erect, leaped the hare, but for the most part he kept close in his burrow, for rude huntsmen were on the hills with their dogs; and only when the sharp report of a rifle rung through the forest, or the hungry yelping of some trailing hound startled his harmless slumber, might you see at the mouth of his burrow the quivering lip and great timid eyes.

Along the margin of the creek, shrunken now away from the blue, and grey, and yellowish stones that made its cool pavement, and projected in thick layers from the shelving banks, the white columns of gigantic sycamores leaned earthward, their bases driven, as it seemed, deep into the ground, all their convolutions of roots buried out of view. Dropping into the stagnant waters below, came one by one the broad, rose-tinted leaves, breaking the shadows of the silver limbs.

Ruffling and widening, to the edges of the pools went the circles, as the pale, yellow walnuts plashed into their midst; for here, too, grew the parent trees, their black bark cut, and jagged, and broken into rough diamond-work.

That beautiful season was come when

Rustic girls in hoods
Go gleaming through the woods.

Two days after this, we said, my dear mate and I, we shall have a holiday; and from sunrise till sunset, with our laps full of ripe nuts and orchard fruits, we shall make pleasant

Rosalie—for so I may call her—was older than I, with a face of beauty and a spirit that never flagged. But to-day there was heaviness in her eyes, and a flushing in her cheek that was deeper than had been there before.

Still she spoke gaily, and smiled the old smile; for sickness had never been among us children, and we knew not how his touch made the head sick and the heart faint.

The day looked forward to so anxiously dawned at last; but in the dim chamber of Rosalie the light fell sad. I must go alone.

We had always been together before, at work and in play, asleep and awake, and I lingered long ere I would be persuaded to leave her; but when she smiled and said the fresh-gathered nuts and shining apples would make her glad, I wiped her forehead, and turning quickly away, that she might not see my tears, was speedily wading through windrows of dead leaves.

The sensations of that day I shall never forget; a vague and trembling fear of some coming evil—I knew not what—made me often start as the shadows drifted past me, or a bough crackled beneath my feet.

From the low, shrubby hawthorns I gathered the small red apples, and from beneath the maples picked, by their slim, golden stems, the notched and gorgeous leaves. The wind fingered playfully my hair, and clouds of birds went whirring through the tree-tops, but no sight nor sound could divide my thoughts from her whose voice had so often filled with music these solitary places.

I remember when first the fear distinctly defined itself. I was seated on a mossy log, counting the treasures which I had been gathering, when the clatter of hoof-strokes on the clayey and hard-beaten road arrested my attention, and looking up—for the wood thinned off in the direction of the highway, and left it distinctly in view—I saw Dr. H—, the physician of my sick companion. The visit was an unreasonable one. She whom I loved so might never come with me to the woods any more.

Where the hill sloped to the roadside, and the trees, as I said, were but few, was the village graveyard. No friend of mine, no one whom I had ever known or loved, was buried there—yet, with a child's instinctive dread of death, I had ever passed its shaggy solitude (for shrubs and trees grew there wild and unattended) with a hurried step and averted face.

Now, for the first time in my life, I walked voluntarily thitherward, and, climbing on a log by the fence-side, gazed long and earnestly within. I stood beneath a tall tree, and the small, round leaves, yellow now as the long cloud-bar across the sunset, kept dropping and dropping at my feet till all the faded grass was covered up. There the mattock had never been

struck; but in fancy I saw the small leaves falling and drifting about a new and smooth-shaped mound, and, choking with the turbulent outcry in my heart, I glided stealthily homeward—alas! to find the boding shape I had seen through mists and shadows awfully palpable. I did not ask about Rosalie—I was afraid; but, with my rural gleanings in my lap, opened the door of her chamber. The physician had preceded me but a moment, and, standing by the bedside, was turning toward the lessening light the little wasted hand—the one on which I had noticed in the morning a small purple spot. “No hope!” he said abruptly, and moved away as though his work were done.

There was a groan expressive of the sudden and terrible consciousness, which had in it the agony of agonies—the giving up of all. The gift I had brought fell from my relaxed grasp, and, hiding my face in the pillow, I gave way to the passionate sorrow of an undisciplined nature.

When, at last, I looked up, there was a smile on her lips that no moan ever displaced again.

A good man and a skilful physician was Dr H—, but his infirmity was a love of strong drink; and therefore was it that he softened not the terrible blow which must soon have fallen. I link with his memory no reproaches now, for all this is away down in the past; and that foe, that sooner or later biteth like a serpent, soon did his work; but then my breaking heart judged him hardly. Often yet—for in all that is saddest memory is faithfulest—I wake suddenly out of sleep, and live over that first and bitterest sorrow of my life; and there is no house of gladness in the world that with a whisper will not echo the moan of lips pale with the kisses of death.

Sometimes, when life is gayest about me, an unseen hand leads me apart, and, opening the door of that still chamber, I go in: the yellow leaves are at my feet again, and that white hand between me and the light.

I see the blue flames quivering and curling close about the smouldering embers on the hearth. I hear soft footsteps and sobbing voices, and see the clasped hands and placid smile of her who, alone among us all, was untroubled; and over the darkness and pain I hear a voice saying, “She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

PLUCKED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

“O MOTHER, do see!” said little Georgiana to her mamma, as she came rushing in from the garden; “somebody’s cut off all the buds of your heliotrope and little rose. Only look!”

“I did it,” said her mother.

“You, mamma!”

“Yes.”

"Why—don't you like flowers?"

"Yes, my dear; it is because I like flowers I cut them off."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"My dear, do you notice that the heliotrope and the rose are both young and weak—just beginning to grow? The strength that they would spend on a blossom now I want them to employ in making larger roots, and throwing out more branches, so they will become strong, thrifty plants, and bear twenty blossoms by and by, instead of one now."

"Oh, that is it."

"Yes; you see, my dear, there is in every plant a mysterious power, called the vital force, or *life*. Now, this vital force is all the while stimulating the plant to throw out either roots, stalks, leaves, or blossoms; but of all things that a plant can do, nothing uses more of this mysterious power than to blossom. If the vital force makes roots, these roots are so many mouths through which the plant sucks food from the earth; if it goes to make more leaves, these leaves are lungs by which the plant breathes the air, and thus takes in nourishment. But the flower is neither lungs nor mouth; yet it takes the highest force the plant is capable of to produce it; and while the plant is maturing the seed which lies hidden in the flower, it often entirely suspends all other growth, because all its energies are taken up with this effort. So, if a gardener wants to make a plant strong and thrifty, and capable of bearing a beautiful show of flowers, he often picks off the first blossom-buds, and turns all the strength of the plant to leaves and roots."

Little Georgy looked quite thoughtful.

"My dear," said her mother, "I am going to tell you something now, that I hope you will always remember. This flowering of plants is like some other things that I want you to notice. In educating you, there are many pleasures and pursuits, innocent in themselves, and beautiful as the blossoms of a flower, that I restrain you from, not because I do not like them, but because I think for you to have them now would have the same effect on your character that too early blossoms would on a delicate plant."

"You would like to spend your time in reading story-books, in going on visits, in attending shows and concerts, and many such things, which may all be pleasant enough in themselves; but, instead of all these, you have to spend your strength in duties and lessons, at home and at school. You are doing now what a plant is—you are making roots, and leaves, and branches; and, when your mind and character are formed, blossoming may not hurt you."

"Sometimes, a gardener cares nothing about the strength of a plant. His only object is to get a show of fine flowers immediately. He

keeps it warm, waters with stimulating nourishment, and turns all its strength to flowering. In this way beautiful flowers are made; but when their transient bloom is withered, the plant is a poor, withered, unsightly thing, whose vitality is all expended. So some parents and teachers bring up children to care only for pleasure, gaiety, and show; and when childhood and youth are passed, their vigour is all spent—they are poor, insipid, useless creatures, affording no pleasure or use either to themselves or others."

"But, more than this, what I do for you, is only an emblem of what our heavenly Father is constantly doing for us all. Our minds are all the while reaching forth and striving after blossoms which He cuts off, not because He does not love flowers, but because He *does* love them, and wants His immortal plants to gain strength for a thousand, instead of one."

"Here is a mother, for instance, and all the strength of her life is put forth in one fair child—a rose-bud of infinite sweetness. All the strength of her soul is going into love for this child. The heavenly Gardener cuts off this blossom of love, not because He has no pleasure in it, but because He wants the soul that bears it to become a stronger soul, and capable of a wider sphere of love. You will often see a rose-tree whose buds have been cut off throwing up a green vigorous shoot, from which multitudes of roses shall spring; and so, when an earthly love has been broken off by death, there springs out of it a love to all mankind—to all who suffer and sorrow."

"So people in this world often have tastes and capabilities, beautiful in themselves, which the circumstances of their lives forbid them to indulge. A mother, for example, has a taste for music, drawing, or literature; but poverty, and the charge of a young family, keeps her confined to the drudgery of ordinary life; but God, the loving Gardener, has foreordained all this. He casts her lot thus, not because He has no love for the beautiful tendencies of her mind, but because He would give them a stronger root and wider growth."

"And now, my dear child," said mamma, "remember, if in your life a time should ever come when all the desires of your heart are cut off—when you are forced from all that is lovely and agreeable to you, and confined to all that is repugnant and distasteful—be not discouraged. Think that it is done by the great Gardener of your soul. Your time shall yet come, if not here, at least when He shall transplant you to the skies."

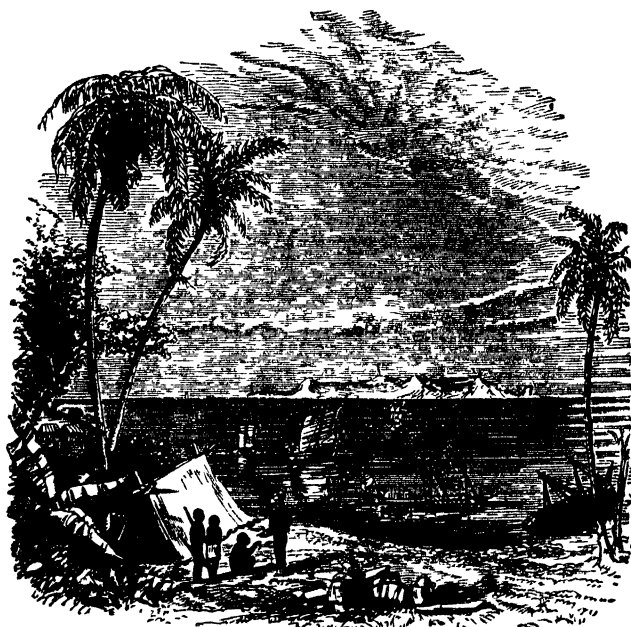
Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.
A virtuous mind in a fair body is a picture in a good light.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

THE Philippines are a large group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean, and were discovered by Magellan in 1521; they were afterwards taken possession of by the Spaniards, in the

trepang or *balate*, a sea-worm or animal substance, resembling a large pudding. The Chinese are very fond of it, and mix it with fowl and vegetables.

The inhabitants practise various kinds of industry; they weave matting of extraordinary



MOUTH OF THE BAY OF MANILLA.

reign of Philip II., from whom they take their name. The islands are said to be eleven hundred in number, but some hundreds of them are very small, and all are nominally subject to the Spanish Government at Manila.

The inhabitants number, in the whole, 3,445,790; of whom 25,000 or 30,000 are Chinese.

The Philippines yield every colonial product that man can desire. There are abundant crops of rice, coffee, sugar, indigo, tobacco, cotton, cacao, abaca or vegetable silk, pepper, gums, cocoa-nuts, dye-woods, timber of all descriptions for furniture and for buildings, rattans of various kinds, and all the agreeable fruits of the tropics. On the shores are found madre or mother-of-pearl, magnificent pearls, birds'-nests, shells of every description, an incredible quantity of excellent fish, and the

fineness and of the brightest colours, straw hats, cigar-cases, and baskets; they manufacture cloth and tissues of every sort from cotton, silk, and abaca; they, from filaments taken from the leaves of the *cluana*, make cambric of a texture much finer than that of France; and they also manufacture coarse strong cloth for sails, &c., and ropes and cables of all dimensions; they tan and dress leather and skins to perfection; they manufacture coarse earthenware, and forge and polish arms of various kinds; they build ships of heavy tonnage, and also light and neat boats: and at Manila they frame and finish off beautiful carriages. They are also very clever workers in gold, silver, and copper; and the Indian women are specially expert in needlework and embroidery.

The island of Luzon is the largest of the Philippines, and extends from north to south

for the length of about six degrees. It is divided throughout its whole extent by a chain of mountains, which in general owe their formation to volcanic eruptions. Traces are found throughout of the great convulsions produced by subterranean fires.

Manilla and its suburbs contain a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, of which Spaniards and Creoles hardly constitute the tenth part; the remainder is composed of Tagalocs or Indians, Métis, and Chinese. The city is divided into two sections, the military and the mercantile, the latter of which is the suburb. The former, surrounded by lofty walls, is bounded by the sea on one side, and upon another by an extensive plain, where the troops are exercised, and where of an evening the indolent Creoles, lazily extended in their carriages, repair to exhibit their elegant dresses, and to inhale the sea-breezes. This public promenade, where intrepid horsemen and horsewomen, and European vehicles, cross each other in every direction, may be styled the Champs-Élysées, or Hyde Park, of the Archipelago. On a third side, the military town is separated from the trading town by the river Pasig, upon which are seen all the day boats laden with merchandise, and charming gondolas conveying idlers from different parts of the suburbs, or to visit the ships in the bay.

The military town communicates by the bridge of Binondoc with the mercantile town, inhabited principally by the Spaniards engaged in public affairs; its aspect is dull and monotonous; all the streets, perfectly straight, are bordered by wide granite footpaths.

In general, the highways are well macadamised, and kept in good condition. Such is the effeminacy of the people, they could not endure the noise of carriages upon pavement. The houses, large and spacious, palaces in appearance, are built in a particular manner, calculated to withstand the earthquakes and hurricanes so frequent in this part of the world. They have all one storey, with a ground-floor; the upper part, generally occupied by the family, is surrounded by a wide gallery, opened or shut by means of large sliding panels, the panes of which are thin mother-of-pearl. This permits the passage of light and excludes the heat. In the military town are all the monasteries

and convents, the archbishopric, the courts of justice, the custom-house, the hospital, the governor's palace, and the citadel, which overlooks both towns. There are three principal entrances to Manilla—*Puerto Santa Lucia*, *Puerta Real*, and *Puerta Parian*.

At one o'clock the drawbridges are raised, and the gates pitilessly closed, when the tardy resident must seek his night's lodging in the suburb, or mercantile town, called Binondoc. This portion of Manilla wears a much gay and more lively aspect than the military section. There is less regularity in the streets, and the buildings are not so fine as those in what may be called Manilla proper; but in Binondoc all is movement, all is life. Numerous canals, crowded with pirogues, gondolas, and boats of various kinds, intersect the suburb, where reside the rich merchants, Spanish, English, Indian, Chinese, and Métis. The newest and most elegant houses are built upon the banks of the river Pasig. Simple in exterior, they contain the most costly inventions of English and Indian luxury. Precious vases from China, Japan ware, gold, silver, and rich



CHINESE MÉTIS.

silks, dazzle the eyes on entering these unpretending habitations. Each house has a landing-place from the river, and little bamboo palaces, serving as bathing-houses, to which the residents resort several times daily, to

relieve the fatigue caused by the intense heat of the climate. The cigar manufactory, which affords employment continually to from fifteen to twenty thousand workmen and other assistants, is situated in Binondoc; also the Chinese custom-house, and all the large working establishments of Manila. During the day, the Spanish ladies, richly dressed in the transparent muslins of India and China, lounge about from store to store, and sorely test the patience of the Chinese salesman, who unfolds uncomplainingly, and without showing the least ill-humour, thousands of pieces of goods before his customers, which are frequently examined simply for amusement, and not half a yard purchased. The balls and entertainments given by the half-breeds of Binondoc to their friends are celebrated throughout the Philippines. The quadrilles of Europe are succeeded by the dances of India, and while the young people execute the fandango, the bolero, the cachucha, or the lascivious movements of the *bayaderes*, the enterprising half-breed, the indolent Spaniard, and the sedate Chinese retire to the gaming-salons, to try their fortune at cards and dice. The passion for play is carried to such an extent that the traders lose or gain in one night sums of 50,000 piastres (£10,000 sterling). The half-breeds, Indians, and Chinese have also a great passion for cock-fighting; these combats take place in a large arena. I have seen £1,500 betted upon a cock which had cost £150; in a few minutes this costly champion fell, struck dead by his antagonist. In the evening, Spaniards, English, and French go to the promenades to "make" eyes at the beautiful half-bred women, whose transparent robes half reveal their splendid figures. That which distinguishes the female half-breeds (Spanish Tagals or Chinese Tagals) is a singularly intelligent and expressive physiognomy. Their hair, drawn back from the face, and sustained by long golden pins, is of marvellous luxuriance. They wear upon the head a kerchief, transparent like a veil, made of the pine fibre, finer than our finest cambric; the neck is ornamented by a string of large coral-beads, fastened by a gold medallion. A transparent chemisette of the same stuff as the head-dress descends as far as the waist, covering, but not concealing, a bosom that has never been imprisoned in stays. Below, and two or three inches from the edge of the chemisette, is attached a variously coloured petticoat of very bright hues. Over this garment, a large and costly silk sash closely encircles the figure, and shows its outline from the waist to the knee. The small and white feet, always naked, are thrust into embroidered slippers, which cover but the extremities.

Nothing can be more charming, coquettish, and fascinating than this costume, which excites in the highest degree the admiration of strangers. The half-breed and Chinese Tagals know so well the effect it produces on the Europeans that nothing would induce them to alter it.

While on the subject of dress, that of the men is also worthy of remark. The Indian and the half-breed wear upon the head a large straw hat, black or white, or a sort of Chinese covering, called a *salacote*; upon the shoulders the pine fibre kerchief embroidered; and round the neck, a rosary of coral-beads. Their shirts are also made from the fibres of the pine, or of vegetable silk; trousers of coloured silk, with embroidery near the bottom, and a girdle of red China crape, complete their costume. The feet, without stockings, are covered with European shoes.

The military town, so quiet during the day, assumes a most lively appearance towards the evening, when the inhabitants ride out in their very magnificent carriages, which are invariably conducted by postillions, they then mix with the walking population of Binondoc. Afterwards visits, balls, and the more intimate reunions take place. At the latter they talk, smoke the cigars of Manila, and chew the betel, drink glasses of iced *eau sucre*, and eat innumerable sweetmeats; towards midnight those guests retire who do not stay to supper with the family, which is always served luxuriously, and generally prolonged until two o'clock in the morning. Such is the life spent by the wealthy classes under these skies so favoured by Heaven. But there exists, as in Europe, and even to a greater extent, the most abject misery.

It is probable, and almost incontestable, that the Philippine Islands were primitively peopled by Aborigines, a small race of negroes still inhabiting the interior of the forests in pretty large numbers, called *Ajetas* by the Tagaloca, and *Négritos* by the Spaniards. Doubtless, at a very distant period the Malays invaded the shores, and drove the indigenous population into the interior beyond the mountains; afterwards, whether by accidents on sea, or desirous of availing themselves of the richness of the soil, they were joined by the Chinese, the Japanese, the inhabitants of the archipelago of the South Seas, the Javanese, and even the Indians. It must not, then, be wondered at, that from the mixture proceeding from the union of these various people, all of unequal physiognomy, there have risen the different *nuances*, distinctions, and types; upon which, however, is generally depicted Malay physiognomy and cruelty.

The Tagal is well made, rather tall than

otherwise. His hair is long, his beard thin, his colour brass-like, yet sometimes inclining to European whiteness; his eye expanded and vivacious, yet somewhat *à la Chinoise*, his nose large, and, true to the Malay race, his cheek bones are high and prominent. He is passionately fond of dancing and music, is, when in love, very loving, cruel towards his enemies, never forgives an act of injustice, and ever avenges it with his poniard, which, like the kris with the Malays, is his favourite weapon. Whenever he has pledged his word in serious business, it is sacred, he gives himself passionately to games of hazard, he is a good husband, a good father, jealous of his wife's honour, but utterly careless of his daughter's, who, despite any little *faux pas*, meets with no difficulty in getting a husband.

The Tagal is of very sober habits. All he requires is water, a little rice, and salt fish. In his estimation an aged man is an object of great veneration, and where there exists a family of them in all periods of life, the youngest is naturally most subservient to the eldest. The Tagal, like the Arab, is hospitably inclined, without any sentiment of egotism, and certainly without any other idea than that of relieving suffering humanity, so that when a stranger appears before an Indian hut at meal-time, were the poor Indian only to have what was strictly necessary for his family, it is his greatest pleasure to invite and press the stranger to take a place at his humble board, and partake of his family cheer.

Amongst the Tagals the marriage ceremony is somewhat peculiar. It is preceded by two other ceremonies, the first of which is called *Tain manoc*, Tagal words signifying or meaning "the cock looking after his hen." Therefore, when once a young man has informed his father and mother that he has a predilection for a young Indian girl, his parents pay a visit to the young girl's parents upon some fine evening, and after some very ordinary chat, the mamma of the young man offers a piastre to the mamma of the young lady. Should the future mother-in-law accept, the young lover is admitted, and then his future mother-in-law is sure to go and spend the very same piastre in betel and cocoa-wine. During the greater portion of the night, the whole company assembled upon the occasion chews betel, drinks cocoa-wine, and discusses upon all other subjects but marriage. On the next day the young man pays a visit to the mother, father, and other relations of his affianced bride. There he is received as one of the family, he sleeps there, he lodges there, takes a part in all the labours, and most particularly in those labours depending upon the young maid's superintendence. He now undertakes a service or task

that lasts, more or less, two, three, or four years, during which time he must look well to himself; for if anything be found out against him, he is discarded, and never more can pretend to the hand of her he would espouse.

The Spaniards did their best to suppress this custom, on account of the inconveniences it entailed. Very often the father of the young girl, in order to keep in *his* service a man who costs him nothing, keeps on this state of servitude indefinitely, and sometimes dismisses him who has served him for two or three years, and takes another under the same title of *pretendant*, or lover. But it also frequently happens that if the two lovers grow impatient for the celebration of the marriage ceremony—for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—some day or other the young girl takes the young man by the hair, and presenting him to the curate of the village, tells him she has just run away with her lover, therefore they must be married. The wedding ceremony then takes place without the consent of the parents. But were the young man to carry off the young girl, he would be severely punished, and she restored to her family.

If all things have passed off in good order, if the lover has undergone two or three years of voluntary slavery, and if his future relations be quite satisfied with his conduct and temper, then comes the day of the second ceremony, called *Tain-bayol*, "The young man desirous of tying the union knot."

This second ceremony is a grand festival day. The relations and friends of both families are all assembled at the bride's house, and divided into two camps, each of which discusses the interests of the young couple, but each family has an advocate, who alone has the right to speak in favour of his client. The relations have no right to speak, they only make, in a low tone of voice, to their advocate, the observations they think fit.

The Indian woman never brings a marriage portion with her. When she takes a husband unto herself, she possesses nothing, the young man alone brings the portion, and this is why the young girl's advocate speaks first, and asks for it, in order to settle the basis of the treaty.

I will here set before my readers (says a recent traveller) the speeches of two advocates in a ceremony of this kind, at which I had the curiosity to be present. In order not to wound the susceptibility of the parties, the advocates never speak but in allegorical terms, and at the ceremony which I honoured with my presence the advocate of the young Indian girl thus began—

"A young man and a young girl were joined together in the holy bands of wedlock, they possessed nothing, nay, they had not even a

shelter. For several years the young woman was very badly off. At last her misfortunes came to an end, and one day she found herself in a large fine cottage that was her own. She became the mother of a pretty little babe, a

by a dreadful tempest, and after many fruitless endeavours to save his vessel he was obliged to put into the queen's harbour, and cast anchor there, although his cable was only eighty fathoms long; for he preferred death on the scaffold to the loss of his ship and crew. The enraged queen commanded him to her audit-chamber. He obeyed, and, throwing himself at her feet, told her that necessity alone had compelled him to infringe upon the laws, and that, having but eighty fathoms long, he could not possibly cast out a hundred; so he besought her most graciously to pardon him."

And here ended his speech, but the other advocate took it up, and thus went on—

"The queen, moved to pity by the prayer of the suppliant captain, and his inability to cast his anchor a hundred fathoms deep, instantly pardoned him, and well did she devise."

On hearing these last words, joy shone upon every countenance, and the musicians began playing on the guitar. The bride and bridegroom who had been waiting in an adjoining chamber, now made their appearance. The young man took from off his neck his rosary, or string of beads, put it round the young girl's neck, and took back hers in lieu of the one he had given her. The night was spent in dancing and merriment, and the marriage-ceremony—just as Christian-like as our

own—was arranged to take place in a week.

I shall now, just as I heard it myself, give the explanation of the advocates' speeches, which I did not entirely understand. The bride's mother had married without a wedding portion on her husband's side, so she had gone through very adverse and pinching circumstances. The temple that the angel had told her to demand for her daughter was a house; and the ten columns, composed of ten stones each, signified that with the house a sum of one hundred piastres would be requisite—that is, twenty pounds sterling.

The speech of the young man's advocate explained that he would give the house, as he said nothing about it; but, being worth only eighty piastres, he threw himself at the feet of the parents of his betrothed that the twenty piastres which he was minus might offer no obstacle to his marriage. The pardon accorded by the queen signified the grace shown to the young man, who was accepted with his eighty piastres only.



TAGAL INDIAN AND HIS BETROTHED.

girl; and on the day of her confinement there appeared unto her an angel, who said to her—'Bear in mind thy marriage, and the time of penury thou didst go through. The child that has just been born unto thee will I take under my protection. When she will have grown up and be a fine lass, give her but to him who will build her up a temple, where there will be ten columns, each composed of ten stones. If thou dost not execute these my orders, thy daughter will be as miserable as thou hast been thyself.'

After this short speech, the adverse advocate replied—"Once upon a time there lived a queen whose kingdom lay on the sea-side. Amongst the laws of her realm, there was one which she followed with the greatest rigour. Every ship arriving in her states' harbour could, according to that law, cast anchor but at one hundred fathoms deep, and he who violated the said law was put to death without pity or remorse. Now, it came to pass one day that a brave captain of a ship was surprised

The traveller is amazed at beholding in the Tinguian Indians, as savages, tall men, slightly bronzed, with straight hair, regular features, aquiline noses, and really handsome, elegant women. "I should rather have thought," says La Guerronnière, "I was among the inhabitants of the south of France, had it not been for the costume and language." The only clothing the men wore was a sash, and a sort of turban, made out of the bark of the fig tree. They were armed, as they always are, with a long spear, a small hatchet, and a shield. The women also wore a sash, and a small narrow apron that came down to their knees. Their heads were ornamented with pearls, coral-beads, and pieces of gold, twisted among their hair, the upper parts of their hands were painted blue, their wrists, adorned with interwoven bracelets, spangled with glass beads, these bracelets reached the elbow, and formed a kind of half-plaited sleeve. These interwoven bracelets squeeze the arm very much, they are put on when the women are quite young, and they prevent the development of the flesh to the advantage of the wrist and hand, which swell and become dreadfully big, this is a mark of

27 degrees west longitude, it is divided into seventeen villages. Each family possesses two habitations, one for the day and the other for the night. The abode for the day is a small cabin, made of bamboos and straw, in the same style as most Indian huts, the one for the night is smaller, and perched upon great posts, or on the top of a tree, sixty or eighty feet above the ground. They are built at this height to avoid the nocturnal attack of enemies.

The Tinguians believe in the existence of a soul, and pretend that after death it quits the body, and remains in the family. As to the god that they adore, it varies and changes form according to chance and circumstances. When a Tinguian chief has found a rock, or a trunk of a tree, of a strange shape, representing tolerably well either a dog, cow, or buffalo, he informs the inhabitants of the village of his discovery, and the rock, or trunk of a tree, is immediately considered as a divinity, that is to say, as something superior to man. Then all the Indians repair to the appointed spot, curving with them provisions and live hogs. When they have reached their destination, they raise a straw roof above the new idol, to



A TINGUIAN INDIAN'S COTTAGE

beauty with the Tinguians, as a small foot is with the Chinese, and a small waist with the European ladies."

The territory occupied by the Tinguians is

cover it, and make a sacrifice by roasting hogs; then, at the sound of instruments, they eat, drink, and dance, until they have no provision left. When all is eaten and drunk, they set fire to the thatched roof and the idol is for-

getting ~~and~~ the chief, having discovered another one, commands a new ceremony.

The Tinguian has generally one legitimate wife, and many mistresses, but the legitimate wife alone inhabits the conjugal house, and the mistresses have each of them a separate cabin. The marriage is a contract between the two families of the married couple. The day of the ceremony the man and wife bring their dowry in goods and chattels; the marriage portion is composed of china vases, glass, coral-beads, and sometimes a little gold powder. It is of no profit to the married couple, for they distribute it to their relations. This custom has been established to prevent a divorce, which could only take place in entirely restituting all the objects that were contributed at the marriage by the party asking for divorce, a rather skillful expedient for savages, and worthy of being the invention of civilised people. The relatives thus become much interested in preventing the separation, as they would be obliged to restitute the presents received; and if one of the couple persisted in requesting it, they would prevent him or her by making away with one of the objects furnished, such as a coral necklace, or a china vase. The laws are perpetuated by tradition, as the Tinguians have no idea of writing.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

We find ourselves in greater difficulty than ever in forming a decision upon the merits of the competing Essays this month. They are almost all extremely good—considering, of course, that they are written by unpractised writers, and we are glad to observe that most of our more frequent correspondents are gaining the reward of their perseverance in a firmer tone of thought, and a free, unembarrassed style. The exercise which the composition of these Essays necessitates has evidently invigorated their minds. CLARA MARSHAM'S Essay is marked with common sense and very correct feeling; her style, too, is decidedly improved. ELLER'S Essay is above the average, but it is evidently her first attempt, and consequently there is little character in it. META is distinguished by the eagerness with which she insists upon a rigid love of truth as one of the first attributes of a true lady. ALICE THOM is enjoined to persevere; her paper (like ETA'S and BESSIE'S) is much too brief, but it affords satisfactory evidence of a healthy mind, and not a little of a good heart. HADASSAH, ELIZABETH D., and ESTHER, however, are our great difficulties. Their Essays have all a peculiar excellence; but, after best consideration, we must decide to give certificates to the two former, and the prize to the writer of the following paper.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF A TRUE LADY.

THE term "lady" is now so very generally used in all classes and circumstances of society that, if we were to take it in its common

acceptation, it would be almost as difficult to answer to the question, "What is a lady?" as to discover the square of the circle, or find out the eagle's path through the trackless air.

In the higher classes, a leader of the fashion in dress, she who has her parties best arranged, her dinners best cooked, her manners most dignified and unimpressible, and her movements the most graceful and fairy-like, is too often the one who passes for the most perfect lady.

Descending lower in the social scale, the one who makes the greatest display in any way whatever, who never touches household work, who thinks it beneath her dignity to look into her own affairs—those affairs which in families of moderate income require often both a vigilant eye and careful hand—in fact, the one who secures to herself the most selfish gratification, or who possesses the power to satisfy that gratification in others, is frequently among her class, by general—but, happily, not universal—consent, regarded as the truest lady.

There is yet another set of people among whom the woman who has some distinguishing peculiarity of manner, of descent, or, it may be, of connexion, is upon the strength of this claim looked upon in the light of a lady. Of this class Mr. Dickens has made a happy hit, in the person of Mrs. Kenwigs, a character figuring in "Nicholas Nickleby."

To some of these, merely, must the palm and crown of ladyship be yielded. The writer is far from depreciating the advantages of wealth and station in society, but she will endeavour to show that these alone can never make a lady, that their possession is not at all necessary, and that one holding rank and riches may be utterly vulgar; while all the qualifications of a gentlewoman may happen to be found in one who cannot boast of more than plebeian ancestry, and, in worldly politeness, was never possessed at once of more than twenty pounds in her life. The writer would assure her readers, also, that all, from high to low, may, if they like, attain that enviable style and title, that highest patent of nobility—a gentlewoman of Nature's own making. For the accomplishment of this design, some of the more general features of the character in consideration are advanced, leaving readers to enlarge and apply them for themselves.

The first great qualification for the character of a true lady is, undoubtedly, decency. By this is not meant over-refinement, fastidiousness, or that false modesty which keeps too many from doing much good because they cannot muster courage, forsooth!—would not be so forward for the world, &c.—and is immediately scarlet red, poor thing! if anything is frightened out of its usual prim propriety; but a thorough

purity of action, of sentiment, and of thought. This is the foundation of the most noble constituents of woman's character, and none must lay claim to genuine ladyism who are not of that frame of soul described by our great Teacher when He blessed the "pure in heart."

Gentleness ranks next in order. A snappish, hasty, loud-spoken woman we assuredly cannot regard as a lady; nor would such an one, in her own cool, impartial judgment, lay claim herself to be so considered. Yet there is other ungentleness than that of tone and manner; there is the insinuated insult, the softly-uttered but withering sarcasm, the "gall of bitterness" is perhaps a single word, which are as far removed from the real spirit of gentleness as the North Pole is from the South. But the true lady is free from all this: her lips drop honey sweeter than that of Hybla, and the "law of kindness is ever on her tongue." Not that she cannot speak words of reproof when they are required; but even then the rebuked one is made to feel that there is no temper, no indulgence of vexed feeling, in the admonition; and thus it carries double force.

Some readers may smile when they find patience classed among high female attributes; for it has passed into a proverb that patience is a virtue seldom found in man, but never in woman. This is a mistake; the annals of woman's history furnish instances of patience which man cannot parallel, and this quality often rises in the necessity for it to a degree unlooked-for—nay, almost incredible. It is in the every-day affairs and trifles of life that woman's ordinary patience is ofttest tried, and most fails her. This is, perhaps, owing to her peculiar constitution, she being, according to Lavater, "all marrow, all nerve." Sir Walter Scott has described her failing in this quality in his well-known lines—

O woman! in our hours of ease, &c.

But the cultivation of patience, the repression of hasty feelings, must be regarded as one of the attributes of a lady; and, as it is often called into exercise, it is necessary for social happiness that it be an ingredient, and that by no means an unimportant one, in every well-constituted mind.

Benevolence, an enlargement of the sympathies towards all who need them, a yearning desire to do good, a love which thinketh no evil, must indeed be possessed by all who aim to be true ladies. Without it, the heart is too narrow, and the affections too straitened, for any character to be of our standard; and, therefore, such must be stamped as not of the sisterhood. Compassion, another attribute, is closely allied to benevolence, and might be defined as benevolence in its most active form, were it not that many, having the latter

quality, sadly want the former. They will pity the unfortunate, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, without ever seeking to possess that large-heartedness which "suffereth long, beareth all things, hopeth all things, and speaketh no evil."

Judgment or discretion, though perhaps not an absolute requisite, is yet of very high value, since it will lead the possessor to apply with tact and discrimination those various appliances, bodily and mental, which are suited to each peculiar constitution; and the right use of which so greatly add to the comfort and well-being of the whole human race. It will also lead her clearly through those perplexing and intricate situations in which nearly all, some time or other in their lives, find themselves placed; and thus render her path through life comparatively smooth and easy.

It were almost unnecessary to speak particularly of intelligence, since all that has been stated previously argues its pervading presence. Certain it is that no one can be a true lady without it, though it may be present in a greater or less degree, and more or less cultivated according to circumstances.

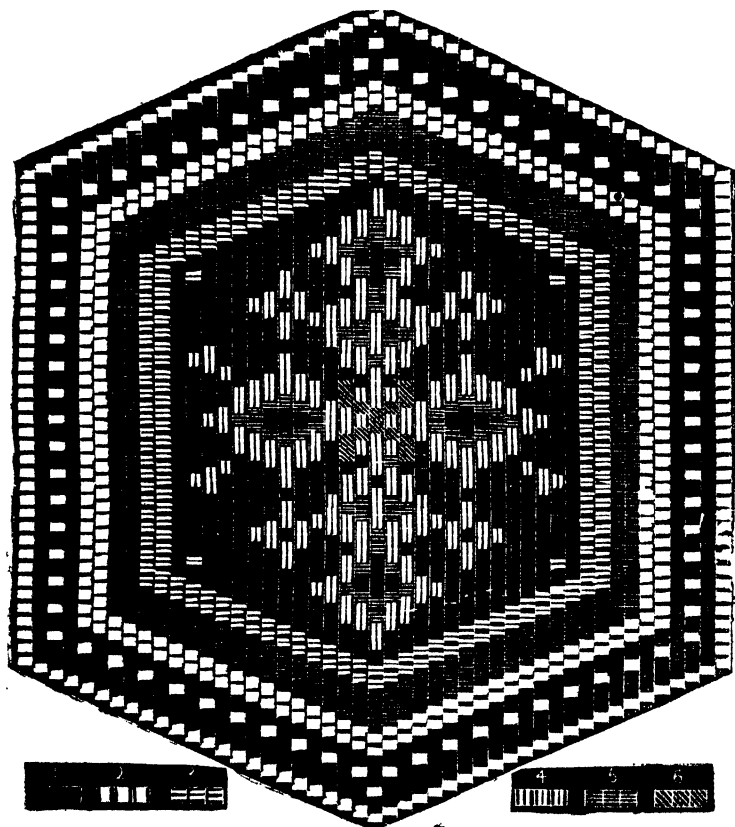
Without hesitation it is stated, though some may differ from the opinion, that no female character can be complete without piety. Indeed, it is almost impossible to conceive of a character in which are united those qualities which have been named as requisites, without presuming piety to be at the root and spring of all. Of this the wisest man the world has known was fully aware when he limned his beautiful portraiture of female character: "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

It has been attempted—imperfectly, indeed, and briefly, but as the limits of an essay will allow—to touch upon, and only to touch upon, the more prominent qualities out of the many which mark the true lady. It must be remembered that, although the standard is high, it may be attained by all who, setting aside selfish considerations, with earnest heart seek the welfare of their kind. No creature may live to himself alone; and those who wisely and judiciously do most for their fellow-creatures reap also the greatest amount of happiness for themselves. And let none despair. It will require much self-denial; but an untiring energy, and a firm will for self-conquest, will overcome many difficulties, and so help the aspirer to attain the proud distinction of a true lady, the perfection of woman's character, which, as Hannah More so tersely says, "consists not in the possession of any one excellence, or of any one gift; but in the happy and rare combination of them all."

Withington, Manchester.

EXCELSIOR.

Head-work.



BEAD-MAT.



BEAD EDGING.

We this month give a Mat in the work that is so much in request. The great thing required to make this work look well is to choose good positive colours that will harmonise. Those we have chosen for this one are, No 1, deep blue; 2, white; 3, amber; 4, crimson; 5, light blue; 6, green. We give, separately, two patterns of Edging (one in the Correspondence). They must be worked in two colours, to correspond; either a blue and white alternate, or any other colour to suit the worker. The working is very simple. Thread the number of beads required for one side, then turn two beads, pass the needle through the third, thread one bead, miss one, pass the needle through the next, and repeat to the end of the row. Each row is worked in the same way. By counting the number of squares, it will be easily seen where the different colours are placed to form the pattern. The edging is worked separately; the beads are strung upon the thread, and passed through the beads in the way the mat is worked.

The Fashions.



The Robe of the lady's dress we give this month is of mousseline de soie with four deep vandyked flounces trimmed on the edge with a bouffant ribbon of the same colour as the dress sewn on quite flat. The body is made tight and low, and edged with a band and trimmed with ribbon as on the flounces, if deep lace is added, it thus forms a beautiful bertha. The sleeves must also be trimmed to match.

Child's dress—Robe of taffetaline with three plain flounces, each edged with a band of moire antique or velvet; body low, sleeves very short. A broad ribbon passes from the top of each shoulder, is carried to meet at the point of the body, and fastened both there and on the shoulders in a bow. The sleeves are muslin, the drawers edged with deep broderie anglaise. The bonnet is rather large, and trimmed with leather trimmings.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

(Continued from p. 146.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE portrait of the mother of Helen's friends had evidently been taken many years before, when the lady was of her children's present age—a beautiful and finely-finished miniature of an elegant woman. It seemed to Helen, when she looked upon the face, as though she had looked upon it before; but where, and when, and how? At first she thought among the living and the happy; but as the bewilderment passed, and she still gazed upon the pictured face, remembrances of a circumstance that long ago transpired at home, when she was a little girl, came back freshly to her mind.

In the library, in the drawer of their father's writing-desk, which stood wide open as though inviting her curiosity, she had found the likeness of a woman which she had thought then beautiful beyond all things. She held it carefully in her hands, and was going out from the room in search of her mother to show the splendid lady to her, when, lifting her eyes, she saw her father standing mute before her, and gazing on her with a look which terrified her, and the little painting dropped from her hand. The old man stooped and lifted it up, and with a word so harsh, so cruelly bitter, as made her almost faint with fear, he sent her from the room; no persuasion could induce her, even after years were passed, to enter that library again.

The severe punishment attending this little act of childish curiosity had fixed the lady's likeness on Helen's mind in indelible colours. When, therefore, Julia showed this likeness to her, though she spoke no words save of admiration, a mortal chill overspread her frame, and the terror and grief of that distant day of humiliation seemed for a moment to overpower her.

Her emotion did not escape the sisters' notice; and when they said to her, "Was she not lovely, Helen, our darling mother?" the poor girl roused herself, and said merely, "Yes, most beautiful. I have no likeness of my sweet mother. What a joy this must be to you!"

Long after, the remembrance of this lady was troubling the thought of Helen Wise; but at last, in the pressure of present duty and active exertion, it passed away.

When Helen was eighteen years old, and the appointed time for her stay at — school had nearly passed, a new trial was put upon her.

The deformity which friends had hoped

might be outgrown with years had on the contrary increased with time, and great physical weakness attended it. Once she had been confined to a sick bed for weeks together, and her life was despaired of by those who attended her. If it had not been that so much anxiety was constantly on her mind, if the consciousness of her great duties had not so heavily pressed upon her, she had doubtless died; but when her breath had from exhaustion become scarcely perceptible, and her heart beat faintly as a dying infant's, and the physician could give no more hope, while Mrs. Hughes hung over the young girl with the sorrowing heart and the grief of a mother, they brought Edwin, who would not be kept back, to her bed; they held him close to her, that he might kiss her for the last time, and the embrace had been to her like an electric shock. It seemed as though this alone had power to call back the departing spirit to the mortal body of Helen Wise. She rallied from that moment, and arose from the sick bed whence none had thought to see her removed save for burial.

The second time of attack happened on the occasion of her receiving a letter from one her father had appointed to watch over his children during his absence. It told her that the old man was no more. This was accompanied by a letter from a physician; it was dated and post-marked Naples, stating that Mr. Wise had died in that city of cholera, and had bidden him in his last sickness, in case the disease proved fatal, to acquaint his friends in America with the particulars of the fact.

Aside from the natural grief which the daughter felt on receiving this intelligence, the fact that she was now to be recognised for what she had, indeed, ever virtually been, the only protector—in short, the parent of her brothers, was enough to distress and trouble her. Though she had been all in all to those children, it was a relief for her to fall back at times on the thought that they had a father. If she should die—and the idea of death was not to that frail creature an abstraction—he would be with them. If they should ever aspire or grow beyond her mild control, he had an authority they would not dare to question. Now that he was dead, this stay, this ever-comforting recollection was gone; and the prospect of all that was before her, though at one point of view his death might seem a relief, was at first too much—the sudden shock of weightiest recollection overpowered her.

From this prostrating sickness, however, she again recovered; and then it was thought best that Helen should return with her brothers at once to Sunnyside; and it was her earnest wish to do so. There, it was appointed, the will was to be read, and in the preparatory

school of the place Edwin's education was to be particularly attended to.

It was a sad going home, though there was nothing changed about the noble habitation. It seemed to Helen, as she passed through the neat, cheerful, handsomely furnished rooms, as though scarcely a day had passed since she went weeping from the place where her mother had lived and died. The gardens were never in finer order—even the birds, the pet canaries, sang the very notes they used to sing; and a globe, tenanted by gold-fish, occupied the same place that it had long ago.

Before dark, the very night of their return, Helen walked in that portion of the garden which her mother had been the first to call after her name. Her brothers were with her, but Helen looked, without speaking, on the fig-tree, which still stood in the centre of that little bed; its branches overshadowed all the ground where she had worked in childish sport and earnestness. For the first time since her coming home, though her heart had been every moment about to run over, she wept—for she remembered her mother's prophecy—and yet, despite her tears, an assurance of hope spoke to her from that tree. The withered, blighted trunk was now quite hid from sight—the deformity was not perceptible, neither had an observer been at all aware of its existence as he looked on the luxuriant foliage of the foreign tree.

Even thus might it be with her, as years passed on; so in spiritual strength and beauty might she continue to grow—so from her excellency might a pleasant shadow fall, in which the weary and the weak might repose.

It was appointed that their father's will should be read to the children the morning after their arrival at Sunnyside, and, at an early hour of the day, Mr. Warner, the legal friend of David Wise, accompanied by two elderly gentlemen, old acquaintances of the deceased, presented himself at the mansion.

The document was read from beginning to end without an interruption. That duty over, the gentlemen shortly after retired, and Helen was alone again. Alone—it was well that this was possible; for the astonishment that had silenced could not long be powerful to control, and she had been more than a young, solitary, helpless girl, to have borne up calmly, and at the same time wittingly, under the wrong that was done her.

By this will of David Wise, his estate was to pass into his daughter's hands; but conditionally, and not in her own right. If, in accordance with his command, she wedded with Alfred Lord before her twentieth birthday, Sunnyside was theirs, conjointly, for ever; if, for any reason, Helen should refuse the union,

which had been agreed upon between said Alfred and David Wise years before, the property of the said David was to go to the said Lord and the sons of David; and to his care these children were to be intrusted until Edwin was of age.

When he had finished reading the will, Mr. Warner, the lawyer, said to Helen, "I have made inquiries respecting the Alfred Lord here mentioned in this will; it appears that, since he left your late father's house, he has resided in New York. For the few past years he has been a very successful shipping merchant. Six months ago he sailed for Asia; it was not then his intention to return until a year from now. Probably it would be advisable to acquaint him with the contents of this will at once."

"As you please," was Helen's sole reply; and how securely those coldly-uttered words hid from the inquiring thoughts of her listeners the anguish with which they were echoed through her soul!

The surprise that could not be spoken, the sorrow that found no words, the thought that did not hate, that could not love or revere the dead father, how can I tell of it, or of that "wrestling with hidden pain?" But the spirit that had been so crushed and trodden upon began at last to rise again, to give voice; but, reader, only in the ear of Heaven; and its cry was answered in returning peace, and even hope, in recollection of the duties which were before her unperformed, in strength to bear, in courage to go onward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE advancement Edwin made in his studies after he entered the preparatory school was what might have been anticipated by those who knew how thorough a foundation had been laid while he studied with Helen. He mastered his tasks not with a parrot-like celerity, nor with the plodding toil of the book-worm, but by the rapid and bold flights of true genius and real industry.

His tutor, young Dr. Harry Gray, was the son of poor parents. By dint of unceasing application, he had risen high in the respect of his superiors; his perseverance and ability secured for him an honourable place at last in the very school which he had entered possessed of nothing but talents and determination to succeed. He was in person elegant; Nature had done everything for him, and he had not proved so ungracious as to neglect her gifts. He had improved them to the utmost by cultivating his mind, the only chivalrous act a man can do for Nature. That he did not become a vain, proud man, when he stood thus,

even in his poverty, self-elevated above his fellows, was, perhaps, because his ambition could not stop to trifle with vanity, nor be satisfied with the miserable delusions of vulgar pride. He had come out of the ranks of obscurity, self-sent by force of character and of mind.

Dr. Gray had been long desirous to pay his respects to the sister of Edwin, his favourite pupil; for the boy, acting the proverb that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," had awakened in the dreaming, secluded scholar a curiosity and real desire to see and know this paragon.

It was natural that he should associate an idea of external loveliness with so much perfection, as seemed from Edwin's words embodied in Helen Wise; and it was by no means strange that he received a shock that was almost revulsion, when he was shown into her presence, so unlike was the being he saw to the beauty he had imagined.

It was long before the impression, produced in that moment when the vision of imagination fell before reality, passed away. Yet Dr. Gray did not, for Edwin's sake, discontinue his visits at Sunnyside; and he soon found how pleasant it was to listen sometimes to the soft tones of Helen's voice, to enrich himself by converse with her always suggestive mind.

And all insensibly the scholar was attracted, charmed, and enchained by another order of beauty, of which he became by degrees fully cognisant, for he discovered that Helen's moral and intellectual loveliness surpassed all that form and colouring of which, in dreaming hours, he had mused; but which, it must be confessed, he had never, in his little intercourse with the world, seen embodied.

That he did not love Helen at once, nor at last, in the way that romancing men and maidens in the story-books love, was, I acknowledge, a substantial fact. He admired and respected her; it had been impossible for any person to have otherwise regarded her, and that he did, devoutly. But Harry Gray was a man who lived by sight as well as faith.

Faith, I said, he had in Helen's merits in full abundance; but another love, a love of the imagination for beautiful women, had been with him from his boyhood; and though it had never been a frequent thought with him that he should one day follow the fashion of the world, and take to himself a wife, he had not, it must be confessed, been always without fancies personal, respecting such matters. That he never looked on Helen Wise in the light of a speculation, was most certain; though it was equally certain that the secluded doctor had never heard of that strange proviso in the will of David Wise. He had reason to

believe that her fortune was large, but the accumulation of money had never been his object in life; and the idea of taking a wife that he might fill his purse was one that he could never have entertained. It was foreign to his whole nature.

Neither at the first, nor ever really—that is, in other than a dream-like way—did Helen Wise dare to think of the learned young doctor, save as her brother's instructor. He was, for this very office he held, a man fraught with uncommon interest to her—he was in her eyes more than a mere agreeable, accomplished gentleman.

By degrees, but unconsciously to herself, Harry Gray became far more to her. Though, when she herself began to suspect this, she laid a double restraint on her heart—though, when she knew that he was day by day acquiring with her a deeper interest, she solemnly vowed that, for his sake, she would, come what might, live alone in the world—though her earnest and frequent prayers were offered that she might have strength to put away the beautiful idea which began to encroach so boldly that it terrified her—she was after all conquered—she loved!

And he to whom this pure, earnest devotion was given, knew it—he could not read amiss the happy truth that spoke from her innocent eyes and her pure heart. But he did not know it till he had gained power to interpret her thoughts and her words by his own. What to him, then, was beauty, when his soul fell down before her soul, and recognised and loved it? What was anything in the wide world to him then but her heart, when he had given her his own! Floated no longer then through his fancy an image of rare loveliness, of perfect form and feature. He had reached a higher ground of vision—far more to him than this perishing beauty of earth became the surpassing loveliness of her mind. When from her own words he gathered that she loved him, there was not another desire in the world that he could have named. He had all in her that he wished for. Riches—her love was as a sea of gold, that could flow around him in perpetual light; honour—she revered him; happiness—he found the full answer in her name!

But this was to him a short-lived joy. Helen only heard his declaration, and then forced to her lips utterances which, while they assured him of her love, made him dumb.

The confession of his regard was what she had striven not to hear. She had continued deaf to his words, and blind to his eyes' questioning, so long as it was possible; and when the words were at last spoken which in another case had made her glad beyond all

imagination, she had only to speak the truth, and even the intreaty of devout love must then for ever be over, for nothing on this earth could have induced Helen to give the children of her mother to the tender mercies of a stranger—of Alfred Lord. Her love for them, and her sense of duty, conquered that other passion; then she was free. But she did not therefore put away her love; rejoicing that it need not be resigned, she treasured it and cherished it more deeply than before.

Once only had Harry Gray's declaration of love been permitted—once only could it be answered. The sore disappointment endured, and its freshest sting removed, the young man dared to trust himself again in her companionship; and Helen, strong in her righteous will, dared receive him. They were thus together, when Helen received the following letter from Julia Saxe:—

"I had hoped, when I next wrote to you, dear Nelly, to surprise and please you with the news of my letter. And now I *must* surprise, but it is with tears of grief. My sister, our beautiful Anna, is no longer with me—she is gone to the 'far country.' Helen, she is dead. And to you I will say what I could not speak to another—she perished, in her youthful loveliness and gentleness, of that most sad disease which God ever puts on woman's nature—of a broken heart. She was never, you well know, so strong as I; but she had, of late years, been more healthy than her childhood promised, and was so well in spirits, so exceedingly beautiful! We had a friend—he was the hope of her life—how well all went with her in those happy days! But he was taken away—and all was over with her. I would have brought her to you, dear Helen. Or I would have gone anywhere in the wide world to have averted from her that doom of melancholy which, if it overshadowed, would, I knew, destroy her. She struggled with her sorrow when she saw how it troubled me, but could not listen to my proposition of leaving the town where he died. It was a struggle that could not last—she died in it.

"I cannot live here any longer, Helen. The place is consecrated by the saddest remembrances. I have seen all that was nearest to me perish here. I cannot bear it longer; and there is not a friend in the wide world whom, in this loneliness and bereavement, I can so gladly, so trustingly seek, as you. Helen, dear Helen, we are without father or mother, or sister, in this world. We know and love each other—let us *be* always the sisters that we are in spirit—let my home only be with your home. I would give all my fortune for a friend. It has seemed to me always as though I had a right to call you by another name than friend.

I have never felt attracted towards others as towards you from the first day I saw you at school—and that was long before we knew each other, you will recollect. That impulse, which drew me then so irresistibly towards you, draws me now. Adieu.

"JULIA."

When Helen had finished the letter, she turned to Dr. Gray, saying—

"You must come to Sunnyside, the next time, to welcome my friend, Julia Saxe. I have told you so often about her that she will not seem a stranger. But you have no idea of her, after all. She is the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. You are an admirer of beauty—you will be astonished when you see her; for, peerless as she is in person, her mind is not less beautiful or attractive. It seemed to me, when I parted with those twin-sisters, that they were the only really perfect creatures in the world. I should have prophesied them the most happy destiny. How true that saying is, Harry, 'What we are we know, but not what we shall be.'"

"Are you sure, Helen, that there is in the world such a thing as happiness?"

"Yes, I am sure of it; but I believe it is not to be found till we have conquered our own wills, and perfectly submitted to the will of Heaven. Until that happens, we are looking, and longing, and striving; but when we have a living faith in Him, we are at peace."

"But the decrees of Heaven, Helen, seem so strange. From my youth up I have striven and laboured, and done what was right, as far as I knew how; and, I assure you, I have not followed my own counsel in discovering and striving to do my duty. And you, what a care has been on you always! You, too, have suffered, and have nobly borne—you have devoted yourself to others; and now, when we might find our earthly reward in each other's affection, see what a barrier rises before us! Oh, it is strange!"

"Yes, dear Harry, 'passing strange,' if there were not life in the fact, that we are proved through suffering. Strange, if we did not remember or know that our home is not on the earth, that we are all, all strangers and pilgrims here. In another way than we think of now, God may yet smile upon and be merciful unto us, while we remain on earth. You may find another love—it is by no means improbable—and I in my brothers' may yet be sufficiently blessed."

"Helen! you have not loved as I have loved, or you could not speak thus calmly."

"Harry," she answered, in an earnest voice, that haunted him long after, "I have sealed up, and can never bring to light, the happy dreams I've dreamed. I have struggled with and conquered a passion that was idolatry; but

I love you yet. I shall always love you; and I think it no sin, for spirits may so love. Think how much I could confide in you, when I dare speak thus. God knows how I have wrestled, how my heart has been crushed in the wrestling. He gave me strength at last—do not take that strength away, by speaking another word of this. There is such utter hopelessness in the idea of our union, that it is best never to revert to it in any way. We are friends for ever—it must suffice. Let us submit without murmuring.”

“Amen, then, in God’s name! But it is a fearful baptism into suffering, Helen,” he said, and went away.

A few evenings after this, Dr. Gray was again at Sunnyside. There had been an arrival—Julia Saxe had come.

(To be continued.)

REVERIE.

It is the hour of twilight, and my fancy
Delights to soar away,
And memory and hope together mingle
At every closing day.

First memory recalls my childhood’s pleasures,
Though not all bright or fair;
For ever and anon a cloud would linger,
Casting a shadow there.

And as the days of youth passed swiftly onward
The shadows would increase,
For never will the heart be quite untroubled
Till sin with pain shall cease.

Then gladly I remember all those loved ones
So dear unto my heart,
And retrospection fain would dwell upon them,
Unwilling to depart.

For many of the fairest and the dearest
Have taken their glad flight;
Have left this chequered scene of joy and sorrow
For realms of heavenly light.

But Hope steps in with tones so sweetly cheering
And bids me not despair,
That if in faith I tread the narrow pathway
I shall rejoin them there.

Hope whispers, too, that friends still here remain—
Will glid my life with love,
And though I almost “faint” while yet “pursuing,”
Will dear companions prove.

That many happy hours, all unexpected,
May cheer my future lot,
With a steadfast and a trusting spirit
I hope, and murmur not.

E. P. D.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE genus *Paradisæa* contains the famous birds of Paradise so noted during our early intercourse with the Eastern countries. The bill is straight, compressed, rather strong, unnotched; the nostrils surrounded by a close tissue of feathers of a velvet texture, sometimes resplendent with metallic lustre. The birds are native to New Guinea and the neighbouring islands; and in consequence of the delicately graceful structure of their plumage, and the pure and beautifully-blended colours by which they are adorned, the species in general may be regarded as the most highly prized of all the feathered race. Their history was long obscure as night, and even now we have but few features of their character developed by the actual observation of trustworthy witnesses.

In the second edition of Pennant’s “Indian Zoology,” there is a general description of the genus from Valentyn and other writers, by Dr. J. R. Forster, preceded by a learned disquisition on the fabulous phoenix of antiquity, a bird of the size of an eagle, decorated with gold and purple plumes, and more particularly described by Phny as being characterised by the splendour of gold around the neck, with the rest of the body purple, the tail blue varied with rose colour, the face adorned with combs or wattles, and the head furnished with a crest. This excellently-adorned phoenix Dr. Forster very properly supposes to have been no other than a symbolical Egyptian illustration of the annual revolution of the sun, and the conversion of the great year, which, according to Manilius, corresponds with the supposed life of the phoenix, and from which period the same course of seasons and position of the heavenly bodies is renewed. Now, though it is certain, as Dr. Forster observes, that the bird of Paradise was never known to ancient writers, and that whatever the Egyptian priests delivered concerning their fabulous phoenix has no apparent agreement with the birds in question; yet it is remarkable enough that the names applied to them, both by Indian and European nations, attribute something of a supposed celestial origin. Dr. Shaw, however, thinks that this notion has, in all probability, arisen merely from their transcendent beauty, and the singular and delicate disposition of their plumage. The Portuguese who navigated to the Indian Islands called them *Passaros da Sol*, in like manner as the Egyptians regarded their imaginary bird as symbolising the annual revolution of that great luminary. The inhabitants of the Island of Ternate call them *Manwo Dewata*, or the birds of God.

The most faulciful conjectures have been entertained in reference to the habits of these

The true residence, or breeding-place, of these birds seems to be Papua, or New Guinea, from whence they make occasional excursions to some smaller neighbouring islands. They fly in flocks of about thirty or forty, led, it is alleged, by a single bird, which the natives call their king, but which is said to be of a different species. It is further pretended that, when this bird settles, the whole flight settle also, in consequence of which they sometimes perish, being unable to rise again, owing to the peculiar structure of their wings. They also always fly against the wind, lest their plumage should be discomposed. While flying, they make a noise like starlings; but their common cry rather resembles that of a raven, and is very audible in windy weather, when they dread the chance of being thrown upon the ground. In the Aru Islands they are seen to perch on lofty trees, and are variously captured by the inhabitants, with bird-lime snares, and blunted arrows. Though many are taken alive, they are always killed immediately, embowelled, the feet cut off, the plumed skins fumigated with sulphur, and then dried for sale. The Dutch ships frequenting the sea between New Guinea and Aru, a distance of about twenty miles, not unfrequently observe flocks of Paradise-birds crossing from one to the other of these places, but constantly against the wind. Should a gale arise, they ascend to a great height, into the regions of perpetual calm, and there pursue

"This elegant creature has a light, playful, and graceful manner, with an arch and impudent look, dances about when a visitor approaches the cage, and seems delighted at being made an object of admiration; its notes are very peculiar, resembling the cawing of the raven, but its tones are by far more varied. During four months of the year, from May to August, it moults. It washes itself regularly twice daily, and, after having performed its ablutions, throws its delicate feathers up nearly over the head, the quills of which feathers have a peculiar structure, so as to enable the bird to effect this object. Its food, during confinement, is boiled rice mixed up with soft egg, together with plantains, and living insects of the grasshopper tribe. These insects, when thrown to him, the bird contrives to catch in his beak with great celerity. It will eat insects in a living state, but will not touch them when dead.

"It rarely alights upon the ground; and so proud is the creature of its elegant dress that it never permits a soil to remain upon it; and it may frequently be seen spreading out its wings and feathers, and regarding its splendid self in every direction, to observe whether the whole of its plumage is in an unsullied condition."

The greater bird of Paradise is an exceedingly graceful bird. The long plumes with which it is ornamented prevent its flying except against the wind; for this, if blowing in the course of the bird, would not only disorder these feathers, but, acting on them like sails

they would drive the bird along with irresistible rapidity. These birds abstain altogether from flight during a storm, which would inevitably

long feathers brings them into imminent danger of falling.

The magnificent bird of Paradise is a richly-



THE GREAT EMERALD BIRD OF PARADISE.

hurl them to the ground. When on the wing they are noisy, like starlings, but their common cry is said rather to resemble the croaking of ravens, and is particularly audible when, in somewhat windy weather, the incumbrance of their

coloured species. It is of an orange-chestnut colour above, the top of the head and the back being deeper than the rest. The former, in some species, inclines to purple; the tips of the wings and tail are brown, the throat is blackish, with a purple gloss.

A double ruff, composed of slender plumes, with slightly-detached extremities, springs from the back of the neck.

The king bird of Paradise is one of the smallest and rarest of this delightful group. It is about the size of a sparrow. Above, it is of an intense purplish-chestnut, and beneath it is white. A zone of golden-green extends across the chest; from the sides spring two fan-like plumes, consisting of six or seven dusky feathers, with the richest golden-green. From the tail-coverts spring two long slender shafts, each elegantly terminating in a broad emerald web, rising from one side only of the shaft, and disposed into a flat spiral curl. The beak and legs are yellowish brown.

THE WRECK ON THE ROCK.

I.

THE little fishing-village of Seaton stood on the shore of a small bay, the slopes of which, varied in colour as they were by the autumn sun, added fresh beauty to the dancing waves. It was inhabited by a hardy race of fishermen, whose use from childhood had taught to disregard the numerous rocks and shelving sands which lay, just covered at low water, no great distance from the little harbour which afforded shelter to their rough-built fleet. The boats were drawn up dry upon the beach; and while the nets were spread around upon the grassy spots which here and there enlivened the neighbourhood with their verdure, the men were busied in repairing any mischief to their tackle which might have accrued from their early work upon the waters. Several tidily-dressed women were also busy in their various industrial employments peculiar to the neighbourhood, and which found a ready market at a town some eight miles distant from this lonely spot, the while the air echoed with the loud ringing laughter of a romping group of sturdy sunburnt children.

But if the sea were beautiful to gaze upon, the scenery around of such a character as to call forth expressions of admiration at its picturesqueness, there was yet another feature of this scene which commanded attention—this was the spirit of harmony which reigned throughout this little band of brothers. Their natural sense had taught them that their common interest demanded unity, and their hearts cemented what that interest begun.

Noon had arrived, and with it the sky became overcast and threatening. The clouds seemed to lower as though but courting the rising waves to join them in some mighty strife. A rolling moaning voice appeared struggling for

utterance in the distance, and the billows were topped with a white crest, as though foaming with some pent-up rage.

"Mates," said old Walton, the father of the village, breaking the silence which had reigned since the first symptoms of the storm, "there's a ship, I see, in the offing; and if this wind blows another hour, and she holds on the course she seems inclined to, there's no help for it, but on the rocks she goes; so down with the life-boat, and let all hands be ready for the rescue. What do you say, boys?"

There was but one response to this appeal; for though none had spoken, yet each with practised eye had detected the vessel spoken of by old Walton, and saw too clearly that, should she fail in beating out to sea again, there was but one fate for her, and perhaps for all aboard; so but little time elapsed ere the boat was down upon the beach, ready for launching whenever old Tom should give the word.

Several hours passed, and the winds grew more boisterous, and the wild sea dashed furiously against the steadfast rocks; but still that gallant ship held out. Nobly she bore up against the storm that threatened every moment to engulf her; but yet in vain she struggled to regain the open sea, and leave that dreaded shore towards which the Fates seemed hurrying her in spite of all her efforts. Waterlogged, almost mastless, and ungovernable, she plunged deep in the trough of the sea, and again rose high up on the summit of some mountain wave, as though raised aloft but to be dashed with greater certainty down the deep abyss beneath. But there is a momentary lull, and again she rights—again her gallant crew stretch every nerve to work her round; but still, alas! she bears down towards the fatal rock, and then the wind returns with tenfold strength, casting the surface of the waters into a thousand broken waves. On she flies; chains crack like thread; cables fly smoking through the hawser-holes. Free from all check, she dashes madly forward—and strikes.

"Hold on! hold on!" shouted Tom, as he stood, with his grey hair streaming in the winds, at the prow of the boat which four stout fishermen were forcing through the boiling waters. "Clutch whatever comes first; keep up your courage, mates!" again shouted the old man, though not a syllable could reach the ears of even those who, still struggling in the waves, were not yet deaf to earthly sounds. And how nobly did those brave hearts work and toil! Dangers had no fears for them; winds might howl and waters roar, but nothing could silence that secret voice within their breasts, which spoke of fellow-creatures suffering, and urged them to their succour. But it was not to be. The darkness of night was lowering

over them like a funeral pall, and all in vain as yet had been their struggles to save a single life, when again old Tom called out, "Steady mates, steady! Easy with the tiller, Jem!" said he, as his eyes were fixed upon a dark object which here and there appeared above the surface of the now somewhat subsided waters. "A man, boys! a man! Now, then, give way!" and he leant forward in his eagerness to get a clearer view; "two pulls like that, hearties, and we'll save him yet. Courage, mate! courage!" shouted the good-hearted fisherman as he watched the struggling swimmer who, with a child in one arm, with almost superhuman strength succeeded in keeping his head above the engulfing waters. And now but a small space divides him from the coming help; but again the merciless waves dash him back. With still more energy the rowers work, and old Tom shouts encouragement to the almost fainting man. But the boat nears him. Tom stretches over her side, and now, as she dips into the hollow of a wave, he clatches the poor child's arm—"Saved! saved!" he shouts; but the man recedes again in the dark waters, and a voice seems to echo the sounds, "Saved! saved!" and is heard no more.

Long after their usual hour for retiring to rest sat old Tom and his no less kind-hearted wife, administering such comfort and restoratives as their experience suggested were most proper for their infant charge, which proved to be a fine boy of about four years old. At length, their efforts succeeded; and the poor but far from friendless child fell into a calm and refreshing sleep, as beautiful as was its own infantile innocence.

The morning which succeeded this melancholy scene was, if possible, more lovely than that which had preceded it; but the heart's aspirations were checked by the scene of desolation all along the coast. Spars, boxes, and a variety of broken timbers—all that remained of that noble vessel, once so proudly sailing "like a thing of life" upon the far-wide waters—were scattered in every direction. But there were scenes still more sad than this: the ghastly corpses of those who, but a few short hours before, were elate with the anticipations of again caressing old friends, wandering through old haunts, and almost bursting with the thought of once more clasping to their breasts a wife or child within the sacred precincts of their home. But, alas! they had found a home, less thought about mayhap than that of earth, but far brighter, happier, and eternal!

In the meantime, old Tom had been scrutinising with a careful eye each form as it was laid bare upon the sands, until at last he seemed to have found the object of his search.

"Jem," he cried, turning to his son-in-law, who generally accompanied him wherever he went, "that's him—I know I'm not mistaken. I caught a look of his face as he held up the child—a noble fellow!" mused the old man, still gazing at the form before him. "A brave heart he had; and look, Jem, that's one comfort—see the smile upon his face! He knew, he felt, you may depend on't, that he had saved his child—for his it is, I'm sure; and I daresay he thought that those who would risk their lives to save a creature in such a strait as his would not spare the care to guard his boy. Ah! never fear, brave heart; never fear!" and he spoke as though his words could convey comfort and assurance to the lifeless clay outstretched upon the sand.

Tom's surmise respecting the relationship of the child was further confirmed by the identity of marks upon their clothes; and then, in presence of all the men, Tom took from the cold, stiff finger of the corpse a ring mounted with a small crest and initials; and before their dreary work was done, each man had promised, in conjunction with the rest, to carefully rear the shipwrecked child, and, as they firmly and honestly thought, to fulfil the wishes of the noble dead.

II.

In a richly-furnished room in one of the large houses situated on the left hand side of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in Paris, were seated two ladies—the one apparently some forty years of age, while the other numbered scarcely eighteen summers. The former was remarkable—not so much for any striking attributes of beauty, as for a look of somewhat sad benignity, and an expression which bespoke a heart ever open to the woes of those less fortunate in worldly matters than herself, and a manner which made an obligation conferred the more sure of being remembered with a sense of gratitude, since the recipient was never made to feel it. But there was, likewise, a shade over the countenance which told of grief, the cause of which might long have passed away, but the effects still keenly felt as ever. The other was certainly pretty; but still, even in her, it was more the affable and winning way she had about her that attracted rather than her simply sweet expression of face. Her whole attention seemed devoted, beside, to the wants and wishes of her companion; and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks dimpled with a smile, when she had succeeded in surprising her aunt, as she called her, into a little joyous laugh, and weaning her mind from the sorry thoughts which seemed to prey upon it.

"Modeste is late, aunt, is she not?" said the younger, whom I shall designate Auguste,

addressing Mrs. Silvertown; "but I am sure there must be some cause, for she is generally so very punctual."

"No doubt," returned the elder lady; "she has much to do, and for one of her age much to think about. I suspect, though she will not own it, that the weight of supporting her father and mother rests on her; but she is a good girl—a very good girl. How do you think we could best give her a little surprise next Tuesday, my dear? It is her birthday, I suspect, from something she let drop the other day. But I think I see her hurrying across the 'Ronde' now; so not a word, Augusta, about the *jour de naissance*."

Augusta promised secrecy, but looked, nevertheless, as though she wished the day had arrived; for keeping a secret was not her forte.

But further conversation was interrupted by the introduction of Modeste herself, who was by profession a dressmaker, and by nature a black eyed, good-natured, coquettish-looking girl, who never seemed grave, and who thought nothing a trouble, but would at any time sacrifice her own pleasure for the benefit of others; and thought a trip to St. Cloud, or a *petit dîner* outside one of the barriers, the acme of mundane bliss, always providing that a certain Adolphe was of the party.

"A thousand pardons, madame," said she on entering, gracefully courtesying at the same time; "but I was detained, and if you knew the cause I am sure you would excuse me."

"Adolphe troubled with a headache?" mischievously suggested Augusta.

Modeste did not reply in words, but gave a response with her eyes as wicked as need be.

"And may I know?" asked Mrs. Silvertown, fancying perhaps that some little difficulty had occurred from which she might assist the young girl.

"Oh, yes, madame, certainly," replied Modeste with animation; "there is a young gentleman lodges in our house who has been in the same office with a friend of mine."

"Adolphe?" again remarked Augusta, with a sly glance at the dressmaker.

"Yes, miss," replied Modeste, but now with downcast eyes, as Mrs. Silvertown was looking at her, and then continued, "But he has been very ill, madame, and I don't think he is very rich, you know—and so could not get the little niceties he wants just now to give him strength; and so Adolphe and a few companions of his got up a little subscription, you see, madame, and bought everything the doctor said was needed for the *pauvre Anglais*, and they made me stop to make the soups."

"English!" said Mrs. Silvertown; "how good of you, Modeste!"

To narrate the conversation that ensued

would occupy more space than is necessary; so I need but state that Modeste, much to her delight, left her kind employers with a good stock of such luxuries as were considered beneficial for the invalid; in addition to which, Augusta slipped into her hand a small purse.

Nor did the benevolence of Mrs. Silvertown stop at this one act of kindness; week after week she forwarded little packages for the convalescent's use, until, at last, she began to think of him, whoever he might be, as a sort of *protégé*, and felt an anxiety she could scarce account for as to his progress towards a state of health. And now it soothed her own griefs, and brought a consoling calm to her wounded spirit, this life of generosity and sympathy! how the thanks and blessings which were poured upon her, and remembered in the prayers of the recipients, seemed to bring healing and joy to her widowed heart! And, above all, how it smoothed the rough path of many from a life of sin to one of honour and sobriety!

It need hardly be said that numerous were the grateful messages received by Mrs. Silvertown for her kindness; but now strength having been restored, Modeste was commissioned to bear a letter from the invalid to his unknown benefactress—a letter breathing more than ordinary gratitude, for it spoke of parents long lost, of friends true-hearted, but helpless to assist him in the path he had cut out for himself; and how, without a home but the wide world, such kindness as he had received nigh bowed him down with the sense of obligation he was under; besides, it was so like to what he loved to think his own dear mother would have done, had she been placed in similar circumstances.

But I am anticipating. Modeste presented her letter to Mrs. Silvertown, and, as she did so, inadvertently placed it with the seal uppermost. And now what can—what is there in that simple bit of wax to cause such agitation as is there? What in a letter from a stranger to bring that pallid hue upon the cheek, and cause that trembling of the hand and fluttering of the heart? Of a verity we have much to learn in nature yet. And why with painful earnestness of gaze does Mrs. Silvertown look till a mist seems to blind her sight at the seal upon that note? Oh, there is reason good enough—the pent-up sorrow of eighteen years now rushes into her mind, and this little thing has power to open wounds never healed, 'tis true, but nearly closed by time. But another thought enters the brain; and, with the quickness of lightning, a flush suffuses the just pale face, a convulsive smile plays upon the lips, and, with a battle of contending feeling raging in her breast, she falls fainting.

Under the careful attentions of Augusta and

Modeste, Mrs. Silvertown quickly recovered; and then, with quivering lips, explained the cause of her emotion, and anxiously inquired if Modeste had ever noticed a ring answering the description she had given. The replies all tended to confirm the happy hope now raised in the grief-laden mother's heart; and it was arranged that the young stranger should be invited to call on Mrs. Silvertown that afternoon, and informed that she thought it not unlikely she might be of service to him in his present position. In the meantime, Modeste was incidentally to mention what had occurred so that, if there were any truth in the surmise entertained by Mrs. Silvertown, the suddenness of the discovery might not prove too much.

The few hours that were wanting to complete the time appointed seemed to lag heavily in their course to Mrs. Silvertown. But, hark! a step ascends the staircase, and with an effort she suppresses her rising emotions. Was it to be? or was it not? It was an almost awful suspense, for she had pictured that lost son of hers often and often in her day-visions and in her night-dreams: now, as she saw him last, nestling to her bosom and smiling as only children can smile up into their mother's face; then, with more saddened joy, she would fancy him a member of the holy kingdom of those little ones who never did, and never can do sin—and this sweet thought had weaved a chain which seemed to draw her on the path of godliness and human sympathy, the end of which would join her to her child again. And then another thought would come: she would fancy him as she had hoped to see him—the pride, the joy of her advancing years. And is this one of all, can this one picture of the many, prove the true one after the long eighteen years? But the door opens—a form

enters—stops, gazes earnestly, and almost bewilderingly, in return to that fixed look which seems to read his very heart. Another moment, and Nature speaks—a voice mysterious, and still, but not less true, and mother and son have met again in a long sweet embrace.

But a few more words, and my tale is told. We are again upon the beach; and old Walton is still there, though now numbering over eighty years. There seems to be a merry-making going on, and joy lights up the bright eyes of all around.

There is the old curate of the neighbouring village, who had so kindly and willingly helped the fishermen in nurturing and educating their God-sent charge, and then, as the wish to launch into the world took possession of his mind, procured him a situation in Paris, having friends and relatives residing there. And there sits Mrs. Silvertown, still in her widow's weeds, beside old Tom, a tear of gratitude falling on her hand, which clasps the one which saved her child; for though her boy is found, she must yet wait a while before she again joins him. But there are yet two others, seemingly the happiest there; love beaming in their smiles, and tenderness in every look. A newly-married couple they, by name Augustus and Augusta Silvertown; for she, who had been the adopted orphan child of eighteen years, how could she leave her benefactress now? And old Tom clasps their hands and blesses them, and Augustus declares again and again the gratitude he feels for all the kindness he has met with at their hands and others. "And believe me, my dear friends," he says—"the belief will do your hearts good—that in whatever misery you may be placed, even though it be at a wreck on the rock, you will find kind hearts everywhere."



THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S
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AND

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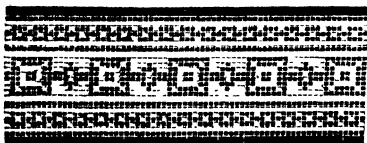
Notices to Correspondents.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Last month it was announced that the Prize would be given with the November number for the best Tale. Competitors are reminded that their MSS. should be sent in on or before the 12th of the month. The subject proposed for the December number is, "The Uses of Sorrow." The Prize in each case consists of a handsome Volume.

.*. We have to thank several correspondents for domestic receipts; and shall always be glad to receive such evidences of our subscribers' interest in the Magazine.

L. L. AND A YOUTHFUL SUBSCRIBER.—We give below a pattern in crochet bead-work, suitable



for the edging of toilet-cushions, or any other light work. It is worked in single crochet. The beads must be strung on the cotton before beginning to work, and dropped on, according to the pattern, on the wrong side—the wrong being the right side when beads are used in crochet. The beads used are what are called seed-beads. The black part in our engraving represents the beads.

THE WATCHWORD.—A parcel lies at the office, awaiting receipt of the address of the authoress of this tale.

A. A.—See "Things worth Knowing" in the present number.

FLORENCE DOMBEY.—The patterns you speak of are printed. A very good way to trace patterns upon work is to get the paper same as the drapers use in making out their bills, and place that between your tracing and the muslin; then go over your pattern with a hard pencil or paint, and it will leave you the pattern quite distinct and clear, or you may draw it on the muslin with a fine reed pen and indigo, such as is used in water-colour drawings, taking care not to have it too thin. There is no publication we can recommend for what you want at present.

GODMOTHEE.—We give a pattern for an Infant's Bonnet. It is made of any light and warm material, and trimmed with alternate ruches of ribbon and daisy flowers. The cape is either braided, or worked in chain or herring-bone stitch, and finished with a fringe.



NIL DESPERANDUM.—French may be learned without a master, and the book of French exercises reprinted by Mr. Cassell from the "Popular Educator" would suit your purpose. But it is hard work without the aid of a master, and not always satisfactory to the student when accomplished. We recommend diligent study for a while, and then a few lessons from a good master to polish off with. It is by no means a difficult study to people of ordinary application.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.—Going to bed without supper is not healthy, if any considerable time has elapsed since the previous meal. A very light supper is healthy.—Don't know any remedy for the saddles.—We are decidedly of opinion that a half pint of vinegar taken every other day would not only injure, but ruin your health; and that in no short time.

W. H. (Ripon).—To answer your question were to write the essay for you; which you cannot desire.

A YOUNG MOTHER and MARTHA will be pleased with the following pattern of infant's boots; they are made of merino or silk, and lined or vadded with fine flannel. The front is made in one piece, the heels in another, and the sole in a third piece.



The parts and heels are embroidered, the flowers are worked in satin stitch in colours, the other part either in very narrow braid or chain stitch. The soles should be made of two or three thick-

nesses of flannel, nicely quilted. These shoes are made high to suit the approaching autumnal and wintry weather.

A SUBSCRIBER (Dearplay).—We are unable to inform you how to make water-proof cloth, in a domestic way. The receipt respecting books will effect the object you desire. Your other question was answered last month, in "Notices to Correspondents."

REBECCA.—In candour, our opinion of your poetry is not favourable. It is not better (nor worse) than a hundred such performances received at our office every month. With a little care and practice, you would write a very good hand.

ADA BRYANT.—The institution to which you refer is not educational. We believe it is in the nature of a home for governesses, and its intention charitable. Your best plan, perhaps, would be to obtain an engagement as pupil-teacher in some thoroughly excellent academy, where, for a comparatively small sum, you would obtain the advantage of instruction, and the experience of an instructor.

CAPTAIN R.'s enigmas, &c., are respectfully declined.

BEATRICE.—We cannot make out your request.

A. D. K.—Our desk is already heaped with accepted communications.

H. V. (who ungraciously presumes that he "has the privilege of asking questions," because his sister takes in the Magazine) is informed that, if his hands have any natural disposition to be made white, they will become so by frequent washing with common yellow soap; and that to reduce the size of his knuckles, which have become enlarged by rough work, is quite impossible, and rather absurd.

Miss S. and an **INVALID SUBSCRIBER** are thanked for their receipts. We do not understand the purport of the receipt the latter asks for.

THOMSON S.—A good and useful filter may easily be made by anyone who values a glass of pure water as much as a little labour. Take a large new garden-pot, and fit a piece of good sponge in the hole at the bottom. The pot being of unglazed ware, will always keep the water below the temperature; and the water, percolating through the sponge, will be rendered purer than before.

R. R.—The Turkish piastre is equivalent to a fraction less than twopence halfpenny English currency. The Russian ruble, valuing a hundred kopeken, is represented by three shillings English; the silver ruble is fifty kopeken, or eightpence.

AGNES.—We have at least twenty various requests for as many different patterns every month. Of course it is quite impossible to comply with them all; and our plan is to engrave those which are most generally useful. The pattern Agnes desires shall appear if possible.

M. M.—The two first volumes of the Magazine are always on sale.

L. A.'s little poem shall one day appear.

INQUIROR.—By "subscriber" is meant anyone who takes the Magazine regularly. The wrapper of every copy of the first number of a volume (the volume year commencing with May) is stamped with a distinctive set of figures; the wrapper of each succeeding number with a letter—A, B, C, and so on. When the twelve numbers of the volume are issued, the cheques containing these figures and letters must be cut out, and sent to the office with the subscriber's name and address. They are then filed in order; and thus, at the time of drawing for the prizes, immediate reference can be had to the names of those who hold the fortunate numbers.

Things worth Knowing.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—A correspondent states that camphine will take the grease out of the most soiled ribbons, and clean them, and make them equal to new. Lay the soiled ribbon, or piece of silk, in a plate, and cover it with the camphine, and then lay it, after rubbing it a little with a piece of flannel, in a clean cloth to dry it somewhat, and then iron on the wrong side; then put the ribbon outside in the air.

TO WASH SILKS, RIBBON, &c.—Another obliging correspondent gives the following:—Three-quarters of a pound of honey, half a pound of soft soap, and a pint of whiskey. Put the whiskey and soap on a hot hearth till quite melted, then add the honey, and bottle it. Stretch the silk on a clean board, and brush it well every way with the stuff; have ready three vessels of cold water, into each of which dip the silk several times, then hang it up to drain, and iron it while quite wet with hot irons; avoid squeezing or wringing.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—Take one drachm (about as much as will lay on a shilling) of soft soap, and mix it gradually with half a pint of soft water (that is, rain-water, or water that has boiled and been allowed to get cold); put the mixture into a bottle, and shake them well together; then add half a wineglassful of spirit of hartshorn, and again well shake the ingredients. The gilt frame that is to be cleansed may now be brushed over with this liquid, taking care, however, to use for the purpose the very softest camel-hair brush that can be procured. After the liquid has been on the frame a minute or so, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate parts of the work, it is to be freely washed off with plenty of clean soft water, and allowed to dry of its own accord. The drying should be accelerated by placing the frame in a draught, or where the sun shines on it. Next day the bright parts of the work may be very slightly rubbed with a new wash-leather, which will enhance their brilliancy. Pictures and glasses should be taken out of the frame during the cleansing process.

SEALING-WAX may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair pencil.

POTATOES.—A correspondent asserts that a double crop of potatoes may be obtained by pursuing the following course:—When the potatoes are come to maturity, take off the loose earth carefully, without disturbing the old stem; pick away the potatoes that are fit for immediate use, be careful not to disturb the main-stalk, then cover over the small ones that are left, and add a little more earth. In about two months after I will engage to say the latter crop will be more productive than the first.

RANCID BUTTER can be restored to its original flavour by washing it first with lime-water, and afterwards with spring-water. Lime-water is easily prepared by beating up about a quarter of a pound of good fresh lime in a pail of water; after standing about an hour, the impurities subside, from which the lime-water can (with care) be poured off.

ODONTO TOOTH-POWDER.—Precipitated chalk, four ounces; charcoal-powder, a quarter of an ounce; orris-root powder, two ounces; otto of rose, ten drops; oil of sandal-wood, five drops. Mix the ingredients well together, and the odonto is ready for use. In place of oil of sandal-wood, one ounce of sandal-wood powder may be used for economy.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

TO ROAST WILD FOWL.—The flavour is best preserved without stuffing. Put pepper, salt, and a piece of butter into each. Wild fowl require much less dressing than tame; they should be served of a fine brown colour, and well frothed up. A rich brown gravy should be sent in the dish; and when the breast is cut into slices, before taking off the bone, a squeeze of lemon, with pepper and salt, is a great improvement to the flavour. To take off the fishy taste which wild fowl sometimes have, put an onion, salt, and hot water into the dripping-pan, and baste them for the first ten minutes with this; then take away the pan, and baste constantly with butter.

TO KEEP DAMSONS.—Choose pots, if you can get them, which are of equal size top and bottom; put the fruit in about a quarter up, then strew in a quarter of the sugar, then another quantity of fruit, and so till all of both are in. The proportion of sugar is to be three pounds to nine pounds of fruit. Set the jars in the oven, and bake the fruit quite through. When cold, put a piece of clean scraped stick into the middle of the jar, and let the upper part stand above the top; then pour melted mutton suet over the top, full half an inch thick, having previously covered the fruit with white paper. Keep the jars in a cool dry place, and use the snot as a cover, which you will draw up by the stick, minding to leave a little forked branch to it to prevent its slipping out.

A DUTCH RICE PUDDING.—Soak four ounces of rice in warm water half an hour; drain the latter from it, and throw it into a stewpan, with half a pint of milk, half a stick of cinnamon, and simmer till tender. When cold, add four whole eggs well beaten, two ounces of butter melted in a teaspoonful of cream; and put three ounces of sugar, a quarter of a nutmeg, and a good piece of lemon-peel.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up two young fowls; season with white pepper, salt, a little mace and nutmeg, all in the finest powder; likewise a little Cayenne. Put the chicken, slices of ham, or fresh gammon of bacon, forcemeat balls, and hard eggs, by turns in layers. If it is to be baked in a dish, put a little water; but none if in a raised crust. By the time it returns from the oven, have ready a gravy of knuckle of veal, or a bit of the scrag, with some shank-bones of mutton, seasoned with herbs, onion, mace, and white pepper. If it is to be eaten hot, you may add truffles, morels, mushrooms, &c.; but not, if to be eaten cold. If it is made in a dish, put as much gravy as will fill it; but, in a raised crust, the gravy must be nicely strained, and then put in cold as jelly. To make the jelly clear, you may give it a boil with the whites of two eggs, after taking away the meat, and then run it through a fine lawn sieve. Rabbits, if young and in flesh, do as well: their legs should be cut short, and the breast-bones must not go in, but will help to make the gravy.

ONION SAUCE.—Peel the onions, and boil them tender; squeeze the water from them, then chop them, and add to them butter that has been melted rich and smooth, but with a little good milk instead of water: boil it up once, and serve it with boiled rabbits, partridges, scrag or knuckle of veal, or roast mutton. A turnip boiled with the onions makes them milder.

HAM AND MUTTON.—Cut thin slices of cold roast beef and put them into a frying-pan with some butter, and six onions, turn the pan frequently, then mix a little broth, add pepper and salt, and after a few boils serve up hot. This dish is excellent and economical.

Sick Room and Nursery.

REMEDY FOR THE GOIT.—Dissolve two ounces of guaiacum in three ounces of the best French brandy. One or two table-spoonfuls of this solution to be taken every morning, fasting, taking afterwards either a cup of tea or of water.

HEADACHE.—To prevent headache, follow Abernethy's advice: keep the head cool and the feet warm. Aperient medicines, cupping between the shoulders, and blistering behind the ears are very good remedies. Nervous headaches are cured by stimulants, such as snuff, smelling-salts, aromatic vinegar, &c.; and as often by rest and quiet, or by a few drops of laudanum, taken in water, and by avoiding light.

CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—When cramp occurs in the stomach, a teaspoonful of sal volatile, in water, or a dram glassful of good brandy should be swallowed immediately.

WARTS.—Eisenberg says, in his "Advice on the Hand," that the hydrochlorate of lime is the most certain means of destroying warts; the process, however, is very slow, and demands perseverance, for if discontinued before the proper time no advantage is gained. The following is a simple cure:—On breaking the stalk of the crow-foot plant in two, a drop of milky juice will be observed to hang on the upper part of the stem; if this be allowed to drop on a wart, so that it be well saturated with the juice, in about three or four dressings the warts will die, and may be taken off with the fingers. They may be removed by the above means from the teats of cows, where they are sometimes very troublesome, and prevent them standing quiet to be milked.

REMEDY FOR SPRAINS.—Cloths wet freely in a strong and cold solution of salt and water, applied and persevered in, generally effect a speedy cure. If necessary to make a shift, and the part is very painful, apply the leaves of garden worm-wood wet in spirits. Should the part injured remain weak, as it sometimes does in severe sprains, a safe remedy is to pump or pour on cold water freely for a few mornings.

HOOFING COWS.—Oil of pale amber and spirits of hartshorn, equal parts: to be well shaken before use. To be used thus:—The soles of the feet, along the spine (especially the upper part) and the palms of the hands, are to be well rubbed night and morning. The embrocation should not be applied to the hands of infants, as they are apt to put their fingers in their mouth.

BRONCHITIS.—A writer in the *Baltimore Sun*, whose family has been severely afflicted with bronchitis, recommends the following as a remedy from which he experienced great relief:—Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute it with a little water, and occasionally moisten the lips and mouth with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—This is the season when colds in the head begin to inflict their miseries. It is, therefore, well to remember that no one is troubled with this most disagreeable disorder, and seldom with any other cold, who indulges in cold water. Frequent bathing, the head being well dipped, will not only brace the whole system to endure fatigue and repel disease generally, but will render you proof against draughts and their consequences.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

MARIA.—"I have been engaged to marry a gentleman (for whom I have entertained the sincerest regard) some months. He was introduced to my father's house partly from his knowledge of some friends of ours in a distant county, where he resided several years. One of these friends, a young lady on most intimate terms with myself, paid us a visit this season; and in one of those gossiping half-hours which young ladies will enjoy whenever they get together after an absence, we got on the subject of sweethearts. My friend then confided to me, with evident emotion, that she had been suffering a great deal from having quarrelled with a gentleman to whom she was greatly attached, and who, she still believed, was as much attached to her. I must tell you that she did not altogether blame him as to the causes of the quarrel. Then it was my turn. I am afraid it was not kind of me, anyhow; but I then told my friend of my engagement, admitted my fondness for him, and presently showed her a lock of hair in a very handsome locket which he had given me, along with a really beautiful little note. I saw my friend turn pale the instant she saw it; but I suppose for some time after (for she would not tell me at first) that it was only a sudden burst of grief at seeing me look the happiness she had lost. But judge of my surprise and grief, and, I am afraid, even *rage*, on finding that my lover had transferred himself from my friend, and that he had actually presented me with the same locket and lock of hair which she had worn as his gift, and which she had returned when they quarrelled! But that is not the worst. The note which accompanied it, and which I really thought more of than either locket or lock, is exactly the same, word for word (with the exception of the difference of name), as that which accompanied the same gift to my friend! What proved to us that the lock of hair was the same, while it made the deepest impression upon my friend, was, that she had tied the ends, which had become loose, with a thread or two of her *own* hair, which was much darker, and remains there still. Now, dear Mr. Editor, what do you think of such conduct? Do you think he can be sincere in anything, or have any heart, after such meanness?—Perhaps the gentleman in question is of a lymphatic temperament—suffers from "constitutional fatigue;" perhaps he is of a business turn of mind; and liked to save as much trouble or time (in making love as all things else) as he could. Not that we advance such a supposition in his favour: he is evidently not an individual likely to make a tender and affectionate husband; neither can he be a conscientious man; consequently, he must be a decidedly bad bargain, either for love or friendship.

JULIA.—"Dear Cupid, I have for a lover a very excellent young gentleman, handsome and intelligent, and well-educated, and almost all my heart could desire. I am half-afraid of being thought thoughtless or vain-hearted when I explain what I reserve in saying "almost;" but yet I feel I am right, for all that. The gentleman to whom I allude is very religious (for which I *really* respect him all the more); but he seems to me as if he thought religion and sweet-heating incompatible. So he tries to make a compromise between them, which, I do confess, I think not pleasant or flattering. I want to know, dear Mr. Editor (for of course you are Cupid, and Cupid is dear Mr. Editor), whether you do not think there is something not right when for whole afternoons, which ought to be very pleasant, I feel exactly as if I

were tempting St. Anthony, and my dear — seems just like St. Anthony trying not to be tempted! I have often a good mind to rally him out of it; but then I am not sure that he is not right in the main, and that my discontent may not arise from a little tiny bit of levity. If you think, however, that my discontent under such circumstances is reasonable, I shall certainly let him know how much I should like to be treated with a spark of warmth and candour, and that I do not think (and, dear Cupid, I don't) that there's any sin in it."—Of course JULIA is in the right; and ought to consider herself ill-treated. That kind of "compromise" she complains of is nonsensical if it is not uncommon. It has nothing to recommend it to good sense, good nature, or anything else good: which is the reason it doesn't recommend itself to JULIA.

ELEANOR.—We vote for the farmer. CONSTANTIA.—We rather regret CONSTANTIA'S position. If her cousin were not her cousin, we would encourage her to hope and believe (under the circumstances she explains) that her affection would be reciprocated. But as it is, we trust she really will indulge no such hope, but, on the contrary, do all she can to check it. Inter-marriage with cousins is very reprehensible. It is not wholly free from moral offensiveness; and certainly is not calculated to improve the physical condition of mankind. The offspring (if any) of marriages contracted between persons ever so remotely related in blood are sure to exhibit tokens of a deteriorated physique. Knowingly to increase the chances of entailing feeble health upon children, is almost criminal, and is certainly punished by many after-hours of misery.

EMILY.—A young gentleman insists upon one of two things; either EMILY shall love him with ardour, or she shall be responsible for his blood. He declares so vehemently that if she does not return all his affection he will shoot himself, that EMILY, although she has not the least partiality or regard for him, goes in dread. And he has pressed so hard for a final answer that EMILY has promised him that she will think it over, and give him an answer in a fortnight. Now, EMILY asks, what am I to do?—If we had our choice, we would immediately accept the alternative; we would be responsible for his blood.

A. M.—Unwarrantable jealousy.
E. B.—The excessive anxiety displayed by your lover in the matter of your money is not only highly indelicate, but quite unpardonable.

M. P. S.—Patience is a virtue, even in lovers. Wait awhile.

ELLEN.—Among the Anglo-Saxons the nuptial benediction was bestowed under a veil, or square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal her blushes; but if the bride was a widow, the veil was deemed unnecessary. A similar practice is observed in the modern Jewish marriage ceremony.

S. S. S.—Invite the writer to your residence, and, when alone, read his letter to him, and return it without any comment.

LIZZY'S difficulty would be insurmountable if nature had not provided the "female breast" with an exhaustless fund of strategic expedients expressly for such delicate occasions. There can be no doubt in the world that if Lizzy thinks her, she will hit upon some device by which she may obtain the fulfilment of her innocent desire without actually making it known.

ISOLINI must keep her heart with hope. It would be very pleasant to assist her out of her difficulties, but the attempt would be too responsible to assume seriously.



A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A BOTTLE.

BY FIDELIOE

[This story (which here appears for the first time in England) is remarkable as being that which first brought the author then in the very uttermost depths of poverty into public notice. The proprietors of *Edinburgh Magazine* offered a prize for the best story. Its beautiful caligraphy attracted attention; his story (the 'MS. found in a Bottle') was perused, and it was decided to give the prize to the 'first of geniuses who had written legibly.'

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodise the stores which early study very diligently

garnered up. Perused all things, the works of the German moralists, with a great delight, not from any ill-bred admiration of the elegant refinements of the Germans, with which I was not at all imbued, but from the defect of the faculties. I was not at all conversant with the arts of language, and my imagination had been perverted by a vaccine, and the Pyrrhonian scepticism was at all times rendered more irresistible by a morbidness for physical philosophy. I had imprinted my mind with a very common error of this age—I was in the habit of referring occurrences even the most susceptible of such reference, to the principles of mathematics. Upon the whole, therefore, I could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts

of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the raving of a crude imagination than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed, in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sanda Islands. I went as passenger, having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil from the Lachadive Islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoanuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under weigh with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small groups of the archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud to the N.W. It was remarkable, as well for its colour as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapour, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled and the anchor let go. No watch was set; and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full pre-

sentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a sinoom. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering a while beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and, looking dizzily around, was at first struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard. The captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship; and our exertions were at first paralysed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and in almost every respect we had received considerable injury; but, to our extreme joy, we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay, well believing that, in

our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jagere, procured with great difficulty from the fore-castle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S.E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon, emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow without reflection, as if all its rays were polarised. Just before sinking within the turbid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day: that day to me has not arrived—to the Swede, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed, too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf or foam which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and, securing ourselves as well as possible to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made farther to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment

threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship; but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross; at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship, of perhaps four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indian in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down!

At this instant I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already

under water; and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way, unperceived, to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burden. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of bygone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense, a new entity is added to my soul.

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people will not see. It was but

just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate; it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavour. At the last moment I will inclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea.

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails, in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment all negative a supposition of this kind. What she *is not*, I can easily perceive; what she *is*, I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but, in scrutinising her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvas, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such indistinct shadows of recollection an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness*, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear, perhaps, an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood would have every characteristic of Spanish oak, if Spanish oak were distended by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence, a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure," he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, "as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman."

About an hour ago I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous, and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and their grey hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

I mentioned, some time ago, the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has continued her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvas packed upon her, from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and for ever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull; and the colossal waters rear their heads above us, like demons of the deep, but, like demons, confined to simple threats, and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current or impetuous under-tow.

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin; but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man, still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height; that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkable otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age, so utter, so extreme, which excites within my spirit a sense—a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little

wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. His grey hairs are records of the past; and his greyer eyes are sybils of the future. The cabin-floor was thickly strewn with strange iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery, unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself—as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold—some low peevish syllables of a foreign tongue; and, although the speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their fingers fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me, I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words *tornado* and *simoom* are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current—if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favour.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our peep, and, as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea! Oh, horror upon horror!—the ice opens suddenly to the right and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and in the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny! The circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, O God! and—going down!

WOMEN IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

THEIR literary stores generally consisted of a prayer book and a receipt book. Even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the Englishwomen of that period were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other period since the revival of learning. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling, such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit.

The explanation may be easily found. Extravagant licentiousness, the natural effect of extravagant austerity, was now the mode: and licentiousness had produced its ordinary effect, the moral and intellectual degradation of women. To their personal beauty it was the fashion to pay rude and impudent homage; but the admiration and desire they inspired were seldom mingled with respect, with affection, or with any chivalrous sentiment. The qualities which fit them to be companions, advisers, confidential friends, rather repelled than attracted the liberties of Whitehall. In that Court a Maid of Honour who dressed in such a manner as to do full justice to a white bosom, who ogled significantly, who danced voluptuously, who excelled in pert repartee, who was not ashamed to romp with Lords of the Bedchamber and Captains of the Guards, to sing sly verses with sly expression, or to put on a page's dress for a frolic, was more likely to be followed and admired, more likely to be honoured with royal attentions, more likely to win a rich and noble husband, than Jane Grey or Lucy Hutchinson would have been. In such circumstances, the standard of female attainments was necessarily low; and it was more dangerous to be above standard than to be beneath it. Extreme ignorance and frivolity were thought less unbefitting in a lady than the slightest tincture of pedantry. Of the too celebrated women whose faces we still admire on the walls of Hampton Court, few indeed were in the habit of reading anything more valuable than acrostics, lampoons, and translations of the Clelia and the Grand Cyrus.—*Macaulay's History.*

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE Summer has faded—
Her sunshine is o'er;
The mountains and valleys
Shall see her no more.
She hath gathered around her
Her mantle of green;
On the throne she deserted
Another is seen.

The brown Autumn cometh,
With foot treading slow;
The face of the landscape
Is shrouded in woe.
The green leaves are falling
In gusts to the ground;
And the wind, as in sorrow,
Moans eerily round.

The fair face of Nature,
Seen dimly through tears,
Bears tokens of mourning
For long-vanished years.
A grey mist is spreading
On every hill-side—
A veil claimed by Nature,
Her sorrow to hide.

A dirge for the Summer!
Her slumber is deep.
It lasteth for ever—
That still, placid sleep.
The winds are preparing
The leaves for her bier:
And the brow of the mourner
Is furrowed and sore.

The chill desolation
Without was akin
To the sadness that brooded
So darkly within.
The tears of the mourner
Caused mine, too, to start—
Her grief found an echo
Deep down in my heart.

Ah! where are the voices
That gladdened my ear!
Alas! for their music
No longer I hear!
The smile in its brightness,
The hand I have wrung,
The lips on whose accents
Enraptured I hung—

The eye, softly beaming,
That gazed into mine—
My heart's best affections
Were laid at that shrine!
But these have all perished,
And left me alone
To weep in my sorrow
The days that are gone.

Yet, cease thy repining;
Take courage, and learn,
Though summer has faded,
Sweet spring will return.
Be hopeful and trusting:
Though night-time be drear,
The bright dawn of morning
Will shortly appear.

ELIZA BONAPARTE.

MARIA-ANNA-ELIZA, the eldest of Napoleon's three sisters, was born January 8, 1777. At an early age she was sent to the establishment of St. Cyr, which had been founded by Louis XIV., under the patronage of Madame de Maintenon. At this school she enjoyed every advantage for intellectual culture and grace of manners; and in her twentieth year, about the time of Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, she married Felice Bacciochi, a nobleman of Corsica, who held the rank of a captain of infantry. Three years afterwards, while her husband was with the army, on one of its campaigns, she went to reside with her brother Lucien at Paris; he being at the time Minister of the Interior. She was distinguished for an extraordinary thirst for intelligence, appreciation of art and literature, and delighted in the society of men of learning and taste. Chateaubriand, La Harpe, and the poet Fontanes, with many other men of genius and fame, sought her society and appreciated her talents.

After the establishment of the Empire, Napoleon (1805) consolidated the republics of Lucca and Piombino into a principality, which he bestowed upon his sister Eliza. 't the same time her husband, Bacciochi, was created a prince. He was a man of elegant manners and considerable literary and artistic accomplishments.

Having exhibited very superior qualities in her public position as the Princess of Lucca, Eliza was in 1809 created Grand Duchess and Governess-General of Tuscany. Her disposition was more like Napoleon's than either of his other sisters, or even his brothers. She had an instinctive aptitude for public life, and conducted the department of Foreign Affairs of her little State entirely herself. She wrote her own letters to the French Minister; and in everything which concerned the honour or the glory of her duchy she manifested the greatest jealousy of French interference. The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Empire was often obliged by Napoleon to yield to her demands; for she persisted so resolutely in every requisition which she conceived the honour of her State and the good of her subjects demanded, that her brother, who was often appealed to by his Minister, ended by saying, "If she insists upon it, it must be done." She had the same taste for military parades and martial display as distinguished Murat. She was often whole days on horseback, organising battalions, disciplining her army, and castricizing her generals. Such a woman would be likely to overshadow any gentleman whom fortune made her husband. The Prince was a modest and unobtrusive man, but far from being effeminate. He was des-

titute of none of those manly qualities which are expected to distinguish the sterner sex; but Eliza was masculine in her form, her habits, and her taste; and presuming, doubtless, not a little on her relationship with the Emperor, she conducted all the military reviews herself—the Prince, her husband, acting in the humbler capacity of aide-de-camp. But if in these respects she even affected something of the *brusquerie* of her brother, she felt the same earnest love for constructing public works. She had thousands of men at work, building new roads, draining marshes, cultivating deserted wastes, establishing seminaries for education—in fact, the most of her time was spent in these noble pursuits or in the mimicry of battle—martial *fetes* and reviews. Williams, a young English traveller, who was not very lavish of his compliments to the Bonaparte family, says that she was greatly beloved by her subjects, and during her reign Lucca became a paradise.

When Murat made his entry into Rome (January, 1814), he sent forward his troops to march upon Parma. The Grand Duchess saw that resistance would be in vain against the superior force of her brother-in-law (married to her sister Caroline); and she retired to Lucca, where she remained till the following year, when the allied armies took possession of all Italy, and she was sent to join her sister Caroline in Bohemia.

Some members of the Bonaparte family seemed to have a great liking for Trieste, and, among them, Eliza requested permission from the Austrian Government to reside there. This request was granted, and she spent the rest of her days there with all the luxury which wealth and refinement could bestow. She died on the 9th of August, 1820, leaving an honoured name, and having displayed many of the elements of an exalted character. Napoleon himself received the news not long before his own death. When the intelligence reached him, he retired into a room by himself, where he remained for several hours. No event during his long exile had made him so sad; and when his attendants entered to awake him from the stupor of his grief, he replied, "Yes, Eliza has gone—she has shown us the way. I used to think that Death had forgotten our family; but now he has begun to strike. He has taken Eliza, and I shall be the first to follow her."

He was. Her husband took up his residence in Bologna after the death of his wife, where he maintained a princely style of hospitality. They had two children—Napoléonne Eliza, born June 3, 1806, and Jérôme Charles, Prince of Piombino, born July 8, 1810. The daughter married Count Camerata; and

by both children, we believe, numerous descendants have been born

Madame Junot says, "The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill-made, her bones were square

and prominent, and her limbs seemed tacked to her body just as it happened." The Prince of Canino (Lucien), who was much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same



want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There is one point of general resemblance—the countenance of Madame Mère—in which all her eight children might be recognised not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each. She entertained a great admiration for Voltaire, and, on one occasion, when the Emperor had pronounced a certain drama of the time of Louis XIV. to be good for nothing, she immediately commenced an attack on Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which are neither impartial nor

just. The disquisition grew warm, and Napoleon left the room, exclaiming, "This is intolerable! You are a caricature of the Duchess du Maine!"

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SPLENDID woman was she, indeed, as Helen had foretold, tall and majestic as a young monarch—of perfect figure and a perfect face. Julia's coming was a great joy to Helen. She needed a household friend—a living, understanding, conscious friendship, such as Julia alone

save as a friend, it was no trifling thing for her to hear that he had so soon wooed another, and that Julia was his promised bride. It was no little thing for her to say so tenderly as she did, "God bless you." It was no little matter for her to stand up in her weakness, with but Jamie and Edwin for her own, and that dark phantom of future wretchedness before her. But she did so, without paling, without trembling, without tears; though a fierce struggle went on for a few moments in her breast.

Afterwards the time came when she could think, and Helen had not then one hard thought of Harry Gray. The surprise she really felt gave way to earnest joy, for she loved him too sincerely not to rejoice in the rich treasure he had gained. Her love for Harry was still as great as—Julia's! Yet she could cherish it without sin, though she and he were both bound now by other ties. Individual and intense that love was, but it was such an angel might have cherished—and she never had for him any other.

It was with infinite embarrassment, and real pain, that Harry Gray spoke to her of the change in his hopes, and in his plans. He did not speak a word on the subject, till she congratulated him upon his brilliant conquest, and wished him every blessing. And as she did so, her voice was firm, and her eyes undimmed by tears. Heroism! Could the voice of woman gather strength and courage to speak of woman's victories, her endurance, her sorrows, her genuine valour and courage, in moments when she sees the hope of her life fading away, never, never, never to return again, it would speak of that to which the world would listen in an almost unbelieving wonder. In the beautiful parlour at Sunnyside the bridal-ceremony was performed. A bright and glorious morning it was on which to register a marriage-vow; but to Helen it seemed, as she saw her two dearest friends on earth going from her in their joy, as though the heavens so intensely blue, so clear, were never before so distant.

Oh, our days of sorrow should be the cloudy, stormy, winter days, for the spirit of Mercy seems then nearer and more accessible. Nature in her gloom appears to sympathise with us in our trouble—there is no mocking voice in the moaning wind, no scornful laugh at our weakness and helplessness echoing through the dull and dreary clouds.

The steamer, rare in its visits to the soft retirement of Sunnyside, came up the broad and placid river, and Helen saw her love, and hope, and happiness all borne away; and the bridal-party had hardly gone, when a letter bearing a foreign post-mark was handed to Helen, and she read therefrom as follows:—

"TO MISS HELEN WISE:

"DEAR MADAM,—I have recently received, through your legal adviser, John Warner, a copy of your late father's will, in which I find he has made good the promise given me when I was a youth under his protection; you were an infant then. In the thought and hope that this agreement might be carried out when you were of age, I have never sought another companion, in what has, at times, seemed to me a very lonely pilgrimage. I remember your mother, beautiful and gentle, and always most kind—I long to know the daughter, whom I am sure she loved so well. I shall sail from Liverpool for Boston in a short time. I scarcely need say to you that my return is hastened by the receipt of the letter above mentioned. Please speak kindly of me to your brothers, and believe me, dear madam,

"Yours, with sincere respect,

"ALFRED LORD."

That it was not ignorance which prompted this cruelly civil note, Helen was well aware. If, therefore, she flung it from her, and trampled it, and for that day at least forgot all things save her own miserable prospects, would you wonder? Or if she wept alone, and hid herself from all human beings, that none might see or guess her sorrow, would that have been a strange procedure? Yet she did not this. She folded the letter, she laid it away, she conversed calmly with the visitors who came that day to the mansion, and then at twilight went with her brothers to the river a-fishing.

And at night when Jamie slept, and Edwin read with her, she listened attentively to him; but when she was at last alone, she surely gave up then? She could not any longer have exercised control over herself? Aye, but she did, my reader. She prayed as she was wont—she slept through all the night, and the morning saw her as composed as ever. You will think, then, that she was cold-hearted; resigned, because she had no spirit to be otherwise. It was so: *resigned, because she had no spirit to be otherwise.* She had wrestled, and won that peace of God which passes all understanding, and it was enough.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWIN had already entered on his collegiate course, and in his mind had fully decided on his future profession—had, indeed, made his wish known to old Dr. Sympson, who was almost as a father to him, of entering his office as a student as soon as he had graduated. Very frequently the youth found himself in the old physician's surgery, and an observer might have smiled or wondered to hear the grey-headed man entering into the dry details of his busi-

ness, or lecturing the lad on the elements of his profession, so earnestly.

More than once, Edwin had driven out with the Doctor, making professional visits with him; and so it was nothing very wonderful that the chatty old man should one day make a tax on his young friend's time, by begging him to accompany him to a distant town to attend a patient there. Regularly, for a week, he had driven to that town, and it had become such a weary old story, he said, that he wanted some one to speak with by the way.

There was an unusually thoughtful expression in the Doctor's eyes, as he fixed them on Edwin, and made this simple request; and the lad, who had listened with considerable interest to the account which his friend had given of the patient, gladly made ready for the drive.

All the way the Doctor seemed to be in a most unusual mood. Twice he began speaking with Edwin, but paused again abruptly as he had commenced; and finally he drove on in silence, without further attempting a conversation, to the lodging of his patient.

Him they found in a much better condition than had been anticipated; the fever was abated, the distressing pains in the head and limbs were passed; and his mind, which for several days had been delirious, was now quite calm and rational. He recognised the physician, and thanked him for his kind attendance, begging that he would now continue alone in his service. He was quite cheerful, and spoke pleasantly of his speedy recovery, and of the necessity he was under of continuing his journey as soon as possible, for he was a stranger in a strange land. The Doctor remained for an hour with his patient, enlivening him with his cheerful conversation, and making all things comfortable about him; then promising to return the following day, he withdrew with Edwin.

"It is one of the severest cases of that kind of fever I ever had," said he, when he turned his horse's head homewards; and he proceeded to detail more fully to his attentive listener the state in which he found the patient at first, the medicines he had used, and the effect they had produced.

But this loquacity did not last long—the greater part of the homeward drive was pursued in silence, till at last, as they came in sight of Sunnyside, the old man suddenly looked up, and full in Edwin's face, exclaiming, "I have discovered a secret, boy."

The lad returned a surprised and questioning glance, which was at once answered with the abrupt and startling announcement—

"Your father is not dead. If he was ever a living man, him we have visited but now."

Edwin was struck dumb with astonishment.

He looked upon his informant, not with the glad, bright look of one who has heard joyous tidings, but in a bewildered, fixed amaze, to which the Doctor immediately answered, "I heard it all from his own lips while he was delirious, else I should never have recognised him—now, since I have heard him speak of things which establish his identity, I know that it is he."

It was to the boy a most unanticipated announcement, and the bare mention of the father's name had aroused thoughts which the youth would much rather have left slumbering for ever.

"Wait a moment," said Dr. Sympton kindly, as Edwin was about to leap from the carriage, for they had reached his house. "Wait a moment. You must go again with me before you say a word of this to any human being. I may mistake—at all events, it is better to wait. Will you go again with me to-morrow? I think it would be safe to speak with him then on the subject—if it does not seem to be, we can then wait longer."

"I will," was the scarcely audible answer of the youth; and he walked slowly towards his home.

He went at once into his own apartment. He dared not look on Helen—he had no heart to devote the evening, as he was wont to do, to Jamie; and as that constant thought, *his father living*, pressed upon him, it took never for an instant a hue of joy. It was *no gratification* to think that he who had never been a father to his children—who had wilfully clouded the life of his idolised sister with that binding injunction of marriage with a stranger—who had deserted his young children, leaving them in the care of others for good or ill, as it might chance—it was no joy to him to think of such a return, terrible as it may seem; but natural affection is not always an instinct.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Dr. Sympton, accompanied by Edwin, again saw his patient, he thought that it would be quite safe for him to convince himself of that which he so much suspected. After his professional visit was over, he remained by the old man's bedside, watching him quietly, for a few moments. At last he said—

"Mr. Wise I have brought Edwin to visit you."

It was so simply said that the sick man looked up, and was scarcely startled at hearing himself called by name. His gaze fixed a moment on Edwin, then his eyes closed, and he spoke, but so confusedly and low that his words were undistinguishable.

"Mr. Wise," said the Doctor again "do

you not remember Edwin, your son? This is he. I have brought him from Sunnyside to visit you."

These words, slowly and distinctly enounced, roused him completely—he sat up in the bed and fixed his bloodshot eyes again on his son, and long and anxiously scanned his features. A mortal paleness overspread the youth's face as he met that gaze; a hundred emotions were struggling in his breast, as he looked on that age-worn face. At last, mightily struggling with his own spirit, he murmured, "Father;" and the tears began to gather in his eyes.

"Yes—it must be," was the answer to that word. "You are very like Emma. I did not think to see you so much grown. You are almost a man. How long the time has been!"

"They told us you were dead, father," said Edwin.

"Dead, dead!" exclaimed he. "Yes, I have been dead! I died years ago. I'm not a living man—my soul is in torment; nothing can chain it! Don't look at me so—away! I didn't come here to seek you—off, off!" He attempted, in the delirium that now possessed him, to leap from the bed; but the Doctor, who had attentively watched the change in his patient, was swifter than he, and prevented him.

The excitement and conflicting emotions aroused in the sick man brought on a relapse: for a week little thought of his recovery was entertained; but, at last, owing to the unremitting attention of those about him, the disease was conquered, but the patient was left weak as an infant. It was during his slow recovery that Edwin, who was become a constant watcher beside his bed, for the first time proposed his parent's removal to Sunnyside. But of this the old man would not hear a word. He expressed, however, now, and for the first time, a wish to see his other children.

(To be continued.)

TWO LITTLE FERNS.

BY FANNY FERN.

LITTLE FREDDY'S MUSINGS.

Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half as nice as Black Jim's woollen stockings. Wish I had a little pair of warm rubbers. Wish I had a long-sleeved pinafore, for my bare neck and arms. Wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish my dress would stay up on my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play with my pins. Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes, instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers (if it

would not tumble her curls, or her collar). Wish she would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say, "Don't bore me, Freddy!" Wish when we go out in the country she wouldn't make me wear my gloves, lest I should "tan my hands." Wish she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me." Wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn and see how Dobbin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those little frisky pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk, in the world. Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smiling at Aunt Emma's children, who come here in their papa's carriage, and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard, and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the day-time. Wish I could go over on that high hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I didn't keep thinking of things which puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says, "Don't be a fool, Master Freddy!" I wonder if I am a fool? I wonder if Betty knows much herself? I wonder why my mamma don't love her own little boy? I wonder, when I'm grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing?

TOM, THE TAILOR.

TELL you another story, Charley? Bless your blue eyes! how many stories high do you suppose I am?

Who made that jacket for you, eh?

"A tailor."

Do you like to see a man sewing, Charley? I don't. I don't believe that their great muscular arms were intended to wield a needle, especially when so many feminine fingers are forced to be idle for want of employment. So I never like to see a tailor. Oh, yes, I do, too. I came very near forgetting Tom Willcut.

Who was he? I don't know, any more than you do. The first time I saw him was in an old tumble-down building, where the wind played hide-and-go-seek through the timbers; and where more men, women, dogs, and children, were huddled together, than four walls ever held of the like size before.

In one of the smallest of these rooms I first saw Tom, sitting, with a white cotton cap upon his head, cross-legged on the floor, stitching away by the dim light of a tallow-candle. A line stretched across the room, on which hung some coarse pea-jackets and trousers which he had finished, while at his

side stood a rough table, with the remains of some supper, and two unwashed cups and saucers.

Two cups and saucers, thought I: pray, who shares this little room with that poor pale tailor?

Ah, I see! In yonder bed, which I had not noticed, lies a woman, and on her breast a little wee baby. Well may Tom sit drawing out his thread, hour after hour, by that dim candle.

I coughed a little. Tom shaded his eyes with his hand, looked up, and invited me in. That was just what I wanted, you know. Then he dusted off a chair with the tail of his coat, and I sat down.

"Is that your baby?" said I.

"It is ours," said he, looking over with a proud smile at his wife.

I liked Tom from that very minute. Of course his wife wanted to own half of such a nice little baby—and the first one, too; and it was very gallant of Tailor Tom to say "ours," instead of "mine." It showed he had a soul above buttons. Ask your mother if it didn't.

Then I asked Tom if he got good pay for making those jackets. He clipped off his thread with his great shears, and, shaking his head, said, "My boss is a Jew, missis."

What did he mean by that? Why, "boss" means master, and Jew, I am sorry to say, is but another name for a person who gets all the work he can out of poor people, and pays them as little for it as possible.

Tom's answer made me feel very bad. He said it in such a quiet, uncomplaining way, as if—hard as it was—he had quite made up his mind to it, for the sake of that new baby and its mother.

I wanted to jump right up, and take him by the hand, and say, "Tom, you are a hero!" but I dare say he wouldn't have understood that. Your father, Charley, would probably call him a "philosopher," but you and I, who can't afford to use up the dictionary that way, will say he is a clever, good-hearted fellow.

When Tom was first married, he had a little shop of his own, and was "quite beforehand," as he called it; but one unlucky night it caught on fire, and burned up all his coats, and trousers, and jackets, and all the stuff he had had in to make them of. And then his wife was taken sick; and what with doctoring, and one trouble and another, although poor Tom was honest, temperate, and industrious, he came down to that poor miserable little room after all.

But Tom was not a man to whine about his bad luck. No; he looked at that new baby, and made his fingers fly faster than ever, and wore a cheerful smile for his sick wife, besides. That's why I called him a "hero;" for, Charley, anybody can be courageous and endure a great

deal when all the world are looking on, and clapping their hands, and admiring them. But it is another thing, in an obscure corner, without food, without friends, without hope, to struggle, struggle, struggle on, fighting off temptation, fighting off grim want, day after day, with none to say, "God speed you."

That's why I said the poor tailor had a good, brave heart; that's why I honoured him; that's why I prayed God a brighter day might dawn for him.

Did it? Yes! I tell you, Charley, *never despair!* No matter how dark the cloud is overhead, work on and look up; the sun will shine through by and by. It did, for poor Tom.

One day a gentleman called to see him, and asked him to go with him, and look at some cloth for making jackets. Tom thought it was very odd; he didn't remember that anybody ever asked his opinion before. He didn't know what to make of it. However, he dropped his shears, pulled off his cotton cap, kissed his little baby, and followed the gentleman.

They went along, through a great many streets, till they came to the business part of the town. The gentleman opened the door of a small shop; and Tom followed him in. There were cloths of all kinds on the shelves; and the gentleman took some down, and asked Tom if they were the right sort for such jackets as he had been making. And Tom said, it was "prime cloth."

And then the gentleman showed him a little room, divided off at the end of the shop; and asked Tom if it was light enough to work in. And Tom said, it could not be better. And then the gentleman clapped him on the shoulder, and told him to go to work in it as soon as he pleased—for these were his goods, and that was his shop!

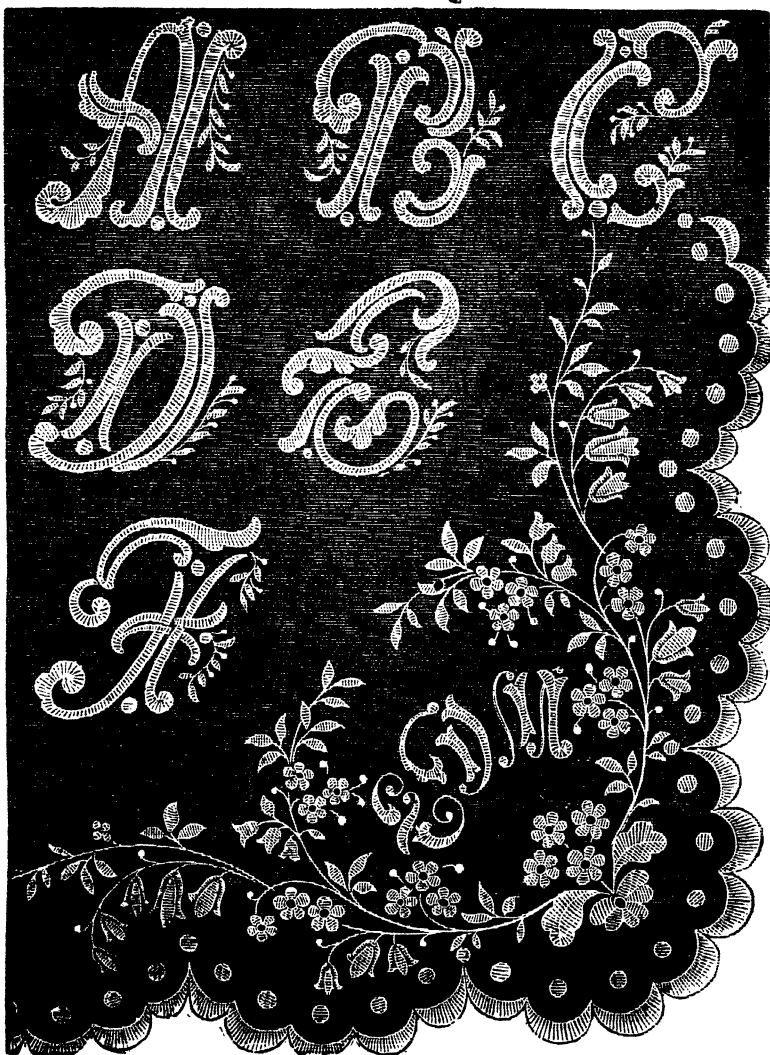
Poor Tom looked as if he were dreaming. He tried to speak two or three times, but failed. Then great tears dropped over his cheeks, and he said, "God bless you, sir; but I don't know what to say!"

"I'm very glad of it," said the gentleman, smiling; "because I don't want you to say anything. Only go home, and bring your wife and baby—because there is a nice parlour and bedroom overhead, and I want to see how they look in it."

Well, the amount of it was, that the poor tailor's wife was as crazy as the tailor himself. The baby crowed; and the little terrier dog barked. And, altogether, they had a moving time of it that day.

I can't tell you the kind gentleman's name because he never does a charity to have it published. But, sure I am, the recording angel has written it in the "Book of Life."

Embroidery.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN EMBROIDERY.

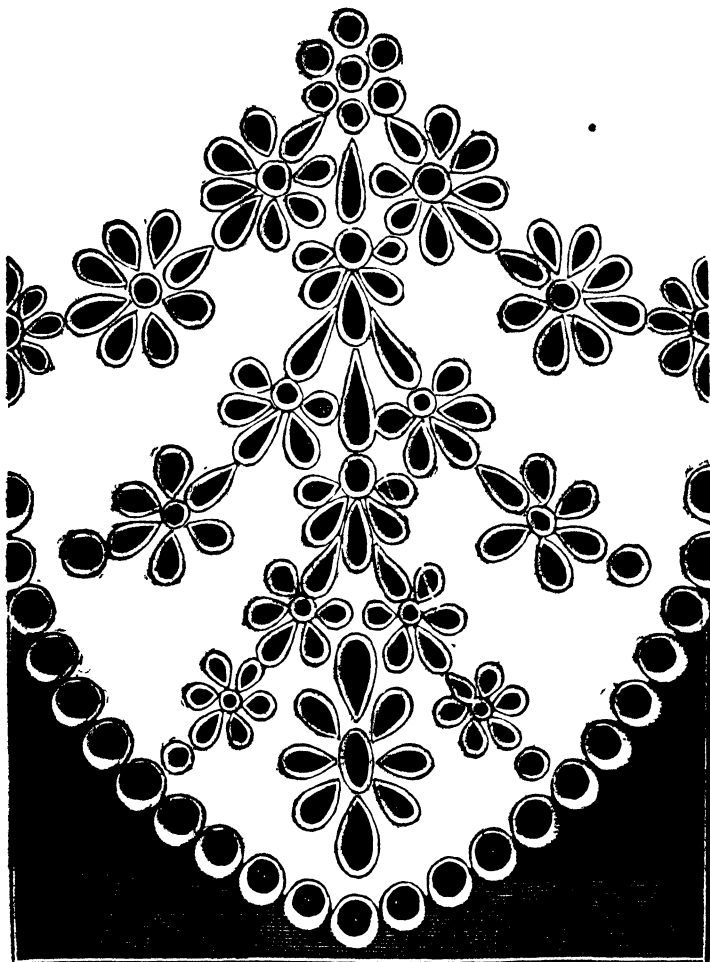
The whole of the flowers and leaves of the pattern are worked in the embroidery stitch, with soft cotton, in the direction of the lines in the engraving. The larger leaves and the flowers must have threads run the long way before working across, to make them more raised. This may be done in thicker cotton, and the number of stitches will depend on the height it has to be raised. The edge is worked in the usual button-hole stitch. The round dots by the edge, and the initials, may be worked in red ingrain cotton: the other parts in white. The letters are worked in the embroidery stitch, in the direction as shown in the engraving. We shall, from time to time, give others.

The Fashions.



The dresses are worn as last month, with the exception that the material is rather heavier, and consequently warmer. The prevailing dress for out-door is satin, or rich silk, with stripes of velvet of two or three colours, to harmonise with the dress. The bonnets are rather larger than last month, with more flowers in the inside, and feather trimmings outwards. Velvet is the most worn. The pelisses and mantles are very rich in their materials, but are made rather short—the one in our engraving is the full length; they are made of velvet or satin, and trimmed with passementerie, in two or three rows. The most prevailing colours are black, brown, or blue. The young lady's mantle is of the same materials, but with only one row of trimming, and made longer in proportion. *Broderie Anglaise* is still very much worn, both for sleeves and trimmings.

Embroidery.



DEEP SCALLOP FOR PETTICOAT.

To please several subscribers, we have designed a deep scallop for a petticoat. It needs no description; and we give the proper size for working. It may therefore, be traced from the above pattern.

age of 80 and upwards, 75 are widows, 126 unmarried women, and only 12 wives. The proportional number of widowers also increases, but at a much less rapid rate, on account chiefly of their frequent re-marriages.

With regard to the British statistics of married and unmarried, it appears that, taking the persons above the legal age of marriage (fourteen years in the male, and twelve in the female), who have never married, it will follow that Great Britain contains 3,110,243 bachelors, and 3,469,243 spinsters. But if those of the age of twenty and under forty years are called "young," and those of the age of forty and upwards are called "old," it will be found that there are in the kingdom about 1,407,225 "young," and 359,969 "old" maids; 1,413,912 "young," and 275,204 "old" bachelors. It is a noticeable fact, that while there are 1,848,853 wives in the second age, 20—40, we have 1,407,225 spinsters returned who are not and never have been married, against 1,412,913 bachelors of the corresponding period of life. Of every 100 men in Great Britain of the age of twenty and upwards, 31 are bachelors; while of every 100 of the other sex, 29 are spinsters. In the crowded localities the proportion of unmarried is much greater than the average, rising in some of them to between 40 and 50 out of each 100 of a sex of the age above mentioned. The causes for such results are various, but not recondite. Among them may be mentioned the expensiveness of living in large cities, which discourages marriage among that class of young men who, though poor, desire to live in a respectable style. It may be estimated that not more than 20 in 100 families are childless, and consequently that about 80 in 100 have children living. Of 100 widowers and widows, 59 had children, 41 had no children residing with them. Upon the hypothesis that as many unmarried women must, other things being equal, be living irregularly to every child born out of wedlock as there are wives to every child born out of wedlock, then 186,920, or 1 in 13 of the unmarried women, must be living so as to contribute as much to the births as an equal number of married women. The returns from England and Wales show, out of 1,248,182 unmarried women, 1,111,454 living in celibacy in the prime of life (20—40), against 1,744,944 women—namely, 1,608,216 wives, and 136,728 women who are not wives, yet who bear children.

A LITERALIST OR A JOKER.—The Bishop of Oxford having sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was—"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"—the churchwarden near Wallingford replied, "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

We are rather surprised to find, on experiment, that our competitors are much better essayists than story-tellers; and though the number of *respectable* stories we have received is large, we must frankly avow that there is not one either striking in fancy, or strikingly told. "*Adele*" is very good in several respects, and would certainly be the best but for one or two great faults. The story has points of originality, and it is well told, with (that rarest attribute of the novelist) a strong air of individuality about the characters. But there are anachronisms in it; and the scenes in which the characters act are not true to them, arguing that the writer is much more familiar with character than with society and the world. The "*Sweets of Revenge*" is much too trite, though quietly and nicely told. "*Aunt Clara's Confession*" is related with great feeling, and all the necessary identification of the writer with his dramatis personæ; but this, too, has its faults—the incident wants originality. "*First Love*," as the production of a young lady of seventeen, is very creditable; and the only fault of "*Eda Leslie*" is the coldness with which it is penned, a coldness which effectually freezes the reader's interest. "*The Father's Last Grief*" has many good points, and deserves a Certificate of Merit. (The authoress's name is not sent.) A Certificate of Merit is also accorded to the writer of "*Adele*." The Prize is awarded to the authoress of "*The Painter's Story*," which has the advantage of being founded on fact, and of conveying a lesson worthy to be remembered.

THE JOURNEYMAN PAINTER'S STORY.

"You are right, madam," said the painter; "many a curious scene I have witnessed, both of joy and sorrow, since I left our native town, and commenced my wanderings to and fro, as a journeyman painter. I have been through most parts of Ireland, and in England and Scotland, too, and once or twice revisited the place of my birth; but, oh, everything seemed altered and changed—looking smaller and smaller each time, till at last I was afraid to return again, lest the houses I once thought so large, and the people so grand, should have dwindled into nothing, or into mere rubbish—as it was long ago supposed that fairy gold would do. Alas! alas! how Time changed all things!—all but the clear bright river, rushing down its numerous falls to join the sea. It was bright and swift as ever; its voice still rang loud and clear; but many a light step was gone, many a kind heart cold; and the place that knew them once would know them again no more for ever. But though I could not but own, when there

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

that the place was 'fallen' upon gloomy days, yet, believe me, when among strangers, I stoutly upheld its honour, and would not let a word against it go unanswered: for, you know, it was still dear as a mother—and bad, indeed, is the heart that lets even a poor old mother be lightly spoken of. No, it ever must be

More dear in its sorrow, its gloom, and its showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

And as soon, madam, as I heard you speak, I remembered the well-known accent of our native town, and my heart jumped for joy."

"Well," I replied, smiling; "I always felt and liked the spirit of the old song, which, no doubt, you remember:—

I'm an Irishman true, you may know by my tongue,
And to Ireland I think it no shame to belong,
For that she's a fine country I plainly can show.
Och gaudation, than tation noch bonnan shin doh.*"

We then proceeded, mutually, to ask and answer questions respecting the home of our childhood; I sitting at my needle-work, and he painting the doors and windows of the room—a very necessary, but, I must confess, a very disagreeable piece of work to be present at, even though the painter turns out to be your townsman, and a story-teller to boot. Among the many incidents he related, the following made so deep an impression on my mind that I thought it worthy of being committed to paper, as it held up to view the unhappiness—the wretchedness, I may say—generally consequent on a marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic.

"I was once," said the painter, "settled for several years in a stirring seaport in the West, and was often employed in doing jobs in the house of a rich attorney, named McDermody. As he was unmarried, he had an only sister keeping house for him—and a gay house they kept: cards, music, and dancing, three or four nights in the week, wound up with oyster suppers, and hot whisky-punch in galore.† The young lady, Miss Julia, was very handsome, with shining black hair, high complexion, and eyes of dark grey, so dark that through their long lashes they looked

Jet, jet black,
And like a hawk,
And would na let a body be.

Add to this, she was a fine musician, and of a dashing, lively, careless spirit, easily led by kind words; a real *cleverality* she was at all sorts of work—and especially at flirting she was first-rate. A pleasanter creature I never saw in a house; up stairs and down stairs, from kitchen to garret, you heard her voice, either in

song or in laughter. There was only one subject brought a cloud over the sunshine of her face, and that was any remark against the faith she professed, and the priests, whose every word she revered as an oracle of God—aye, and much more than God's word, that Oracle of Truth. At such times, the gathered brow and flashing eye showed that there was a fire smouldering in her bosom, like those hidden flames in the heart of Vesuvius, ready to burst forth in destruction and desolation.

"Among the many gentlemen who visited the house, I was not long in discovering that there was one whose company and attentions were particularly agreeable to the young lady; and a gay, rattling young man he seemed, full of fun and frolic, but very determined withal in having his own way, sticking up to whatever he said or promised, no matter whether right or wrong. He was of a much higher rank than the McDermody's, being the only son of a Colonel Vincent, who had a large property in a neighbouring county. The old colonel was a real 'True Blue'—an Orange man, every inch of him; and you may be sure he was very angry when he heard the report of his son's attentions to Miss Julia McDermody, the attorney's sister. I happened to be painting the greenhouse at his place, and was hidden behind a flower-stand, on the day he taxed Mr. George, his son, with the matter. And he did it in such an outrageous manner, and lavished such abuse on the young lady, that his son at last lost all the little patience he ever possessed, and rushed out of the house, exclaiming, 'Now, father, you have settled the business at once by your violence; and this very evening the lovely Julia will be my betrothed, if she chooses;' so saying, he mounted his horse, and galloped off to the town, went straight to Mr. McDermody's, proposed, was accepted, and in a few weeks married, in spite of his father's disapprobation. I painted their house. And a happy couple they were for the first year; but after that, as the time of her confinement drew near, it was remarked that he had got a dogged, determined look, and she a suppressed flame in her eye, that broke out sometimes with an intolerable fierceness, and as suddenly was quenched in tears, or masked under a forced flow of high spirits and laughter out of tune and time.

"Soon it became known that the birth of a son, which now took place, was, instead of a tie to bind more closely the hearts of the parents, but the beginning of dissensions between the Protestant father and Roman Catholic mother; each insisting on the child's being baptised into their own faith. But the father triumphed, and rode over, after the ceremony, to tell his father of the birth and baptism of his grandson, which so delighted the

* Oh, what's that to anyone whether or no?

† Irish for plenty.

old man that he was quite reconciled to his son; and while they were celebrating the event over a bottle of old port, the discontented mother at home was shedding tears of sorrow and anger over the hapless infant; and, sending secretly for a priest, had it re-baptised into the Romish faith.

"Another year passed over this ill-assorted couple; a son was born; another squabble, more bitter than the first, took place, ending, as before, in the public Protestant baptism of the child, and the secret re-baptising by the priest. Whilst things were going on so unhappily in this divided home, where the tenderest names were pronounced with cold accents and angry spirits, Time sped on his way; and at length the long-coveted gift of a daughter was bestowed on Mrs. Vincent, who rejoiced much at the event, thinking to herself, 'Surely, now my husband will not interfere in the baptism of this child? It is my right to have the daughters brought up in my own faith.' And such was the generally-adopted plan in mixed marriages. In mixed marriages the sons were to be of the father's creed—the girls of the mother's. The priests encouraged this plan, judging that if the husband were of the Romish faith, he would oblige his wife to conform; and if the wife, she, having the care of the children in their tender years, would easily so influence their minds that her people would be their people, and her God their God. Bitter was the disputation—fierce and violent the passion of the wretched Mrs. Vincent, when she discovered that this commonly agreed-to plan was not to be allowed in her case; and the next day was fixed on by the husband for the christening of the little girl, and he rode away for the night to his father's, who was to return with him, to honour with his presence the ceremony. As soon as he was gone the frantic mother dressed her baby, and carried it to the chapel, where it was duly received into the Catholic Church; and then purchasing absolution for all her sins committed, and to be committed, she returned home.

"The back of her house looked out on the river, which, when joined by the sea at full tide, was there very deep; and a door opened from their garden to the river's brink. In a busy seaport the quietest part of the day is between one and two o'clock, when the labourers and seamen about wharfs and quays are engaged at dinner, except here and there a single watcher over some goods yet to be removed—or it might be one employed in painting the outside of a house. As it so happened, I was this very day on the opposite side of the river to Mr. Vincent's. All was comparatively quiet, and I heard a laugh as of children at play in Mrs.

Vincent's garden, and from my elevated position I saw her come down the walk between her two sons, with her baby in her arms; the boys were fastened to her with cords, as if they were at the child's play of horses. Encouraging them in their sport, she and they ran along, reached the door, opened it, rushed on to the bank, and then, with a sudden leap and a piercing scream, she plunged into the deep river, with her three helpless children. The eldest boy, as they sank and rose again, had contrived to raise himself on her shoulders, and cried, with an exceedingly bitter cry, 'Help, father! mother is drowning us!' and she, on hearing this, gave another scream, and in heart-rending accents cried, 'Forgive me, God!' and, plunging again with her victims, sank—to struggle no more. This awful tragedy was acted, as it were, in a moment. I was one of the first to reach the bank, and plunge in to the rescue. Very soon we found the bodies, as she had the boys too firmly tied to herself to be easily detached; and the baby—the much-loved, oft-longed-for daughter—was clasped so closely to her bosom that the horror-stricken and pitying bystanders could not unclothe those loving but murderous arms, which pressed away its life in the dark waters.

"God help us all, and keep us from temptation! It was a fearful sight to see the terrible beauty of that maddened woman, as she lay with her long black hair streaming over her neck, and over the pale faces of her three drowned children—cold, stern, rigid, there she lay, waiting, as it were, the meeting with her unhappy husband, who was sent for with all speed, and whose distraction and remorse I cannot venture to depict. The crowd that attended the fourfold funeral was immense; and let us hope that Mr. Vincent returned from its solemn services a 'sadder and a better man.' As for me, I say again—God keep us from temptation!"

Letterkenny.

M. A. GRUEBER.

SEABIRDS.

THE Gulls are natives of every shore from north to south. Clothed in a mass of close feathers, these birds appear larger than they in reality are, as seen on ample slowly-flapping pinions, sailing along in a circling course, and fully intent on the waves beneath.

The Common Skua is the largest and most remarkable of the Gulls. The skua inhabits the arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America, and is very abundant in the Orkneys and Shetland Isles, breeding in communities upon Foulah, Unst, and Rona's Hill, in Mainland. It is a rare and occasional visitor in the southern part of Great Britain.

It is not merely bold, but ferocious in the

breeding-season. Selby says, "It will at that time attack even man, without hesitation, should he happen to approach the sight of its nest; and so impetuous is its attack that the natives of the Shetland Isles are compelled, on such occasions, to defend themselves by holding up a knife or sharp stick, on which the assailant has been frequently known to transfix and kill itself, whilst making pounces on the head of the intruder. Dogs, foxes, and other animals are instantly attacked, and so severely dealt with by the wings and beak of the strong, pugnacious skua, as to be soon driven to a hasty retreat, and no bird is permitted to approach with impunity; the eagle itself being beaten off with the utmost fury, should it happen to venture within the limits of the breeding territory." In some places where these birds abound, they become the guardians of the young lambs, which the people consider perfectly safe in summer; and as a return for this protection, they are never molested, being held in no less esteem than the stork in Holland, or the ibis in Egypt. Other gulls are, however, exposed to the attacks of these robbers, probably because, being the most diligent pursuers of fish, they are sure to find from their exertions a never-failing supply.

The nest of the skua consists of dried weeds. There are two eggs of a dark olive-green blotched with brown. The head is of a deep brown; the neck and the under plumage brownish-grey, marbled or tinged with reddish-brown. The bill and legs are black.

The duties of incubation being over, the skua retires from the open sea, and passes a solitary life during the winter, far from land.

The Black-headed Gull abounds in various parts of the British coast, and in some places is called the brown-headed gull. To adopt the words of the "Catalogue of Norfolk and Suffolk Birds."—"This species never lays more than three eggs the first time; but if these are taken, it will lay again. We found many of the old birds sitting in the middle of June; most of these birds had only one egg in the nest, but a few of them had two. Their nests are made of the tops of reeds and sedge, and are very flat at the surface. The eggs vary so much in size, shape, and colour that a person not well acquainted with them would suppose some of them to belong to a different species of bird. Some are thickly covered with dusky spots, and others are of a light blue colour, without any spots at all. The young birds leave the nest as soon as hatched, and take to the water. When they can fly well, the old ones depart with them, and disperse themselves on the sea-coast, where they are found during the autumn and winter. By the middle of July they all leave Scoulton, and are not seen there again

till the following spring. We were a little surprised at seeing some of these gulls alight and sit upon some low bushy willows which grow on the island. No other than the brown-headed gull breeds at this mere; a few of them also breed in many of the marshes contiguous to the sea-coast of Norfolk."

The greater Black-backed Gull breeds in abundance on a few of the islands of Orkney and Shetland. The birds select with care either a place surrounded by the waters of some inland lake, where no boat has ever been, or one that is difficult of access by climbing. A communication from one rock to another is formed by two parallel ropes, between which a large wooden box is suspended by holes in each side, through which the ropes pass, and the box is thus readily drawn from rock to rock; after the eggs are all carried off, sheep are conveyed across to pasture on the rich grass produced by the dung of the birds.

The Wandering Albatross is the largest of all the birds that frequent the sea-coast; it measures three feet in length, while the extent of its wings is variously stated. Forster says it is about ten feet; Parkins, eleven feet seven inches; Cook, eleven feet; another authority says twelve feet—a specimen in the Leverian Museum measured thirteen feet; and Ives describes one, shot off the Cape of Good Hope, which measured seventeen feet and a half from wing to wing. "How powerful," says Dr. Arnott, "must be the wing muscles of birds which sustain themselves in the air for hours together! The great albatross, with wings extending fourteen feet or more, is seen in the stormy solitude of the Southern Ocean, accompanying ships for whole days, without even resting on the waves."

The beak of this bird is very powerful, but it seldom acts except on the defensive. It gets rid of the sea-gulls, who are constantly teasing it, in a singular manner, by descending rapidly through the air, and plunging the assailant into the water. The general colour is a dull white, clouded with pale brown, the wings being black; the bill is yellow; the legs flesh-colour. Its weight has been variously stated at from twelve to twenty-eight pounds.

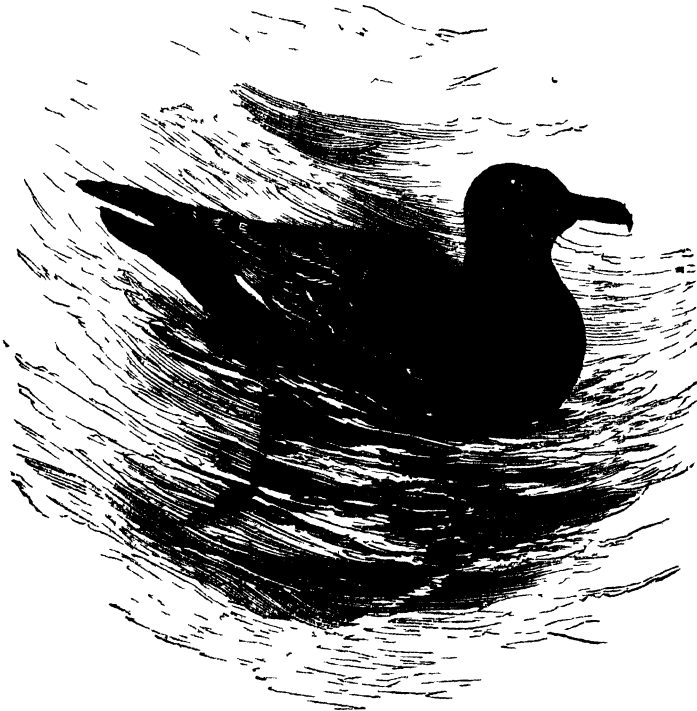
Small marine animals and the spawn of fishes form the chief food of this bird; but it also greedily devours all kinds of fishes when they can be obtained. So voracious is it that it may be taken with a hook and line, baited merely with a piece of sheep's skin.

To the flying fish these birds are peculiarly obnoxious; driven by the dolphin out of the water, to vibrate their finny wings in a short flight through the air, they sweep upon them, and seize them with their powerful beak, the edges of which, in both mandibles, are sharp

as a knife. Fish of many pounds in weight are securely grasped by this formidable instrument and borne away with the utmost ease. Their voracity is equal to their powers and they are capable of swallowing a large fish at a bolt.

A poor fellow who fell overboard from a man-of-war, off the island of St. Paul's in the

Southern Indian Ocean, was immediately perceived by two or three albatrosses. The boat was lowered with all speed, but nothing was found excepting his hat pierced through and through with the violent stroke of their beaks, the first of which had, most probably, penetrated the skull and caused instant death.



THE COMMON ALBA

From the great weight of the birds they have much difficulty in raising themselves into the air, which they do by striking the surface of the water with their feet, but when once on the wing their flight is rapid. It is apparently performed with great ease, as they appear to do little more than sway themselves in the air, sometimes inclining to the left, and at other times to the right, gliding with great rapidity over the surface of the sea. It is only in bad weather that their flight is at any great elevation. Their voice resembles the braying of an ass.

"Now and then," says Mrs. Meredith, "a slow flapping motion serves to raise the albatross higher in the air, but the swift movement and busy flutter of other birds seems beneath his dignity. He sails almost close to you, like a silent spectre. Nothing of life appears in his still, motionless form but his keen piercing eye, except that occasionally his head turns slightly, and betrays a sharp, prying expression, that somewhat shakes your belief in the lordly indifference he would fain assume, and if you fling overboard a piece of rusty pork,

the disenchantment is complete, and you see that long, curiously constructed beak exercising its enormous strength in an employment so spectral a personage could scarcely be suspected of indulging."

The nests of these birds are made on the

ground, with earth, of a round shape, a foot in height, and indented at top, the egg is larger than that of a goose, white-marked, with dull spots at the larger end, and is thought to be good food. While the female is sitting, the male is constantly on the wing to supply her



THE STORMY PETREL.

with food, and during this period they are so tame as to suffer themselves to be shoved from the nest while the eggs are taken from them, but at other times, when caught, they will defend themselves stoutly with the bill.

The style of albatrosses in selecting their mates, and also in their courtship, is described as very ludicrous. The couple approach one another with great apparent ceremony, bringing their beaks repeatedly together, swinging their heads, and contemplating each other with very deliberate attention. Sometimes this

will continue for two hours together, like a courtship in a pantomime.

The Fulmar Petrel is always abundant in Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, and it is common in the icy seas. It appears, however, to be migratory, as Captain Sabine, when detained in Jacob's Bay, saw these birds passing in a continual stream to the northward, in numbers only inferior to the flight of the "passenger pigeon" of North America.

They visit the rocky St Kilda, one of the western isles of Scotland, in spring, and find

a temporary abode there in holes and caverns. The Stormy Petrel, or "Mother Carey's Chicken," is seen by navigators in every part of the ocean, skimming over the surface of a heavy rolling sea. Before a storm, these birds flock under the wake of a ship, and are looked upon by the sailors as foreboding evil. "But," says that accurate naturalist, Alexander Wilson, "as well might they curse the midnight lighthouse, that, star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it."

The whole of the family of the petrels are characterised by the strength and expansiveness of their wings, with the aid of which they traverse immeasurable tracts of the ocean in search of food, and support their flight at considerable distances from land, seldom having recourse to their power of swimming.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN UNHEALTHY.

MISS MARTINEAU, in "How to Make Home Unhealthy," thus admonishes the matron and the nurse.

In laying a foundation of ill-health, it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really cannot be forgiven, and one such is, to miss the opportunity of physicking a baby. Now, I will tell you how to treat the future pale-face at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child, have a little something ready in a spoon; and, after birth, be ready at the first opportunity to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind; but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready, also, before birth, an abundant stock of pins; for it is a great point, in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it shall contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a sly pin is excellent for making children cry; and since it may lead nurses, mothers, now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastenings for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pin-cushion an ancient institution? What is to say, "Welcome, little stranger," if

pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation! It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it, and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight, to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby cannot thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies: to procure sickly growth, let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that, if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often, and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This may save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children; we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying, quiet costs eighteen-pence a bottle; so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Duffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine-chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines upon your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean it before the first teeth are cut, or after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes or some similar devices; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children: he is sure to be overrun with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women, who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honoured institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery, a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney-board. The nursery-window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamour of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When the children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be

their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad, it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather odd walking in the streets of London; but the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner until, by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling, they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in the British Islands should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unfaithfully, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweetmeats of alluring shape and colour, fruits, and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach, we know, requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must come upon it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner has been taken, astonish the digestion, while at work upon it, with the appearance of an extra lump of cake, and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over Nature, who, to speak truth, does not permit to us an easy victory, and does try to accommodate her wrinking to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed, that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

Principis obsta. Let us subdue mere Nature at her first start, and make her civilised in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose-tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple—let us make them to be his future tricolour.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE."

SIR,—I am led by difficulties which surround me at home to look abroad for help and advice. My position is simply this—and I believe it is the lot of many hundreds of my countrywomen: I live in a small country town, in one of the home counties, and am the daughter of a solicitor; my father has but a small practice, and, having no other means, has consequently a limited income. I am one of five daughters, all tolerably

good-looking, but not of amazing beauty; our ages vary from fifteen to five-and-twenty. We receive from our gentlemen acquaintances a moderate share of attention; but not one of us is yet engaged. Young men of the present day, I believe, are prudent in forming matrimonial connexions; and they fear—in our case, no doubt—becoming related to a family miserably struggling under the weight of respectable pauperism. I, as a young lady, do not blame them for their just fears. Well, what are we to do? My desire is, to earn my own living; for all the dislike I might have once entertained to "learning a business," or "seeking employment," has completely evaporated before the innumerable petty miseries which our family have experienced. Now, Mr. Editor, my parents, to whom I have very slightly suggested my wish to relieve them of the expense of one of their daughters, indignantly scout the idea. They say that I can find no remunerative employment without lowering myself; and they ask me what "other people" would think of it. I inwardly reply that I think nothing can be more degrading than the continued enlargement of our present debts, the amount of which must one day overwhelm us. However, all my arguments are of no avail with my family and relations.

I should now like to know from you, Mr. Editor, if there is no respectable employment to which I can turn my hands? You, who minister kindly and with great talent to the wants and wishes, social and literary, of so many thousands of my countrywomen, can surely point out some plan of employment whereby I can reputably help myself and others. If you reply that the prejudices are so great against feminine employment that you cannot assist me in the matter, then do I proclaim, along with many of my sister Englishwomen, that measures should be taken to assail these absurd prejudices, and that the fact of a young lady being engaged in a business occupation should not in the least militate against her respectability or position in society. Help us poor girls, Mr. Editor, in this attempt to become independent and self-supporting, and the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE will bear yet another claim to the consideration of your subscribers, especially such as your present correspondent,

Epsom.

MARY B.

P.S.—Why do not such noble-minded noble ladies—as the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Palmerston, and others—turn a small portion of their valuable attention to such miseries as ours? If they would smile on employment for their distressed sisters, then would it become fashionable, and, *par consequens*, universal.

THE ANGEL.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

As soon as a good child dies, one of God's angels descends upon the earth, takes the dead child upon his arm, spreads out his large white wings, and flies over all the places that were dear to the child; and plucks a handful of flowers, which he then carries to heaven, in order that they may bloom still more beautifully there than they did here on earth. The loving God presseth all these flowers to his bosom; but the flower that he loves best he kisseth; and then it receives a voice, and can sing and join in the universal bliss.

An angel of God related this as he bore a dead child to heaven; and the child heard as in a dream; and they flew over all the spots around the house where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens with the loveliest flowers. "Which one shall we take with us and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

And a beautiful slender rose-tree was standing there; but a wanton hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, full of large half-open rose-buds, hung down quite withered.

"The poor tree!" said the child; "take it, so that it may bloom again on high with the loving God."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child; and the little one half-opened his eyes. They gathered some of the superb flowers, but they took the despised daisy and the wild pansy, too.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel nodded; but they did not yet fly up to heaven.

It was night: it was quite still. They stayed in the great city, they floated to and fro in one of the narrowest streets, where great heaps of straw, of ashes, and rubbish, lay about: there had been a removal. There lay broken pots, sherds and plates, plaster figures, rags, the crowns of old hats; nothing but things that were displeasing to the sight.

And amidst the devastation the angel pointed to the fragments of a flower-pot, and to a clod of earth that had fallen out of it, and which was only held together by the roots of a great withered wild flower; but it was good for nothing now, and was therefore thrown out into the street.

"We will take that one with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you about it while we are flying."

And now they flew on, and the angel related—

"Down yonder, in the narrow street, in the low cellar, lived once a poor sickly boy. He had been bedridden from his very infancy. When he was very well indeed, he could just go a

few times up and down the little room on his crutches; that was all. Some days in summer the sunbeams fell for half-an-hour on the little cellar-window; and then, when the boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and saw the red blood through his small thin fingers, then it was said, 'Yes, he has been out to-day.' All he knew of the wondrously beautiful spring-time, the green and beauty of the woods, was from the first bough of a beech-tree that a neighbour's son once brought him; and he held it over his head, and dreamed he was under the beeches, where the sun shone and the birds were singing.

"One day in spring, his neighbour's son brought him some wild flowers also, and among them was by chance one with a root; it was, therefore, planted in a flower-pot, and placed in the window close by his bedside. And a fortunate hand had planted the flower; it thrived, put forth new shoots, and every year had flowers. To the sick boy it was the most beautiful garden—his little treasure upon earth. He watered and tended it, and took care that it got every sunbeam, to the very last that glided by on the lowest pane. And the flower grew up in his very dreams, with its colours and its fragrance. To it he turned in dying, when the loving God called him to Himself. He has now been a year with God—a year has the flower stood in the window, withered and forgotten; and now, at the removal, it has been thrown among the rubbish into the street. And that is the flower, the same poor faded flower, which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has caused more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child which the angel was carrying to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel; "I was myself the little sick boy that went on crutches. I must surely know my own flower again."

And the child opened his eyes, and looked in the beautiful calm face of the angel; and at the same moment they were in heaven, where was only joy and blessedness.

And God pressed the dead child to his bosom: thereon it became winged like the other angel, and flew hand in hand with him; and God pressed all the flowers to his bosom, but the poor withered flower he kissed; and a voice was given to it, and it sang with all the angels that moved around God, some quite near, and others round these in larger circles, always further away in immensity, but all equally blessed.

And they all sang, great and small; the good dear child, and the poor field flower that had lain withered among the sweepings in the narrow, dingy street.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

IS ISSUED

In Twelve Monthly Numbers, 2d. each,

AND

In Yearly Volumes, 2s. 6d.

Every Purchaser of Twelve Consecutive Numbers of a Volume when completed is entitled to a chance of obtaining one of the prizes annually distributed by the Proprietors.

Notices to Correspondents.

GRATIS SUPPLEMENT

Our Subscribers may very safely recommend the next number at least to the attention of their fair friends. It will contain the promised Supplement Sheet (half the size of the Magazine itself), wholly devoted to fancy work patterns.

PRIZE WORK PATTERNS

A SUBSCRIBER lately favoured us with two working patterns of edging, suggesting that we have engraved one in the present number and the other shall appear next month. And this his suggestion that as we give prizes for the best literary compositions we should also give prizes for the best original patterns in fancy work. We have therefore, resolved to award a first Steel Plate Engraving from a picture by John Thelmin for the best Worked Pattern (original) of a CHEMISETTE IN EMBROIDERY, and a handsome volume for the second best. The pattern obtaining the prize will be engraved for the benefit of all our subscribers. The competing patterns for the first prize must be sent in by the 10th of December, with an affirmation that they are original.

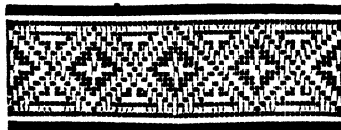
PRIZE COMPOSITIONS

Competitors are reminded that essays on the subject of THE USES OF SORROW announced for last month must be sent in on or before the 10th of November. The subject of the next Essay (for the December number) is, DISPARITY OF YEARS AND MARRIAGE.

THE ANNUAL PRIZES

In future, purchasers of the back volumes, by sending in the cheques to be found in each will be entitled to a chance in the next distribution of Prizes. Purchasers of volumes which contain cheques for a specific prize may send them to the office, where they will be changed for new ones.

BEAD BOGING—MRS M.—This Bead Edging must be worked in the same manner as the one



given last month. We hope it will please our correspondents generally.

A SUBSCRIBER obligingly furnishes us with a worked pattern of the Scallop-shell Edging—1st row—f chain, join 2 chain a, 1 chain 1 long into



loop repeat from a five times. 2nd row—4 chain, 1 long into first space, b, 2 chain, 1 long into next space repeat from b four times. 3rd row—1 double crochet, 3 long, 1 double crochet into every space f chain. Repeat from the commencement, but at the end of 2nd row join into 2nd chain from 1st shell and after the 1st long of 3rd row, join into 1st pattern.

JANE R. and L. S.—The Embroidered Sprig given is suitable for an insertion, or for the front of an infant's robe. The whole of it is worked in the usual satin stitch. The larger leaves should have two or three threads run the long way before



working across, to make them more raised. The centre of the flowers are eyelet holes.

ALMA—A correspondent "anxiously wishes to know what we think of the suggestion of *Punch* to christen pretty babies ALMA" as commemorating a gallant event, as being euphonious in sound and beautiful in signification the Latin meaning being "gentle." We are quite of opinion that ALMA would make an exceedingly pretty and sensible addition to the meagre list of names which bother young mothers when they would choose. And, for memory's sake of the brave men who fell upon the field we will readily pension all the little girls christened "Alma" during the present month with the volumes of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE "for ever."

S. H. is assured that we feel all the force of her representations. Her verses we reluctantly decline.

CLARA M.—We are greatly obliged to CLARA M. for her worked patterns of crochét edging. One of the two, at least, shall appear.

"THE DRESSMAKER."—"Light and Shadow" are very respectfully declined.

W. M.—See notice on previous page.

A. R. T.—The Sybil is deceased.

M.'s Ode to a Rod is extremely good, and we should have inserted it but for the last stanza, which is hardly written in a good spirit, and would be unintelligible without an explanatory note. Her friend's composition, which she is kind enough to praise, is, however, of precisely that character which (we trust) will never see the light in these columns.

DECLINED—with respect. **J. R.'s** charades (need no freedom in the verse)—"Lily Lea" (not original)—"The Pastor" (rather irreverent)—"Eva Stanly."

E. D.—We do not know the derivation of the word you mention; it most probably arose in the workshop, and workshops are full of incomprehensible technical terms, to which no reasonable derivation at all can be assigned. A receipt for plain cake you will find in the present number. **E. D.'s** writing is very good, and when she becomes more practised she will write a sufficiently elegant hand.

A. SUBSCRIBER wishes for a really good receipt for cleaning straw and Tuscan bonnets.

EDA.—Each set of cheques entitles the holder to a prize. If **EDA** takes in three sets of the Magazine, she will have three chances in the distribution of prizes, by sending in all the cheques at the conclusion of the volume.

SNOWDROP thinks many of our readers may be interested to know that, after other remedies had failed, she found that the old-fashioned remedy for a "stye," to wit, rubbing the eyelid with a gold ring, very successful. **SNOWDROP's** handwriting is certainly not so elegant as practice should make it.

MARGARETTA must not suppose herself slighted. Her story is already in type, and will probably appear in the next month's number.

ERRATUM.—The authors of the Prize Composition printed in our last number points out that "To some of these," &c., at page 174, 2nd column, and line from the top, should read "To none of these."

Things Worth Knowing.

TO CLEAN BLOND LACE.—Detach the blond from the caul, but not from the quilting, of a cap. Fold it evenly in four lengths, if scalloped at the edge, and take care that the scallops lap over each other. Tack it evenly, first along the scalloped edge, next where it joins the quilting, wet it in cold soft water, soap it well with common soap, yellow or white, taking care there is no gravelly roughness in the soap; rather lightly, and do not rub too hard. If very dirty, use two or three waters, repeating the process of lathering. Rinse it finally in soft cold water, and, when quite free from soap, dip in water slightly blueed with small, commonly called powder-blue, with three or four small lumps of white sugar dissolved in it. Squeeze it, then lay it between the folds of a cloth, pull the packing threads out, and unfold; then iron it before it is dry. The iron must not be pulled lengthwise, but in short strokes from the quilting to the scallop, or edge if it is not scalloped. Next detach the blond from the quilting, and, finally, pass the iron lightly along the blond, without straining it; roll it on a card ready for use.

KALYDOR.—This cosmetic has the credit of rendering the complexion clear, and freeing it from blotches. Though we place but little faith in nostrums of this kind, we, at the request of several correspondents, append the mode of preparing Kalydor. If it possesses no positive virtues, it certainly can do no harm, as will be seen from the simplicity of its composition. Take rose-water, one pint; tincture of Benzoin, two drachms (about a small tablespoonful); mix, and it is ready for use. It is applied in the same manner as a lotion, by wetting the corner of a soft towel, and dabbing the face with it.

HOW TO MAKE CANARIES FAMILIAR.—If you wish—as all who truly love birds must wish—to make your "pets" familiar, give them every now and then a small quantity of yolk of egg, boiled hard, and a small quantity of "Clifford's German Paste," mixed with a stale sponge-cake. Put this, lovingly, into a little "exclusive" tin pan, fitted in a sly corner of the cage, and the treat will have a double charm. These innocent little creatures love to flirt with any nice pickings thus mysteriously conveyed to them; and they will keep on chattering to you in a language of their own, for many minutes, while viewing the operations in which you are actively engaged for their particular benefit.

TO PROTECT FRUIT AND FOREST TREES.—Collect a wheelbarrowful of cow-dung from the pasture; add a sufficient quantity of soot, until it resembles mortar in consistency; let it remain unused for a week, but do not add water to it. Then apply it with your hand or with a trowel to the stems of the trees. It will be a repellent to hares and horses for full two years, and will not injure the trees which have received it.

TO DESTROY INSECTS.—When plants or flowers are attacked by insects, the following recipe, which is in no respect injurious to any plant, will be found an effectual remedy:—To six quarts of soft water, add half a pound of black soft soap and a quarter of a pint of turpentine; to be applied to the stems with an ordinary paint-brush. By painting frames, hot houses, trellises, &c., with gas tar, the visits of spiders, earwigs, caterpillars, and other plagues may be effectually prevented.

TO CLEAR A WELL OF FOUL AIR.—Put a quart or two of unsifted lime into a bucket, and, before lowering it into the well, put a sufficient quantity of water on the lime to slacken it; then let it down to the water, but not so as to go into it. In a few minutes the well will be cleared of foul air, the slacking lime either absorbing the noxious air, or forcing it out of the well.

A POISON FOR RATS.—Mix twelve ounces of starch thoroughly with eight ounces of cold water, and add forty ounces of boiling-water. When, by stirring the starch, jelly is formed, put into it

vesel for a few minutes. Then mix the mass well; when cold, add some powdered valerian root, or anise-seed. To preserve the paste, fill some small wide-mouth jars with it, and close the jars carefully to prevent access of air. The paste should be spread on slices of bread, and these placed near holes through which the rats pass, taking care that they are constantly renewed as consumed.

SIMPLE WATER FILTER.—Press gently into the tube of a glass or porcelain funnel a piece of fine cotton, then put the funnel over the largest-sized decanter that can be bought, or it may be seated over a good-sized water pitcher. The cotton to be changed daily. This is a better plan than the patent filters; for in the patent filters the water is continually being filtered through the same impurities, whereas the cotton is changed every day.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

GOOD COMMON PLUM CAKE.—Four pounds of flour, four ounces of butter, and four ounces of sugar; with a pound of currants, well washed and dried, some spice, and three eggs. Or mix the above ingredients (except the eggs) into a light dough, with four spoonfuls of yeast, and a quart of milk warmed; make into fifteen or sixteen cakes, and bake on a floured tin half-an-hour.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Scald apples till they will pulp from the core; then take an equal weight of sugar in large lumps; just dip them in water, and, boiling it up till it can be well skimmed, and is a thick syrup, put it to the pulp, and simmer it on a quick fire a quarter of an hour. Grate a little lemon-peel before boiled, but if too much it will be bitter.

ARROWROOT JELLY.—Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or a spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil once up, then mix by degrees into a dessert-spoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth, with two spoonfuls of cold water; then return the whole into the saucepan; stir and boil it three minutes.

BUTTERED RICE.—Wash and pick some rice, drain, and put it with some new milk, enough just to swell it, over the fire; when tender, pour off the milk, and add a bit of butter, a little sugar, and pounded cinnamon. Shake it, that it do not burn, and serve.

TO STEW PIGEONS.—Take care that they are quite fresh, and carefully cropped, drawn, and washed; then soak them half-an-hour. In the meantime cut a hard white cabbage in slices (as if for pickling) into water; drain it, and then boil it in milk and water: drain it again, and lay some of it at the bottom of a stewpan. Put the pigeons upon it, but first season them well with pepper and salt, and cover them with the remainder of the cabbage. Add a little broth, and stew gently till the pigeons are tender; then put among them two or three spoonfuls of cream, and a piece of butter and flour for thickening. After a boil or two, serve the birds in the middle, and the cabbage placed round them.

TO BROIL PIGEONS.—After cleaning, split the backs, pepper and salt them, and broil them very nicely; pour over them either stewed or pickled mushrooms in melted butter, and serve as hot as possible.

MACCARONI.—Boil it in milk, or a weak veal broth, pretty well flavoured with salt. When tender, put it into a dish without the liquor, and among it put some bits of butter and grated cheese, and over the top grate more, and a little more butter. Set the dish into a Dutch oven a quarter of an hour, but do not let the top become hard.

BET ROOTS make a very pleasant addition to winter-salad, of which they may agreeably form a full half, instead of being only used to ornament it. This root is cooling and very wholesome. It is extremely good boiled, and sliced with a small quantity of onion; or stewed with whole onions, large or small, as follows:—Boil the beet tender with the skin on, slice it into a stewpan with a little broth, and a spoonful of vinegar; simmer till the gravy is tinged with the colour, then put it into a small dish, and make a round of the button-onions, first boiled till tender: take off the skin just before serving, and mind they are quite hot and clear. Or, roast three large onions, and peel off the outer skins till they look clear, and serve the beet-root stewed round them. If beet-root is in the least broken before dressed, it parts with its colour, and looks ill.

Wit and Wisdom.

Lady Bath, with a dreadful temper, had a good deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper," she replied, "KEEP my temper! I don't like it so well; I wonder you should."

Few have the courage to correct a friend, because you rarely meet a friend who has the courage to bear correction.

A costermonger meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a sort of equine living skeleton, remonstrated with the owner for "*blowing out the hannimal's hide*," as he very elegantly termed it, and asked him if he never fed him. "Never fed him" my eyes, but that's a good un!" was the reply; "why, he's got a bushel and a half o' oats at home now, *only he hasn't got no time to eat them*."

A medical advertisement for the sale of a practice lately appeared in the *Lancet*, ending with the following pithy announcement:—"N.B. A railway in the neighbourhood."

Wise men may always make their own future, and seize their own fates. Prudence, patience, labour, valour—these are the stars that rule the career of mortals.

Counsellor Rudd, of the Irish bar, was equally remarkable for his love of whist and the dingy colour of his linen. "My dear Dick," said Curran to him one day, "you can't think how puzzled we are to know where you buy all your dirty shirts."

Cook, the player, was, in one of his mad moods, annoyed by a drunken soldier, who professed to have been Cook's comrade when he (C.) was in the army. George, who was always grandiloquent when in liquor, ordered him to be quiet, and added a threat of knocking him down if he disobeyed; the soldier was not quiet, and down he went. Poor Cook was hauled off to the guard-room, and little Simmons ran to tell Mr. Harris that the tragedian was in custody. "In custody! What for?" cried H. "Keeping a *private stall*, sir," replied Simmons.

Sydney Smith writes:—"If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness, turned up with tenuity, is a lively all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce."

The old see afar; they stand on the height of experience, as a warder on the crown of a tower.

Ambition has no fruition, and so lives for ever. Smoke comes from the branch which, cut in the sap, is cast upon the fire; and regret from the heart which is severed from the world while the world is in its May.

Curran, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages; when, all at once, he was started by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to the coachman, "Stop, stop! the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!" "Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honour," replied Pat exultingly, "for I've just drove my pole into the carriage before!" This is a sample of the Irish ball Curran used to cite as parable.

In the battle of life, the arrows we neglect to pick up, Fate, our foe, will store in her quivers.

Justice is the virtue of rendering every man his due.

In nature there is nothing melancholy but the human mind.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose signature we have failed to decipher, thus addresses the god. "Dear Cupid,—Will you bestow a few of your invaluable hints on a young *debutante*, as to what style of conversation and manner she should use in company to render her society agreeable to gentlemen of and about her own age? She used to be perfectly natural in both at first—not assuming to be what she was not, or speaking when she had nothing to say. The consequence was, she was set down as cold and haughty by both ladies and gentlemen, and was partnerless evening after evening. She then assumed the frivolous and ridiculous manner of those about her, and certainly got on better, but never had a word of sense spoken to her, and her admirers soon became far too free. In giving your advice on the subject, you will greatly oblige, &c."—Our undecipherable correspondent's difficulty is not new. It is precisely what must fall in the way of every ingenious and sensible woman, if she happen to be at first thrown into certain circles of society. These "circles" occur in the middle class; they are very respectable, their members comprising some of the best men and women in England (*at home*), and not a few of taste and influence. But in their out-of-door relations, at what is called the "social board," or on what might just as well be called the "social carpet," honest, simple manners are often put aside for that false and frivolous spirit which writers of thirty years ago used to ascribe to the aristocracy. Fictitious glitter in conversation, compounded one sixth of wit, two sixths of insincerity, and one half of nonsense, and conveyed in the slang fashionable in the peculiar "set" (for most circles have a style which is nothing *but* slang), is a necessity, and flashy accomplishments indispensable. All must sparkle, even when the tinfoil is so plain to everyone; everyone must take a part, though the disguise and "get up" in each is transparent to all. Into such a circle our correspondent has stepped. No doubt they have their good side—if circles ever have sides; and their faults are only proofs of an endeavour to be good-humoured—to please, and to be pleased. The intention is merely to fulfil the highest duty to Society—to be agreeable; and, false and meretricious as the means are, no other gain is proposed by shining in them, except by match-makers or fortune-hunters, who have their own manoeuvres in every circle. Nor do we dispute—quite the contrary—that it is a duty to be agreeable in society; or even to be false: false to our own griefs, little or big; and put on a cheerful face always, and talk in a cheerful voice always, in any company that *may* be cheerful, whatever our own troubles may be. Nevertheless, we do regret, with our correspondent, that youth cannot ever carry into the world, to flourish there, whatever simplicity may be left from childhood, or whatever chaste education of mind our best literature affords; and that to be natural is not always to be thought agreeable, or to be understood. We hope, therefore, that while our correspondent uses every endeavour to be polite, and falls in as far as may be with the social usages of her sphere, she will return to her first method, and be natural.

EMILY must endeavour to avoid rash conclusions. Her present condition may be very unhappy; but if she were to rush inconsiderately into the remedy which she imagines the only one open to her, she would very probably find it far worse than the evil. EMILY must bide her time and be patient. Small crosses are good to bear.

CHARLOTTE.—"Will Cupid kindly advise me what to do under the following circumstances? Several years ago I became acquainted with two gentlemen. The eldest is forty-four years of age, of a kind, amiable disposition, and domestic habits, also of varied and extensive information; he has no friends, or rather relations, living, and we have known him many years. I have promised, if possible, to marry him a twelvemonth after this: but my parents will not hear, for a moment, of such a thing, and have ordered me, on pain of being forbidden to consider their house my home, to cease to think of it, and also to love him no more; as they urge that I could not be happy with him, as he is too old for me, and he is slightly lame; also, that as he is only in a situation, and has but little money saved, they say he could not afford to keep a wife. I am only twenty-two years of age. All this has been told me over and over again; yet I must still love him—I cannot help it. I have tried to do as they wish, but it seems as if I only loved him the more—he is so very, very kind. He knows, of course, that they don't wish him to come here now, and he does not. Now there is a young gentleman comes here, aged twenty-four, handsome or good-looking, but, as far as I am able to judge, of very affected manners, and withal very coarse. I am told he often joins his companions, and sits very late; but is very kind and attentive to his mother, with whom he lives. He has asked my parents' consent to marry me, and they have, and are giving him every encouragement. I have told both him and them that I cannot love him, and that I never will consent to become his wife. I have even told him I am engaged, and love another; but his insulting observation was, "that he would go and tell the old folk, and he knew very well they would turn me out of doors, to go to old J—, or do anything else I liked." My parents have ordered me to accept him; but I feel it must be misery to be united to one I cannot even respect. Yet they insist that I accept him and promise to be his wife ere the year be closed. I feel very, very miserable, and will wait with great impatience for your reply, which I trust will be in the first Magazine. I must apologise for trespassing so long on your valuable time; but I have seen so many get good advice. I have ventured to apply."—It is easy to give CHARLOTTE advice, and a pleasure to do so, upon so temperate and womanly a statement of her trouble. Whatever else you do, by all means avoid the young gentleman, handsome, well-to-do, &c. &c., who has proved himself, in the single remark quoted, a vulgar, coarse-minded man, fit to be the husband of no woman whatsoever.

S. S.—Read the answer to EMILY.

S. H.—Disparity of years (CHARLOTTE also should remember this) is a very serious objection in matrimony. It is true, we believe, that the happiest marriages are made between young women and men of confirmed middle age; but it is also true that among such matches the most unhappy are also to be found. In the one case, complete, even, and uninterrupted peace is the result; in the other, complete, even, and uninterrupted wretchedness is the result. There are no breaks in either. Everything depends upon individual character.

FANNY FLIRT.—We rather doubt the reality of FANNY's troubles; but if real, we shall have great pleasure in resigning the task of pointing an escape from them into the hands of the lady who has so expertly brought them about.

N. M.—The step was bold and ill-considered. If it be possible now to "back out" (as we trust it may be), do so; if not, there is the prospect of a long penalty before you.



CHRISTMAS OLD AND NEW.

BY THE EDITOR.

OLD CHRISTMAS is the name we give to the grand festival of the Saxon people; but—like love, that “old song ever new”—its age has nothing of decay about it. We do indeed read in a hundred periodicals every year, at about this present season, of the decline of the old hearty cheer, and the old hearty merry-making of Christmas days gone by. Modern scribes will insist upon lamenting that we are dreadfully degenerate, and want to know what we think of ourselves for not holding our feasts in baronial halls. They read up on the subject in the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” “Notes and Queries,” and other accessible antiquarian repositories, and then sigh with a vast amount of learned sorrow that boars’ heads are furnished at the feast no more. They turn melancholy from bottled beer, and mourn for nalmsey; they cry for sack! sack! (which seems to us to have been a villanous tipsificator and debaucher of men’s brains) and a nasty leathern

black-jack to drink it from; speaking scornfully of port, of punch, of sherry, of champagne. Capons, geese, turkeys, and mincepies, are to these good antiquarians only so many proofs of the mawkish delicacy of the age. Where, they ask, are the beautiful sheep’s kidneys stewed in treacle over which our forefathers rejoiced—the bacon and garlic, the stewed pettitoes, which made glad the hearts of the young men and maidens?

Then your sports, your pastimes. Dancing we are allowed to retain—with certain sneers against the unmeaning, not to say immodest waltz; but then we dance in snug apartments, and not in the halls baronial before mentioned. And what have we in exchange for the convivial game of “muss?” and what compensation for “hot cockles?” Or for the diversion of ducking after apples in pails of water? Or for the various other pastimes in which our forefathers risked their antique necks in search of antic mirth?

Alas! we have no scruple in avowing our belief that all this to-do of our literary friends is great nonsense, or what, if we could speak with liberty of speech, we should only be too happy to call humbug. It reads prettily enough, but it is written insincerely, and we hope nobody is led thereby to pine for the days that are gone. What, really, was Christmas in a baronial hall like? Something thus. The hall is very extensive—old, cold, and draughty. There is also an extensive fire, but it requires a conflagration to warm the corners where you and I (peasants, and our country's pride) are shelved. We sit on dreadfully uncomfortable wooden stools; and there are no table-cloths to begin with. There are no forks. It is not everyone who is blessed with a knife. The spoons are rather large for a delicately small mouth, and they (the spoons) are of wood. So are the plates. So is the beef. There is no plum-porridge—that is a luxury which is to come after us, with the degenerate days. There are no vegetables. There is not a large quantity of the celebrated old English beef; and as for quality, it is rather coarser, rather leaner, rather smaller, rather tougher, than Parisian beef in 1854: that is to say, it is such beef as any British "milky mother" of degenerate days, after having reared the largest possible family, and seen herself a milky grandmother, would scorn to produce. There's mustard, but Soyser isn't invented.

But there's plenty to eat nevertheless. We have our choice of bacon, deer-flesh, or leveret: the bacon, we may mention, is very strong. Then there are pasties, whether of meat or dried apples, and messes of oat and of wheaten meal; and, best of all, tolerable ale and cakes of bread. Best of all, we say, because the big wooden spoons are not needed to sup the ale, and the bread is well made and may be broken and eaten *with* the fingers and without being nasty. Meanwhile, and all the while, the wooden stools are very uncomfortable.

This is the dinner, and thus we eat it, in the draughty hall, where the whistling winds add to the discords of the feast, and under the eye of our almoner, the lord of the manor. Then we make merry. We sing—and this is best of all—good stout old English ballads. Heartily we sing them, for there is heart in them—heart, truth, simplicity, and always gentleness and plaintive pity. We also sing some exceeding impudent songs, at which the lady of the manor doesn't blush a bit, nor her daughter, nor Cicely, nor Margery, nor Dianthea; they laugh, and think the impudent songs very good and very droll indeed. Then the ale ~~waters~~—for we drink prodigious quantities—and straightway fall the hot cockles.

We have also dancing, and quarter-staff playing, and several other diversions, the fun of which consists in hurting somebody.

Certainly we do not speak thus in disparagement of the observances and customs peculiar to Christmas festivals three hundred years ago, to the blame of our forefathers who enjoyed them. We do all honour to the simple, contented hearts that were so easily made happy, or rather that made happiness so easily. But if these customs and observances were not discreditable to our forefathers (why not foremothers also?) we cannot of course conceive them to their advantage, or that we are so very degenerate because we are so much more comfortable—and independent. Take the best of those "halls" which insincere and thoughtless writers crack so much about, let the tables "groan" as they are universally said to have done, with their ill-cooked and indigestible loads. Let there be ever so much shilly and ~~mistletoe~~ upon the walls, ever so huge a yule-log on the hearth, ever so homely and kind-hearted a squire to make welcome, and then compare it with one of our own warm snug homes, the bright coal fires leaping in the shining grates, the rich warm curtains that shut out the night, the cozy seats, the wholesome and luxurious cheer, the wholesome cheerfulness, and the laughter, as high, as bright, as sincere as of old, and responsive, not to coarse diversions, or *double entendres* with only one meaning in them, but wit, and humour, and innocent gaiety. Then for the glowing pictures held up before us, of the noble squire surrounded by his tenantry, whom he feeds and feasts, is it not a much better picture, reader, and more to the taste of both you and I, who very possibly are descended from one of these obliged tenants, is not that home of *our own* a better picture—its cheer, ours; its light, ours; its comfort, ours; and never a servile soul in it? How much better to our eyes the humblest cottage, with its fare never so rude, which holds an independent feast, hard earned and therefore well enjoyed, than the lord's feast, where the lord sits intrenched behind the salt, and the tenant sits apart humbly with his hat between his knees! We may rely upon it that whatever smacks of the feudal system has a bad savour in the mouths of honest men.

The spirit of Christmas—that strange spirit of veneration, of humility, of kindness, of thoughtfulness, of sadness and gladness—will live and flourish in England as long as there are young and old in it. To the young and to the old it is especially dear. Do we not remember how in boyhood and girlhood the very dawn of the morning had something calm, and quiet, and sacred about it, as if the

whole world were a great church, and we just entered into the aisles. We entered the aisles as we went softly down stairs, and opened the door and looked out. There was something beautiful and awful in the prospect as we looked down the quiet street or across the scarce quieter fields, white with the snow and glistening with the rime—something that had nothing whatever to do with pudding or tarts. The concentrated essence of a year of Sabbath mornings sunk on our young hearts like wine on a sponge-cake, and it swelled and broke away in wonder. And as we woke in our warm bed the eve before, and heard children like ourselves strike up at the door that dear old carol, which seems to come down to us plaintive with the piety and simplicity of a thousand years—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day—

how hard it was to keep from a sort of dismay; for was it not the voice of the angels singing to the shepherds that we heard? And could we not see the Star shining between the folds of the window-curtains, and even the angels themselves—if they were not little white clouds? So it is with all children, and so with children Christmas is ever Christmas.

In youth—that is to say, to young men and young women—this “dim religious light” fades away, and the colour of the Christmas atmosphere is purely *couleur de rose*; and though it is *couleur de Christmas rose*, and, from first to last, brighter than is shed over any other festival, still it is not so beautiful as it has been, or as in age it will be. It is all life, and love, and light, and laughter; it is an abandon to all of these; it is mixing all these up together, and getting tipsy on the result: and a very delightful sort of intoxication too. Long may it last, often may it be repeated, many a year may it jostle upon that most unimpressible period of our existence, “confirmed middle age.” Then Christmas has fewest charms (because all other days have most anxieties), and these are not fairly perceived till the hours bring us to the point—that is to say, to dinner. But in age comes back the Christmas of childhood—comes back with its wonders all resolved, and the dim religious light dawning clear and grey. We take out the old robes of awe and worship we used to wear in childhood, and wear them again, the only difference being that we know them now for what they are, and why and how they were worn. In childhood we looked down upon the valley of life and the future, and up to the Star that was to guide us through: all then was vague and scarcely wonderful, the

path uncertain in mist and cloud, and only dim Christmas-tides (those we *did* reckon on) rising out of them like milestones to mark the future year-journeys. In manhood, toiling down in the valley, we saw little even of the path we trod; and so anxious and obscure was that, we had not too much inclination to pause and make merry at the yearstones—not so much to us the signs of labours accomplished, as of greater labours yet to do. But when age comes, we begin to ascend the slopes on the other side of the valley, and, resting awhile, cast our eyes back upon the valley and the opposite shore. The valley is again dim, with mists and clouds. It is vague with promises unfulfilled, efforts abortive, labours in vain and after vain things; but, level with us now, the heights from which we looked down upon it in childhood grow clear, and our eyes dwell upon them with rest and satisfaction. Old feelings come back; old enjoyments return; and strong links are found to exist between infancy and age which have no hold upon the days between. Christmas is again what it used to be. There is the same old awe, the same Sabbath sanctity, the same sadness in gladness, the same affection for the carols, the same thoughts about the shepherds and the star—but more earnest; for now we look down into the vaguer, deeper shades of another valley: the valley, not of life, but of death. No, as long as there are children and aged in this land, Christmas will ever be new, and bring new thoughts, and teach new things.

Again, our grumblers lament for us the decline of Christmas hospitality, still having their eyes upon the baronial halls, as if hospitality were much eating and drinking. But we have something among us with a nobler name: Christmas charity. Charity is the very virtue of Christmas. One of the first precepts of our Saviour, it would seem as if the great Charity of his birth had its remembrance given to Christian men in a larger feeling of goodwill to all on this day. And true it is, whatever be the cause, no gifts are so precious, either to giver or receiver, as Christmas gifts. To comfort the poor and naked, the sick and prisoners, is always a duty: at Christmas it is a blessing. The miracle of the widow's cruise is not ended yet; and we may hold it for certain that the fuel we heap upon the stranger's hearth shall nevertheless burn bright upon our oars; the wine that brings a little light to a sick man's eyes shall run along the veins of the giver, with life; the beef we bestow upon the needy shall fatten on our oven or grow in our larders; and the handful of sweetmeats even which makes some poor hunger-stunted, careful-faced child happy, shall be found to moisten our lips in the last hours. In this we implicitly believe; and

intreat all our readers to believe it also. At any rate, one trial will prove the fact. Let them make it.

Meanwhile, how sings Longfellow?

I hear along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimnes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!



THE DEAR MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A PAGE FOR CHILDREN.

A MAN once lived with his wife and child happy and contented, for they loved each other, and God had given them everything good and necessary. In the morning the man went out to work, and the child remained with her mother at home and played, and the mother told her pretty stories such as she liked to hear and caressed her tenderly; or else she went with her into the garden, and the child gathered and ate the sweet strawberries and the finely-flavoured raspberries. And when the father came home at night they were all three happy because they were together. In this way they lived for some time, till at last the mother became feeble and ill, and had to go to bed. Then the father went sorrowfully to work in the morning, and was more sorrowful at evening when he saw that the sufferer grew no better. But the child remained with her mother; and when she was told that she might go alone to the garden she had no wish to go, but would hide her face on her mother's bed and weep. At last the mother felt that she must die, and called the child to her and said, "I shall soon go away from you, for our dear Father in heaven is calling me to Himself; but if you are good and kind I will come sometimes to see you, my darling, and if it is God's will, take you where I am in heaven." Soon after the mother died and was buried in the garden, and the father was very unhappy and shed tears. The child was unhappy, too, and would like to have gone to heaven with her mother; but as she hoped her mother would come to see her or to take her to herself, she was soon consoled again. But the father was sorry for the child, because she would have to be alone while he went away to work; and so he married another wife, to be the mother of the child. But she was a bad woman and did not love the child, and did not speak to her, nor even look kindly at her. She took no care of the child, nor did she wash her clothes nor mend them, and when she went to bed at night the new mother did not arrange her little bed for her. This made the child unhappy, and very often she went into the garden and sat down on her mother's grave, and said, "Ah, dear mother in heaven, come and take me away." But when the bad woman saw the child sitting on the grave, she was angry and drove her away, for she could not bear that the child should think of the departed one, and she saw plainly that she had no love for her second mother. And when she saw the child eating strawberries and raspberries as she had been accustomed to do when her own mother

was living, she beat her severely, for she would not let the child have the berries, but wanted to eat them all herself. At last she became so bad to the child that she would not let her go into the garden at all, and when she went there herself she fastened the child up in a dark room. Then the child would break into loud lamentations and weep, for she was afraid in the darkness. "O mother in heaven!" she said once, when she was shut up there, "oh, come and take me away." Then a bright light came into the dark chamber, and the mother in white robes, beautiful and loving, just as she had been in life, only much more beautiful, took the child on her knee and kissed her and caressed her, and told her stories just as she had used to do. But now they were stories of heaven, about the eternal gardens of Paradise, where imperishable flowers bloom and flourish, where heavenly sweet fruits ripen, where the angel-children play joyous plays and dance the celestial dances, and sing their hymns before the throne of God our Father. The child was happy to hear this, and became still and quiet, and finally went to sleep.

At evening the child told her father how her mother in heaven had been to see her, and what she had said to her. At this the father was thoughtful; and though he told the child that it was only a dream, it made him heavy-hearted, for he had loved his first wife much more than the second, and knew that the latter was not a good mother to his child. But as he did not know how bad she was, he was silent and said nothing about it. After that, whenever the child was shut up in the dark chamber, she was calm and quiet, for she did not stay long alone in the darkness. Her mother in heaven came to see her with a soft, clear light, and comforted her and told her about Heaven and the angels. Then the child grew more and more full of longings for the heavenly delights, and begged her mother at every visit to take her with her; but the mother always said it was not time yet, and she must wait. And as the child grew paler and more silent, and often looked out of the window towards heaven with folded hands, the bad woman was more unkind and hard to her, and fastened her up oftener in the dark chamber. Once when she had shut her up there, and went to bring her out again from the darkness, the child looked much paler than usual, and when she called her did not stir. Then she saw that she was dead. The mother in heaven had been with her and rocked her to sleep, and promised her that she should wake up in heaven. And there the child has a robe of light like the angel-children with whom she plays in the gardens of God, and they teach her to sing heavenly hymns.

HORTENSE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III.

HORTENSE EUGENIE DE BEAUHARNAIS was the daughter of the great Napoleon's Josephine, by her first husband, Alexander Viscount de Beauharnais. Hortense was born in Paris, April 10th, 1783; and was still of a tender age when those distressing calamities which we have elsewhere related occurred, and finally deprived the family of its protector in the death of Viscount de Beauharnais by the guillotine.*

When Hortense was three years of age she was taken by her mother to Martinique; her brother Eugene being left in France with his father. In her new home Hortense acquired the captivating grace of the Creoles. A French writer remarks that "her infancy resembled that of the interesting Virginia, so well described by St. Pierre in the episode to the 'Etudes de la Nature.' Compassionate and tender-hearted as Virginia herself, she was deeply shocked by the miseries of the labouring class, which, in her childish charity, she endeavoured to alleviate."

The effects of the French Revolution were early felt in the colonies, and the tremendous explosion of St. Domingo reverberated through the world. The existence of Hortense and her mother was frequently menaced by fire and the sword—for the negroes directed their enmity against the entire white race. But humanity, mildness, and benevolence were already associated with the name of Josephine, inspiring everywhere affection and respect. The simple annunciation, "I am Madame de Beauharnais—this is my daughter," was sufficient to disarm the violence of the assassins; and she was fortunately enabled to find an opportunity of embarking for France, where, after a voyage of great privation, she arrived with her daughter in safety. Evils of still greater magnitude awaited her return, and made a deep impression on the mind of Hortense.

Beauharnais was condemned to death. During the imprisonment of the parents the unfortunate children remained in Paris, with no other protection than that of an old nurse. The cares of education could be little attended to when even the means of existence were of difficult attainment. The earnings from the labours of the nurse were soon found insufficient for the maintenance of three persons; but Hortense, though still very young, evinced that energy of character which in after-life was so useful in enabling her to support adversity. She and her brother determined to labour for their common livelihood; Eugene hired himself as assistant to a joiner,

and Hortense was placed with a nun-teacher. Her patience under every privation showed how deeply-rooted were those principles of perseverance and resignation which had been inculcated by her mother.

The liberation of Josephine was the means of restoring her daughter to comfort and to her studies; and she was placed at the school of the celebrated Madame Campan. Among the companions of Hortense at Madame Campan's were her cousins, Stephanie, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden; Emilie Beauharnais, afterwards renowned as Madame Lavalette; and the future Queen of Naples. Under the tuition of Madame Campan, Hortense, besides acquiring the general branches of education, excelled in all polite accomplishments, and the success of her *début* in society fully justified the truth of the favourite maxim of her instructress, that "Talents were the ornaments of the rich, and the wealth of the poor."

After the marriage of her mother with Napoleon, and during his campaigns in Italy and Egypt, Hortense continued at school. On the return of Napoleon and Eugene from Egypt the family was re-united—the First Consul residing at the Tuilleries after 1800. Here the mild graces of Hortense appeared to great advantage, contrasted with the glittering display of a new court, bristling with military splendour. She was courted by the richest and noblest of France, and had now scope for the indulgence of those pleasing anticipations of a future which so rarely are realised. Among the frequenters of the drawing-rooms who sought her favour was M. de Paulo, a Royalist, of polished manners, and his addresses were not unacceptable to Josephine and her daughter. But he was not to the taste of the First Consul, who sent him forthwith to Languedoc. Hortense never saw Paulo again.

Napoleon had other views regarding her. He looked upon Louis, whom he had brought up, rather in the light of a son than a brother; and Josephine, for various reasons, was not anxious to unite him to her daughter. Louis and Hortense, therefore, were induced to overcome their mutual reluctance; and were married in the month of January, 1802. Their union was never happy. The character of Louis was the reverse of that of Hortense. The newly-married couple treated their marriage as compulsory, and their little asperities were in constant collision. Louis had some romance in his disposition; but it was that kind of romance which leads its possessor rather to write a book than to enact the hero. He was enthusiastically devoted to visions of peace, and yet fate had condemned him to be a soldier. He hated ceremony, and yet his life

perpetual payment. Proclaiming retirement and speculative reflection, he was hurried along by the whirlwind of his brother's genius.

Hortense, on the contrary, was ambitious and proud. She possessed a quick and decided temper, a strong intellect, and her chief desire was that the renown of her husband should elevate and gratify her pride.

The gloom of the newly-married pair was soon publicly observed; and if Hortense ever experienced matrimonial felicity, it must have been after she became a mother. An union blessed with children seems sanctioned by Providence. Hortense had three sons; and maternal tenderness was aroused, and the pride of a princess gratified, in their birth.

At this most brilliant period of Hortense's life appeared that fine collection of musical romances which has ranked her among the most tasteful of lyrical composers. The saloons of Paris, the solitude of exile, the most remote countries, have all acknowledged the charm of these delightful melodies. One of them at least is familiar to the world, as the song of the French armies, "*Partant pour la Syrie*."

The Duchess d'Albrantes thus describes Hortense previous to her marriage. "Hortense de Beauharnais was at this time seventeen years old. She was fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much colour, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her slender figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head; her feet were small and pretty, her hands very white, with pink and well-rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners. She was gay, gentle, and amiable; she had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished education had improved her natural talents; she drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. Her brother loved her tenderly; the First Consul looked upon her as his child; and it is only in a country fertile in the inventions of scandal that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct towards her."

In the early days of her matrimonial life there were circumstances which made her cheerful in the midst of discontent and unhappiness. Everything around her appeared to reflect glory, renown, and happiness. Josephine was seated on the first throne in the world; Eugene, her brother, reigned as a Vice-king; while the head of this exalted

family could bestow on his brothers the monarchies raised by his military genius, and consolidated by his political talents. The hopes of Hortense seemed destined for a diadem; Napoleon willed it, and in 1806 Louis became King of Holland.

Louis and his Queen entered in their new dominions the 18th of June, 1806. They took up their residence at the Maison de Bois, a country-seat about a league from the Hague, where they received the various congratulatory deputations. Their public entry into the capital was delayed for five days. Louis was well known in Holland from his former visits; and the curiosity of the Dutch was therefore chiefly directed towards the Queen, whom they now beheld for the first time. During her residence at the Hague, that hitherto sedate metropolis was changed to gaiety and a constant succession of balls and entertainments. The dancing of Hortense was perfection; and she promoted social amusements with that condescension which produces regard, without degrading from superior rank.

Louis, like a conscientious man, was inclined to favour his new subjects and their interests; but his wife was an enthusiast for France and Napoleon. She expected that his brother (and her husband) should act merely as his lieutenant in the country where he had placed him on a throne. After the death of her eldest son, Hortense was advised to travel: she did so, and ultimately returned to Paris, and while there her third son (Louis Napoleon) was born. In 1809 Louis and Napoleon differed on Dutch politics; and Hortense, at the request of the Emperor, repaired to Holland to watch her husband, and persuade him, if possible, to adhere to the interests of France. Louis, however, asserted his independence, and finally abdicated, and Holland was annexed to France. Louis repaired to Austria, and his wife returned to Paris, where she had a palace and household suited to her rank, still retaining, by courtesy, the title of "Queen of Holland."

The divorce of her mother from the Emperor occurred previous to the abdication of her husband. She was in Paris when the divorce took place, and was selected to prepare her mother for the calamity. But, devoted as she was to Napoleon, her feelings prevented her complete co-operation; and a few distant allusions and equivocal expressions fulfilled the strict commands imposed on her by the Emperor.

Josephine was, of course, the only true link between Napoleon and her children; after the divorce, their natural relation towards him was inferior to that of collateral relatives. Hortense and Eugene wished to resign their already half-lost crowns, and to become the

companions of their mother in retirement. Josephine reminded them of their obligations to Napoleon, and commanded their obedience to the will of him who had been to them a father as well as sovereign. They therefore left their weeping mother soon to mingle in the pomp of a second marriage with the Emperor; to see a stranger, Maria Louisa, seated on the throne of Josephine.

Hortense was one of the four Queens who bore the imperial train of Maria Louisa as she approached the nuptial altar. She wept bitterly as she followed the bride: and when the fatal "Yes" was pronounced, she uttered a loud cry and became insensible. When this tribute to nature and her sex had been thus paid, she recovered all her strength of character.

The Count de la Garde, an intimate friend of Hortense, says that Louis entertained a sincere friendship for Josephine, and was deeply grieved at the divorce, yet he was very near following the example of Napoleon. He wished to add the sanction of the law to the separation between himself and his queen. While both were absent from Holland, on a long visit to Paris, he had never seen the Queen except on public occasions. On his arrival from Holland he had repaired to the residence of Madame Letitia instead of proceeding to his own palace, which was occupied by Hortense. After all this coldness he expressed a desire for her return to Holland, and she considered it was her duty to comply. Her husband was unfortunate, and her popularity might be useful in preserving the allegiance of his subjects. But, after a short experience, Hortense became convinced that her presence could be more useful to her mother than to her husband, and, pleading ill-health, she returned to France.

When the return of Napoleon took place, in 1814, Hortense was with her mother at Navarre. After visiting Maria Louisa at Rambouillet, and seeing her depart for Vienna, Hortense joined her mother at Malmaison where she received the visits of Alexander and of the allied monarchs. At the request of those sovereigns, Louis XVIII. erected St. Leu into a duchy for her advantage, with the right of inheritance vested in her children.

When Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau, Hortense remained with her mother at Malmaison, and saw her breathe her last. Feeling under obligation to Louis XVIII., she paid her respects to him, on leaving off her mourning. This visit gave dissatisfaction to the friends of Napoleon. Meantime, her husband sued in the French courts to have his two sons restored to him, and the affair was pending, when the return of Napoleon put a stop to the proceedings. She now

resumed her attendance at the Tuileries, and did the honours of Napoleon's court. She was one of the first to welcome his return to Paris.

After the Battle of Waterloo, she attended Napoleon in his retirement at Malmaison,

until he left it to embark. She then set out for Switzerland, and retired to the town of Constance. Afterwards, in 1817, she purchased the estate of Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgau, where she used afterwards



to spend the summers, and to pass the winters at Rome with her sister-in-law Pauline. Her eldest son, Napoleon, married his cousin, Joseph Bonaparte's second daughter. In 1831, both her sons, without her approval, joined the insurrectionary movement in the Papal States. The eldest fell sick during that short campaign, and died at Pesaro. With

her only surviving son, Louis Napoleon, the anxious mother, after some narrow escapes, returned to Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and she continued to reside there until her death, which took place October 3rd, 1837. Her remains were taken to France, and buried in the church of Rueil, near Paris, by the side of her mother's.



THE BETROTHED.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I HAVE acted as they bid me.
 He said that he was blessed,
 And the sweet seal of betrothal
 On my forehead has been pressed;
 But my heart gave back no echo
 To the rapture of his bliss,
 And the hand he clasped so fondly
 Was less tremulous than his.

They praise his lordly beauty,
 And I know that he is fair—
 Oh, I always loved the colour
 Of his sunny eyes and hair,
 And though my bosom may have held
 A happier heart than now,
 I have told him that I love him,
 And I cannot break the vow.

He called me the fair lady
 Of a castle o'er the seas,
 And I thought about a cottage
 Nestled down among the trees;
 And when my cheek beneath his lip
 Blushed not nor turned aside,
 I thought how once a lighter kiss
 Had left it crimson-dyed.

What care I for the breathing
 Of wind-harps among the vines?
 I better love the swinging
 Of the sleepy mountain pines,
 And to track the timid rabbit
 In the snow shower as I list,
 Than to ride his coal-black hunter,
 With the hawk upon my wrist.

Fain would I leave the grandeur
Of the oaken-shadowed lawns,
And the dimly-stretching forest,
Where the red roe leads her fawns,
To gather the blue thistle
And the fennel's yellow bloom,
Where frowning turrets cumber not
The path with gorgeous gloom.

Let them wreath the bridal roses
With my tresses as they may—
There are phantoms in my bosom
That I cannot keep away;
To my heart, as to a banquet,
They are crowding pale and dread,
But I told him that I loved him,
And it cannot be unsaid.

DAISY VERE.

BY MARGARETTA.

A STRANGE, wild, laughter-loving, wilful girl was Daisy Vere; full of mirth and mischief: you could see it in her sparkling black eyes, even when, by chance, she was not busy seeking in herself and those around her subjects for good-natured merriment; irresolute, notwithstanding her wilfulness, you could read it in the formation of her mouth. Many said she added to her undoubted carelessness, if not a cold, at least not an affectionate, disposition. Perhaps it was so. At any rate, love and lovers, whenever alluded to by her young companions, never failed to provoke her mirth; while she burlesqued the raptures and tender agonies of fictitious Colins and Celias, and, to the horror of every young lady in her teens, travestied all the love-sick strains she heard, from "We met," and "Oh, no; we never mention him," down to "The memory of thee," and other recently-published ditties.

To be sure, Daisy was *not* in her teens. She made no secret of having passed her twenty-third birthday; and no one had ever heard of her having had even a *beau*, much less an offer. So it might be anticipatory old maidish spleen.

Daisy Vere had neither father nor mother; indeed, no nearer relative than an aunt, with whom she had lived for the last three years—which was since her father's death. Her mother she lost when an infant; and her father, absorbed in business, and harassed by embarrassments, had left her to the care of nurses and teachers, who suffered her to have her own way in most things, rather than contend with her wilfulness. The effect was that when, as her aunt's ward, she came to reside with her, Mrs. Vere pronounced her education to have been shamefully neglected.

She declared it "incomprehensible to her,

how her brother-in-law, a Liverpool merchant, could possibly have brought up his daughter so ill; and it was so dreadfully disadvantageous now that his unfortunate speculations had left her so poor. Young men now-a-days *would* have accomplished women, where there was not fortune to balance the absence of accomplishments."

Daisy felt indignant at her aunt's lamentations, because she was conscious that in everything deserving the name of mental culture she was as much before the major it of young ladies as she was behind them in those accomplishments which usually engross their time and attention. So she vented her anger in a hundred lines of mock heroics upon her own ignorance, and then obediently resigned herself into the hands of the teachers her aunt provided, with as much careless indifference as if she had been still in short frocks; and, with the exception of an occasional saucy laugh or word, she was a very good little girl indeed.

But the only study the progress of which we intend to relate is her music. Mrs. Vere had chosen for her teacher Mr. Hayward, a gentleman deemed particularly eligible from many circumstances. He was exceedingly talented, and an enthusiastic lover of his art. He was a gentleman in mind, manners, and feeling; and—a great consideration where the pupil is a young woman of twenty—full fifty years old. True, he was a fine-looking and handsome man. The beauty of intellect was stamped on his features; but what mattered that in a man of fifty? His age outbalanced everything.

Often and sorely did Daisy try the patience of Mr. Hayward; and, if it had possessed a limit, she would certainly have discovered it. But he would, with great gentleness, show her, for the sixth time, how to perform a passage, as he did the very first; and when after all, he detected her gazing listlessly at the keys, having evidently paid no attention, he would say, in his firm, quiet tone, but without the least shade of irritation—

"Miss Vere, I must request you to attend, and there was that in his voice which she could not disobey.

How she tortured him weekly by her spiritless playing, or, more frequently, murdering of her pieces!

It was wonderful how he could have continued her teacher during those three tedious years during which, when this true recital commences, she had been his pupil!—how, with his passionate love of his divine art, he could have endured her indifference, real or assumed; or how, when his pride was to point to the superiority of the musical education of his pupils, he could have persevered in

teaching one who, if she were industrious one week in a quarter, thought it enough, and whose advancement was imperceptibly small, was a marvel!

But three years had passed, and still there he was, weekly, by her side at the piano; not only patiently enduring all, but seeming to take absolute pleasure in the time thus spent.

Daisy was a favourite with Mr. Hayward: she knew she was; she could not have said *how*, but she *did* know it. And she also reckoned of her music lesson as a pleasant thing to look forward to, because she would spend an hour with him. She liked him, although he *was* the only person she ever felt afraid of, or hesitated to laugh at to his face.

Perhaps it was this very fear, this mastery that he had obtained over her waywardness, that was the secret of her liking for the grave, determined man, so opposite to herself. And it might be the submissiveness of the saucy maiden to his will, varied by the occasional dash of her native self, that was the secret of his leaning to her. Saucy enough she was sometimes; chattering and laughing, as if determined to set his authority at defiance. But just as she began to think she had succeeded, he would quietly draw the checkstring.

"Miss Vere, you are inattentive. Please to proceed with your lesson."

"Oh, no! I don't mean to be so Minerva-like in my gravity to-day," would be the reply, with a desperate attempt at freedom.

"I really am not pleased with you, Miss Vere"—and the tone and manner would be such as to subdue her at once; and then, with a humble look, she would say half coaxingly, half penitently—

"Oh, pray forgive me! I am very sorry. Are you angry?"

How could he be? So, with a little shake of the hand held pleadingly towards him, he would say—

"No, no—not angry, Daisy;" and the lesson would proceed steadily enough; and at its close, with a "Good-bye, Mr. Hayward!" "Good-bye, Daisy!" they would separate for another week; she often sighing during the time, "Oh, I do like my music lessons!" and often wondering if she offended him last week, and if he thinks her *very* unruly, and if he dislikes her for it. But no—she can see he does not *dislike* her; and she wonders why she likes her lesson, when he is so stern and grave.

And *he* goes to his bachelor house; and although his housekeeper has made his fire bright, and kept his room in as perfect order as a bachelor's room *can* be kept—and although his soft arm-chair almost buries him in its luxurious recesses—and although his candles

throw their light upon the pages of authors who might woo a sick man to forget his pains, all is useless.

The room looks empty and desolate; the chair is uncomfortable; books are uninteresting. He opens the piano.

Ah! that will do. In music he will speak to the spirit within him, which, as yet, his outward senses but dimly perceive; and he plays for minutes, hours. Sometimes the sounds are passionate and wild; sometimes low, soft, intreating; sometimes plaintive, lamenting; but his fingers move always dreamily, as if conversing with an unseen spirit. And the candles become dim, and the bright fire burns low; but he sees them not. His head is bent, and his eyes closed.

Now a smile plays over his face; but it dies away. Lower, more plaintive, becomes the music—deeper the shadow on his face. Slowly, slowly one sad note follows another—lower, lower bends his head. The sounds cease—his head rests upon the instrument.

Half an hour afterwards it rises. The fire is gone; the candles leap up with a convulsive spasm, as if refusing to die. The flame glitters upon big tear-drops which stand upon the ivory keys, and then it falls exhausted; and all is darkness around and within him.

Daisy's lesson was over, and she and her "master" were standing by the fire. She was in a most incorrigible humour that day; and, in spite of his cold and somewhat severe manner of receiving her railery, began laughing even at his gravity.

"I do think, Miss Vere, that you have not chosen a subject for railery with your usual good taste," he said coldly.

"Perhaps the 'subject' is rather crabbed; but you know, master mine, acids are requisite ingredients in effervescents."

"Nevertheless, I am not yet accustomed to receiving disrespect from my pupils. Good morning, Miss Vere;" and, with a distant movement of the head, he left the room.

Daisy had offended him. How wretched she was all that day and all that week! And then she questioned herself *why* she cared; she had vexed many before now, and thought nothing of it. She said she would think no more of it this time; but she *did*. And she sat down to the piano, and played so earnestly for hours that her aunt was delighted. But she never saw a note, except mechanically; for strange perplexing thoughts racked her mind and bewildered her brain. Only one distinct form was there—the image of her "master," cold, and angry, and turning from her; and her heart was like lead in her bosom—it lay so heavy.

Two days passed thus. The third—oh, how she longed to see him—to speak to him—to be forgiven! She would write—no, she dared not. She sat down to the piano—the weight was still there; *he* was lying heavy on her heart, his spirit within hers, and hers strove to speak to his, and could not.

She turned over the music he had given her, she played it, and, for the first time, its *spirit* entered into her heart. Yes, it had a language—every phrase was *his* voice speaking to her, entering her heart, thrilling her soul—not putting fresh life into it, but discovering to her senses that which already existed there.

And as she listened to the notes, the deep, warm fountains gushed up from the depths of her spirit, and overwhelmed her with new strange feelings. And still she played, and still it was his voice that spoke in the music; and tears fell fast and hot, so that she could not see; but she needed no outward vision. From the springs of memory rose, in a deep, gushing tide, all he had taught her, or rather all he had, through this medium, ever spoken to her.

What had she done? She loved him—oh, yes! she knew it now; and he *had* loved her! And *how* they both loved—with what strange, deep, mysterious intermingling of spirit—she knew now too well. Yes, too well! for had she not appeared to him utterly heartless?—a cold, scoffing, careless image of a woman, unworthy of that longing of the spirit which seeks an union with a kindred spirit? And *could* he ever believe, ever know, that at length, though late, she had awakened, and could love him worthily? Oh, no! he was lost! And she—

She took courage from the depths of her despair. She would cherish this dear love, and worship him at a distance with life-long devotion. That alone were happiness as great as she deserved.

The day for the lesson approaches. Will he come?

Yes! she hears the bell. It is *his* voice. He enters; he is beside her. She sees and hears like one in a dream, until his cold, quick greeting arouses her. Yet scarcely so.

Mechanically she goes on with her lesson; no voice speaks in the music: she feels as if inclosed in a cold stone prison; and every time he speaks she almost shivers, for it falls upon her ear like a grating upon the iron bars of her dungeon.

Her hands fall from the instrument; she turns towards him, trembling. There he sits, cold and grave. His presence and this chilling silence are like nightmare. She stretches out her hands to break the spell, and gasps with white lips—

"Mr. Hayward, forgive me!"

He hesitates. Her hot eyeballs seek his face; the white lips move. He lifts the trembling hand from her lap; it is held between both his, pressed to his lips, bathed in tears.

"Oh, *pray* forgive me!"

And then tears and sobs that shake her frame burst from Daisy; and his arms are around her, and his spirit hovers over the fountain within her soul, making its lowest depths mellow with its light; and hers glides lovingly into his, and brightens and gilds it with its dancing sunshine.

Brightness, and joy, and beauty are in that once lonely room, for Daisy is there. The fire, as its ruddy glow shines on the walls, tells it with its crackling voice. The candles burn brightly, the chairs are full of welcome, the books are dear companions; but most of all does the piano, when *he* touches it, speak of depths of joy unfathomable. The lips of Daisy's husband have never said, "I love you;" but his spirit passes with his music into hers, and they are *one*.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

At least twenty Essays on the subject proposed last month lie before us; and again we have to congratulate ourselves upon the excellent style in which they are generally written. There is not one, indeed, that is not in some respect creditable to the writer. One defect, however, marks several: they are too brief—that is to say, insufficiently thought out. Among these we find the papers of EMMA, SARAH, ELIZABETH (who last month gained a certificate), LOUISE, MARGARET, MARINA, and IDA. These ladies, however, are not to be discouraged: we should not notice their compositions at all if some good and hopeful qualities were not to be found in each. R. M. D., CLARA MARSHAM, NIL DESPERANDUM, and C. E. R. may take a higher degree of credit. E. E.'s Essay is very praiseworthy, though it also is rather too short. No Essay should make less than a page of our print. A. E. S. has treated the subject well; she exactly hits the whole philosophy of it when she says "those who have suffered much bear about them a tenderness and mellowness of character which we feel we ought to imitate." S. F. T. needs more warmth of style; but her paper is unmistakably good. HADASSAH does not exhibit the care which marked previous efforts. FANNY, too late. BEATRICE B. writes feelingly and well; and SARAH B. very cleverly. MARIAN's composition is extremely good; at once calm, thoughtful, and Christian. BESSIE commands our admiration from her perseverance as well as her talent; and FANNY M. B. we are glad to

meet again. If our youthful correspondent will favour us with a safe address, we will forward an acknowledgment of her perseverance; she has too often come near obtaining a prize to pass altogether without reward. The *Essays of EXCELSIOR* and *M. H.* are, undoubtedly, the most superior; and almost equally excellent as they are, we have had some difficulty in deciding that *M. H.* should bear away the bell. *M. H.* has not forwarded her address. Certificates of Merit are due to *S. F. T.*, *MABIAN*, and *EXCELSIOR*.

In future, competitors may have their papers returned on receipt of stamps.

THE USES OF SORROW.

As the refiner looks with complacent eye upon the pure burnished metal, by fire freed from dross and base alloy, so must angels and bright spirits rejoice when man, having lost in the hot furnace of affliction those corruptive passions and follies which have hitherto clung to him, issues forth a nobler, purer being. In good truth, we see through a glass darkly. The very men who now tremble as Sorrow creeps with silent footsteps to their door, who fear her presence, hate her thraldom, and, if they could, would close each avenue by which she enters, in the land where all dark things are made clear shall acknowledge her to have been a good friend, a true guide, a faithful ally.

It would be rash to deny that sorrow is a part of the curse. It is its very essence, and came into the world as the just punishment of man's original disobedience. Expelled from Paradise, Adam, our great forefather, in sorrow tilled the ground, to produce bread to be eaten in sorrow; and Eve, the mother of us all, in pain and anguish brought forth her first-born, from which hour groans and sighs have ever ushered man's entrance into the world, and tears and sobs attended his departure from it.

Seeing, then, that she is everywhere to be found, that she as frequently visits the monarch—who, clad in purple, sits on his throne, whilst thousands stand or kneel around in the attitude of respectful adulation—as the low-born peasant in his humble cottage, we shall do well to inquire into the purport of her visits, examine her uses, the end for which she is sent, and the object she proposes to attain. We need not go far to seek her; on all sides she greets our sight or hearing: from infancy to the grave, in one form or another, beneath the gay dress concealing carking care, or under the shabby attire openly proclaiming want and poverty, she follows us, stands erect at our very door, often walks up to the hearth itself—aye, and there takes a resting-place from which we in vain attempt to dislodge her.

She may appear under a thousand aspects. Disease may mark her tread, or lingering sickness, pining poverty, bodily infirmity, death, continued want of success, unmerited failure, cold-hearted neglect, disgrace. The garb of Sorrow is of chameleon hue; and if this earth were all our home, if there was nothing beyond the grave, then, indeed, might we shrink as she approached our dwelling. But when we view the world in its true light—as the school wherein hard lessons are to be learnt, difficult exercises to be accomplished, tempers and dispositions cultivated, characters formed for eternity—we shall regard Sorrow as a stern but wise teacher, a severe but highly necessary discipline.

In after-life men often see and acknowledge the utility of the very punishments and restrictions which in their childhood they deemed useless and unjust; and so, when the task has been accomplished which Sorrow placed before us, we shall understand its wisdom, and know its worth. The wild, headstrong colt must be broken in, though it be with whip and spur; that life may be saved, the diseased member must suffer amputation; that the frame be healed, bitter medicine must be sipped; ere the stone is set, it must be cut and polished. And at the hour when the world with its mock fashion is fading, when man's foot treads the margin of that river which leads to the land where all is true and real, he feels the value of the discipline from which in health he would gladly have escaped; he sees the work it has wrought, and, the mist removed from his vision, he utters the otherwise startling exclamation, "It is good for me to have been afflicted."

God's whole system of creation is, to our finite understanding, enveloped in mystery and apparent contrarieties. He made man a happy being, and placed him in a land as yet untrod by Sorrow. When that happiness was forfeited, One, to regain a right to its ultimate restoration, became pre-eminently "the man of sorrows;" suffered every conceivable pang, pain, and anguish, both mental and bodily; received in His own bosom Sorrow's deepest sting, wrenched from it its poisonous nature, buried it in His own grave, and henceforth rendered its influence alike salutary and healing. And now, though man is still born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, though the brightest and fairest scenes of our existence are liable to be dimmed, there is a silver lining to every cloud, a rainbow after every storm; whilst troubles, trials, adversities, and all the seeming ills which follow in Sorrow's train work together for our present as well as future good. Who but for winter's cutting winds and keen frosts would justly appreciate spring's balmy air and soft breezes? Who but for seasons of drought would hail the

greatest blessing. Oh, if this world were without sin and affliction, who would love another? Who would seek to prepare themselves for it? This world properly called the evil heaven, inasmuch as it is the uninterrupted a course of sin and sinners withers up the ground, and produces neither fruit or flower. That the earth may be prolific, heaven's face is often veiled; and God at times appears to frown in order that man may the more earnestly strive to win His smile.

Sorrow is one of the Great Master's useful faithful servants. At His bidding she stands or moves. She is the parent of repentance, the nurse of faith, the teacher of humility, the strengthener of patience, the promoter of charity, and the guide of reflection. A man never becomes thoroughly acquainted with himself who has not at one period of his life or another received her as his guest. She weans those she visits from an immoderate love of the world, she raises their hopes and desires to better objects, she softens their hearts for the reception of the gentle affections, she makes the proud man humble, the passionate mild, the querulous patient, the mean liberal, the fretful content, the overbearing affable, the revengeful forgiving; and when her full task is accomplished, she who has brought down the mighty raises the fallen, the sinner is found RAINTHICK, the creature again resembles the Creator.

Few estimate affliction's real worth, for so frequently is the exterior rough and uneven that the unpractised eye can neither discover its use or appreciate its hidden operations; and when sickness racks or wastes the frame, when disappointment wounds and wears the spirit, when slander eats into the very soul, or poverty drops bitterness into the cup and strews thorns about the pillow, men too often secretly repine or openly rebel, not only against the affliction itself, but also against Him who sent it. And this is because they see not as God sees. Whether affliction comes as a punishment for sin, a stimulus to virtue, or a trial of faith, they alike deem it a curse; and as to miss the good which may be got by suffering evil is the worst of evils, Sorrow presses harder and heavier, till in mercy she rules with a rod of iron, and then, when they have submitted to the galling chain, and patiently borne the oppressive yoke, at dawn of day she departs, and joy coming in the morning finds them chastened, better men.

The various troubles to which man is heir fall to the lot of the good as well as to the evil; they are sent to purify the former and amend the latter. The pleasures of life, the deceitfulness of riches, power, honour, fame—these too often lead the heart astray; and therefore

grievous losses, pinching circumstances, painful diseases, and misfortunes need not as corresponding antidotes. Through life adversity and prosperity are blended together: God gives more of one than the best can deserve, and only as much of the other as is needful for the correction of faults, the control of our affections, and the exercise of virtue. In the sight of the "Ancient of Days," man is but a child, and as such his inclinations are thwarted; he is made to part with his fancied treasure, give up his own will, and submit himself to that of his wise and unerring Parent. In the very zenith of his sorrow he would do well to remember that from the highest authority we learn that it is the "gold of the kingdom" who are tried in the fire, and that he who in the great fight of affliction comes forth conqueror shall hereafter be crowned with deathless honour.

Of the millions who shall swell heaven's countless host—of that glorious throng who, when time is no more, shall raise the loud jubilant shout of triumph, how many shall confess that but for Sorrow they had never entered those celestial portals! Therefore, when Sorrow comes, she should be received as a Heaven-sent messenger. She may be a stern, but in the end she will prove a most loving teacher; she may cause those she leads to walk through rough and rugged places, but faithfully and unerringly will she lead them to that shore where pain and suffering never enter, but where tears are wiped from all eyes and joy suffuses all souls.

Isle of Wight.

M. H.

REVIEW.

The Violet's Close. A companion to "Willie's Rest." By ELIZA RUMSEY. London: Thomas Hatchard, Piccadilly.

Of all the various departments of literature, there is not one more important, certainly none more responsible, than the lowly and despised literature for the young. Childhood has its tastes, its predilections, and prejudices as powerful and far more tender than those of riper years. If it is easier to train the minds of the young, it is at the same time easy to offend them; and the remembrance of the offence will be found hard of eradication. Children, too, have their little speculations, and, what is more, enjoy the absence of all casuistry, going straight to the most obvious deductions, and obstinately believing in them forthwith. An instance of what we mean we have seen repeated in those little religious magazines for the young which find their way into so many households—an incident, however, which does not seem to have had sufficient effect upon the minds of

the managers of those magazines. A little Sunday-school girl was admonished, her naughty manners impressed upon her, and exhorted to become good. She replied she didn't want to be good; and upon being pressed for her reason, she explained that all good children died! The simple little philosopher had drawn her deductions as older and wiser philosophers draw theirs. She read; she perused lots of stories in her penny magazines and in the books of the Sunday-school library, all about good children; and she had seen that they all died, and were buried under circumstances picturesque and pretty enough to the sentimental or the thoughtless, but very oppressive, gloomy, and terrible to the simple and superstitious child.

Our space allows us merely to suggest to the writers of children's books, and to the parents of those who read them, the danger, and even cruelty, of all this. There is surely enough of solemnity in the services of church and chapel, enough of solemnity in the long aisles, and the grave quiet of congregations, and the sonorous voice of the pastor, to impress the minds of little children with sufficient of religious awe, without leading them to associate piety with consumption, and religion with the grave—to them so doubly cold, so surrounded with mysterious darkness. We shall not be understood to mean (we sincerely hope) that children should not be educated in the fear of God and in the practice of good things; but we distinctly believe that it is injudicious, and cruel, and subversive of right to hold forth to cheerful little children, as the reward of extreme goodness, a nice white coffin and six young maidens in floating muslin to bear them to the churchyard.

Yet this is practically done almost as often as a book written expressly for the religious education of the young is placed in their hands. This most important department of literature abounds with gloom, instead of abounding with cheerfulness, as it should; and we believe that from this and kindred causes may be traced the fact that the children of the most anxiously religious parents are not remarkable for growth in grace. Their young minds rebel against the gloom imposed upon them; and we all lament the rebellion while we are blind to the fact that it is naturally caused. The profoundest historians and philosophers agree that the gross depravity and degradation of the era of Charles the Second was an inevitable revulsion from the over-strait manners of the Puritan period; and if that is true of a nation, with its shifting generations, it is certainly likely to be true of an individual.

We make these remarks *apropos* of "The Violet's Close." This little work is admirably

written, most impressive in the lessons it conveys, most pathetic and true to life in the manner of conveying them. The authoress is undoubtedly an earnest, thoughtful gentlewoman, born to do good, and to rejoice in doing it. But even here there are passages—beautiful in themselves—which fall within the censure we have presumed to offer. We regret this, because, while it has this fault (as we conceive it) in common with most works of its class, it has qualities which very few others can pretend to.

DYING.

Linger comes no more to thy weary eyes

When moons are falling, or morn unrolls;
Thy feet have struck on the path that lies
Bordering the Eden that faith beholds.

Why dost thou linger and backward gaze
To the hills now lying so faint and far,

Where, ploughing a furrow through golden
haze,

Came up the beautiful morning star?—

That star that paled in the sky and fled

Ere yet the blossoms of spring were blown;
The stormy wings of the night's avenged
The mists of glory that round it shone.

But though the light of the day is gone,

The valley of shadows is bright with dew,
And where the river of death moans on
The angels are waiting to take thee through.

I think of the visions of bliss we wove

In the faded beauty of years & crowns,
That thou hast been crowned with a crown of
love,
And I am a dreamer of dreams alone.

I think of the children that climb thy knees,

And how dim the light of the heart will be,
In the time that prophecy plainly sees
When the circle is narrowed away from thee

And question the bodiless shapes of air

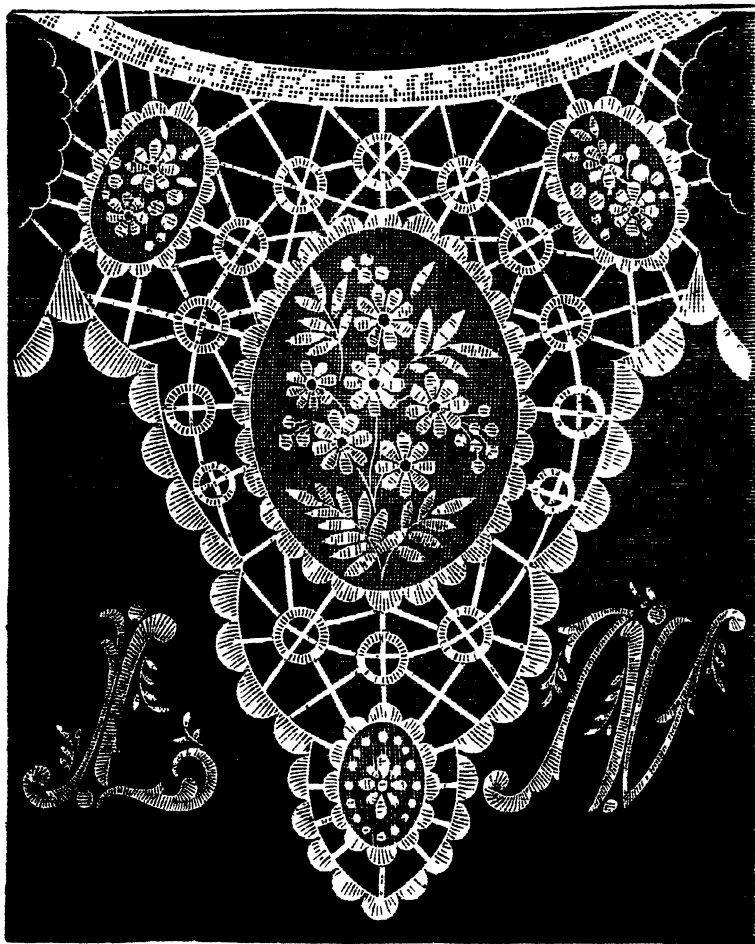
That hover about when the soul is sad,
To know why the angel of death should spare
The worn and weary instead of the glad.

But they answer not, and I only know,

Seeing thee wasted and pale with pain,
Where the rivers of Paradise sweetly flow,
They never say, "I am sick," again.

ALICE CAREY.

Braiding.



MEDALLION VANDYKE COLLAR.

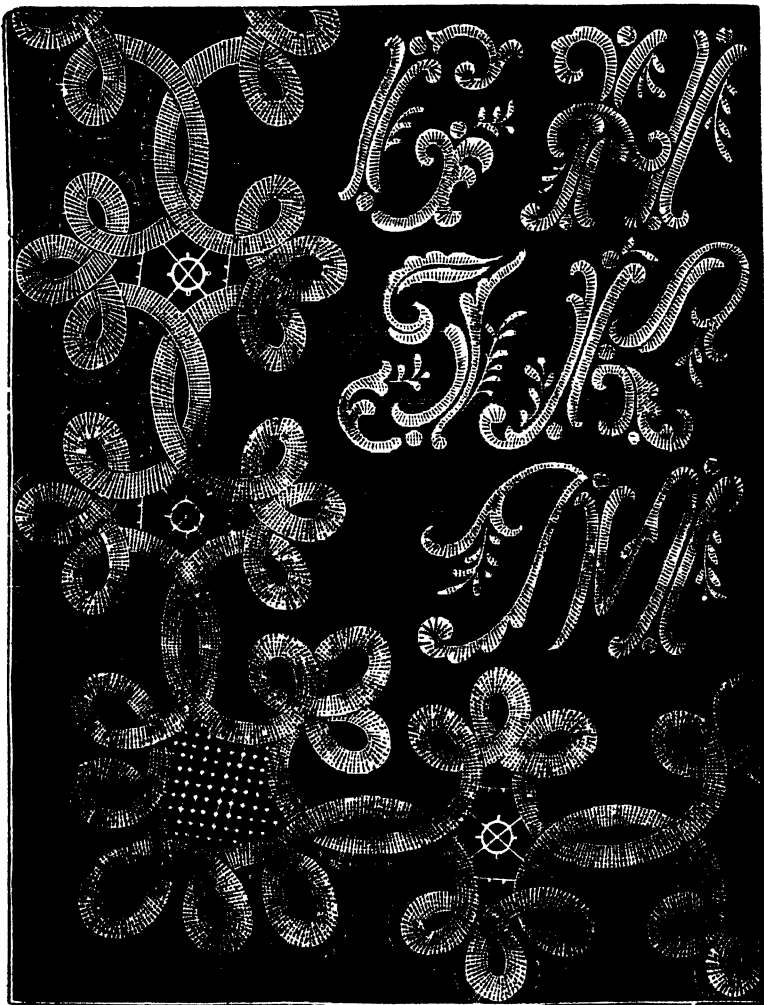
Collars of braid are the most beautiful and fashionable of any of this season. The centres and medallions are of muslin, edged with small graduated overcast stitch. The edging at the outside is the same, but must be raised by long darning-stitches the contrary way, to give it more stiffness. The medallions are embroidered in the usual way with satin-stitch, the flowers considerably raised. The bars and circles are of buttonhole-stitch, worked over strong cotton two or three thicknesses according to the place to fall. The upper edge is narrow linen braid.

The Fashions.



We have chosen this month for our engraving a Walking and Visiting Dress, which we think remarkably elegant. The dress is of moire antique, with light body open in the front, with small puffs of ribbon. Esmeralda sleeves, commencing with a band at the arm-hole and fastened with a band just below the elbow, where it is finished with a frill, and ornamented with a bow with two long ends. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of Louis XIV. bows in the front, with long ends. The chemisette is embroidered muslin, point collar, lace under-sleeves, green velvet collar trimmed with small feathers, and chrysanthemum flowers. The bonnet of the other lady is of lace and ribbon, with very long and wide strings. The pelisse is of velvet, trimmed with gimp and deep fringe to match. The dress is of rich flowered moire antique. The colours for pelisses are deep and rich: bright blues, deep golden browns, and crimsons are the most prevalent.

Embroidery.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN LACET.

The materials used in this kind of work are a broad fine linen braid—usually called Italian braid—and fine linen threads. The pattern is first traced upon coloured paper, then the braid is tacked upon it according to the pattern, and well fastened wherever it crosses. The larger spaces are cemented by bars made of two or three thicknesses of thread worked over with buttonhole-stitch. The circles in the same way. The corner is filled with lace made by passing thread from side to side, and fastened by a small knot where they cross. The edging is worked afterwards. These Handkerchiefs are very suitable for wedding-presents.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

ENGLISHWOMEN will not readily believe that war has advantages apart from its ends, and perhaps it would be hard to adduce a compensation for the anguish it occasions to thousands, and the dread to tens of thousands. Nevertheless, war has at least one advantage over peace: that it knits together the bonds of our national kindred, casts down the miserable artificial barriers thrown up between classes in society, and binds us all, the lofty and the lowly, into one bond and pact of exertion, of hope, of sorrow, of triumph; and the nation is of one thought and one heart. War makes us known to each other, or makes us remember that Self is not all. The lady who mourns in a palace for her noble son does not and cannot forget the poor mother who mourns in a cottage for a brave son too, slain on the same day, by the same hands, for the same cause; and the two find themselves on common ground, with a sorrow common to both, and a pride they equally share.

It is in such times that the brightest side of our nature appears; it arouses nobility that otherwise would never have been known, and leaves examples for centuries of peace to admire and imitate. Such an example is the lady whose name heads the present paper; whose deeds, had they been done in Greece, would have been handed down to us in a beautiful myth, and (in all probability) been quoted in proof of the degeneracy of modern times.

Miss Florence Nightingale is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She is, therefore, to begin with, a woman whose position and resources place her, not only above any necessity of ministering to suffering, but even above the necessity of becoming acquainted with it except in the reports of such charitable societies as she might be inclined to assist with her purse. But this is not all. She is a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian, as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has actually ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract.

Miss Nightingale is endowed with literary and scientific tastes in a remarkable degree—tastes which are as absorbing as they are charming. She is naturally surrounded by a host of friends and acquaintances who reciprocate

and sharpen these tastes, while they add the charm of congenial communion; she has wealth to gratify them, youth to enjoy them, and is bound to home by the affection and admiration of her parents.

But this lady gives up these advantages—advantages one title of which thousands struggle half their lives to obtain. She forgoes home, comfort even, to become—a nurse. But from her infancy she has had a yearning affection for her kind, a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first knew her as a visitor, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the Continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the Highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the Continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm. For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labours of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who nominally having all, practically have but too frequently none, to help them, prevailed; and, therefore, when the hospital established in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at the head. The bright tree of Derbyshire and Hampshire, with all the luxuries of home, were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley-street, to which she devoted her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she whose powers could have best appreciated there was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, perhaps querulous governess. The homelessness might not improbably, indeed, result from that very querulousness; but this is too frequently fomented, if not created, by the hard, unreflecting folly which regards fellow-creatures intrusted with forming the minds and dispositions of its children as ingenious disagreeable machines, needing like the steam-engine sustenance and covering, but, like it, quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought

otherwise; and found pleasure in tending those poor destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their death, or their convalescence. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. Her health sank under the heavy pressure, but a little Hampshire fresh air restored her, and the failing institution was saved.

Meanwhile a cry of distress for additional comforts beyond those of mere hospital treatment came home from the East, from our wounded brethren in arms. There instantly arose an enthusiastic desire to answer it. But inexperienced zeal could perform little, and a bevy of ill-organised nurses might do more harm than good. There was a fear lest a noble impulse should fail for the want of a head, a hand, and a heart to direct it. It was then that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's sympathies, experience, and powers of command and control. But at what cost? At the risk of her own life—at the pang of separation from all her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardships, dangers, toils, and the constantly renewing scene of human suffering amidst all the very worst horrors of war. There are few who would not recoil from such realities, but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made her to form and control the entire nursing establishment for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levant. While we write, this deliberate, sensitive, and highly-endowed young lady is at her post, rendering the holiest of woman's charities to the sick, the dying, and the convalescent. There is a heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition, and let all praise and honour be, as they are, bestowed upon it; but there is a quiet forecasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high, and are at least as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric, or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt, that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

A Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog, whereupon an editorial wag says he hopes he will succeed in finding him; for, if "every dog has his day," every Day ought to have his dog.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

(Conclusion)

CHAPTER XIII.

HELEN, who had been acquainted with the most unlooked-for return of her father to the living, had waited expectantly and anxiously for many reasons for his summons; and it was with a satisfaction that, after all, was greater than the painful thoughts which would suggest themselves, that she set out to visit him.

"Helen, they tell me you are not married," was his salutation, when she came once more and sat down beside him.

"It is true, father," she replied. "We heard that you were not living; when the will was opened, Mr. Warren made its contents known to—the man they chiefly concerned. He was away then, and has not yet returned."

"Was it your intention to marry him?"

"Yes; for I could not bear that *my mother's children*, her dear Jamie and Edwin, should be left to the care of a stranger. Poor Jamie! I could have done far more than that you required for his sake."

"When is Alfred Lord coming back?"

"He wrote that he should come this month."

"Then you can be married here, and I will see it done before I die," he said in a tone that was almost exultant. "It's a great match for *you*. I couldn't do too much for Alfred Lord, either; though it's doing no great things to give him—*you*, to be sure. He has rendered me great services—it was only just that I should through you give my property to him. I knew, of course, that you would comply with my desire."

There was only a gentle inclination of the head in answer to this speech, for Helen could not trust herself to answer a word.

"I was carried among the dead from the hospital in Naples," resumed the old man.

"The cholera was raging there. The person I made my agent for transacting business matters was also dead when I recovered. He had doubtless written to your lawyer as directed. But I have written since—at least, I think I did. I meant it; perhaps the letter miscarried."

"Father," said Helen, resolved, in spite of all he had said, to make one more appeal before she left him that day. "Father, *must* that will be carried into effect? When you recover, how will it be?"

"I have set my heart on your marrying him. I shall not get well."

"If your life is spared, dear father, and I cannot promise to be *his* wife, how will it be?"

"I tell you the marriage must go on—I have sworn it—and, besides, you would otherwise be left a beggar."

Helen made no reply to this: she merely took

his hand in hers an instant, and went from him without uttering a word; but if ever a beggar's life was coveted, it was by that daughter as, joining her brothers, she returned home again.

The second visit Helen made her father was after a lapse of many days.

Harry and Julia Gray had returned from their bridal-tour. Those four eventful weeks had been full of happy days for them—had opened to the vision of each such pure, bright depths of soul as gave them confidence and perfect faith for ever in each other.

When Helen told her friend the story of her father's most unlooked-for return, and his unalterable determination of remaining in Salem while he lived, and of the unflinching will with which he pronounced her doom of marriage, Julia expressed her determination of at once proceeding to see the old man. She would argue with him herself, she said, and she would make him die as a Christian man should—at peace, and in love with his children.

Thus it was that Julia and Helen went alone one day to visit David Wise.

When they went into his apartment they found him alone and sleeping, and they went softly back to the ante-chamber to wait till he should waken.

They sat conversing there in an under-tone, when suddenly Julia's voice was raised in a cry of terror. The old man had risen unheard, and before they were aware he stood in the doorway, gazing full upon them with those bright eyes, in which a serpent-like power of fascination lurked. Julia smiled at her own cry, even as she uttered it, though, in truth, there was something terrific in the emaciated, wild appearance David Wise presented.

He entered the room, after a moment's hesitation, and sat down directly facing Julia, looking upon her cautiously and earnestly, as though he were afraid of her. Soon he arose and drew nearer to her, while she, striving to shake off that disagreeable feeling which oppressed her, as she returned his gaze, endeavoured to enter into conversation with him; but the old man would neither answer nor take his gaze from her. At last he seemed satisfied, and, turning from the beautiful woman to his own poor child, he exclaimed, with a horrid oath—

"Tell me that woman's name!"

"Yes, papa," said Helen quickly. "Her name is, was, Julia Saxe—she is my very dearest friend."

"Get out then—away with you! Are you friends that you come here to make me mad?"

"Why, we only came to visit you a little while, dear papa," said Helen soothingly.

"Do you want to kill me?" he added, unmindful of her interruption. "Go off, I say!

you—you—*what* are you here for? Did I ever seek you out? Did I ever claim *you*?"—pointing to Julia—"for my child? Tell me, did your mother send you here?"

"My mother is an angel in heaven," was the answer made to this outbreak.

"Well, I tell you—I *will* tell you!—hush! there—I'm going to swear it. I say, I swear it. Does it content you to know that? *She* was my wife once, and there was you, and the other she called Anna. It was twenty years ago I came from there, and if I left her to marry another woman, poor fool she was indeed to marry me—wasn't it enough that I *did* it? Haven't I been paid for it over a hundred times?"

Poor creature! he was speaking to dumb witnesses and listeners. To that shameful confession of sin, wrung from a tortured conscience, they could make no answer. Though conviction of the truth of his declaration flashed like lightning upon them—though to Helen the mystery of that portrait of the mother of *her* sister was now made clear as by a lightning-flash—though to Julia the deep grief that had bowed her beautiful mother, after years of suffering, to the grave, was all explained; it was to neither of them a moment of rejoicing, when they knew that the fond name by which they had loved to call each other was indeed a name that they were entitled to use. They could have wept their lives away as they hearkened to the acknowledgment of guilt which that white-haired man, standing on the verge of the grave, found himself compelled to make to his innocent, guileless children.

They left him that day quite forgetful of the object of their visit, and without speaking, without a parting embrace; utterly voiceless they returned to their homes; but when *they* parted, Julia clasped the little trembling form of Helen in her arms for one moment, whispering, "Nelly, my own dear, sweet sister, kiss me once more;" and they separated, bearing each other's kisses with them—separated in sorrow, but in love as deep as that sorrow, to keep that secret with them to their dying day—to bear it with them to the grave!

On the morning of the next day, when Helen entered Jamie's room, as was her custom, to awaken him, she was startled and alarmed to find it vacant, for it was some time before his usual hour of waking. Turning to the screened corner where his bed stood, she saw that it had not been at all used in the night; yet was Helen sure that she had seen him go into his chamber when she went to her own. What could it mean? Nothing of the kind had ever occurred before—no infant was ever guarded with more ~~wonderful~~ constant care than Jamie Wise had

been, by the sister who was as a mother to him. What could this strange and most unusual occurrence mean?

Through the house, and the gardens, and the grove Helen went, at first alone, and then with the rest of the alarmed household; but she found no trace of him. Then they began a search for him through the town, while Helen awaited the result of their seeking in a state of agonised suspense indescribable.

Let us look into the silence and the shadow of the awful night that had passed.

Jamie had, as Helen felt persuaded, gone to his room a little time before she retired; but, buried in her own thoughts, she had forgotten to see if he slept, ere she herself closed her eyes in slumbering.

When all was still at Sunnyside, the idiot boy went out with stealthy step from his chamber, and through the house unheard. He was armed, and mounted on the fleet horse which a neighbour had turned out to pasture, in little time, and away he went with lightning speed, on that road which he had once before taken, when he went with Helen and Edwin on a visit, which had haunted him ever since it was made.

It was midnight—night without a visible star—when Jamie reached the house he sought in Salem. As he approached the dwelling on foot, a man came from thence—a person who had been staying with the invalid till that late hour. The boy saw him close the door; and a moment after, with a short, bitter laugh, his hand was laid upon the lock, his feet were on the stairs, and he stood alone in the room with his father!

The physician, or whoever the person was, had remained with the invalid till he slept. Had his first-born son come to maintain like watch?

If the aged slumberer had awakened then, he had seen a youthful form bend close above him—had felt the warm, quick breath of the idiot on his cheek—had seen two brilliant, savage eyes fixed, peering through the night-gloom, upon him! Had he listened, his ear would have caught the repeated, low, and half-demoniac laugh. There! there! if his eyes had just opened then, they would have seen the uplifted hand of the once idolised boy hovering, only for a moment, over his devoted head.

But—the poor old man, he did not waken, did not hear—he knew nothing of it. His life went out, when the small, slender hands, which Helen had oftentimes clasped in her own, wound round his neck! There was only a momentary resistance, then all was over.

When the morning came, they who had the sick man in their charge found that their aid was no longer to be sought—for none were

needed *then* to guard and nurse old David Wise. The idiot son had usurped their place—they found him chuckling in joy by the bedside of his murdered father.

It was near noonday before the tidings of this dreadful tragedy reached Sunnyside; and it was poor Edwin's lot to speak of the awful facts to Helen. When she saw him coming home, at last, she went out to meet him, for her heart was breaking with fear for Jamie. The brother and sister met, but neither spoke. There was something in the troubled, wretched expression of Edwin's eyes, as he looked on her; that choked the words Helen would fain have spoken in their utterance. When they had entered the house again, Edwin, vainly striving to speak, calmly said—

"Helen, could you bear it, if you knew that you were never to see our poor, dear Jamie again?"

"Tell me! what is it?" she answered, with such earnestness that it had sounded in any but Helen Wise a harsh command. "My Jamie, is he dead? Speak, Edwin."

"He is not dead; but they have removed him to another place. They think it better that he should live now in an asylum where such poor unfortunates are cared for, dear Helen."

"How dared they do it!" was the angry exclamation, forced in bitter anguish from lips which, till that day, had never uttered a word in wrath. "Is this *your* work, Edwin?"

"No, no, Helen, I have had nothing to do with it. I knew nothing of it," was the mild answer. "You wrong me by the thought; he was out last night, and the doctor found him, and said that it was not safe he should be left free any longer."

"It is the first time he was ever out so! I've made him my care since he was a child! Edwin, I had the best and only right to take charge of him—no one on earth had such a right. How many years have I laboured to save him from this fate. I *must* have him back again."

"Have they told you of our father to-day?" asked Edwin, anxious, at any cost, to change the current of her thoughts.

"No," was the answer, and Helen looked inquiringly in her brother's face; for the solemn tone of his voice told her that he had yet more to say.

"Dear Helen, he is dead."

"God's will be done!" she answered, turning pale with emotion; and, shortly after, she added, "He must be brought home for burial, Edwin."

"Yes," was the choked utterance, and the boy turned from Helen; he could not tell her all.

Helen Wise never saw her Jamie again. It was from Julia's lips, in after days, that she learned the dreadful story of his unconquerable hate for the father who had senselessly sought to govern him years before; and when she heard that, she dared not make one single plea that he might be given back to her fond keeping. Her work with him she now knew was over; oh, what a work it had been! But if the prayers which bore his dear name, and the thoughts which held him in faithful remembrance—if the tears she shed—if the love which till her death-day she kept for him might be spoken in my words, an affection such as only the heart of a woman can bear would be revealed; and you would wonder but to hear of it!

CHAPTER XIV.

JULY, August, and September passed, and Alfred Lord had not yet made his appearance at —, to claim his promised bride; but the idea of his probable coming had ceased to trouble Helen Wise.

As time passed on, and she gained power to survey her own position from every point of view, it seemed nothing to her if Sunnyside *did* fall to the appointed bridegroom. For Edwin, there was now no manner of reason to fear—for herself, no cause to hope. Jamie was gone beyond her care for ever. The sweetest dream of woman had passed even as she dreamed it. Now the world, the wide world, was all alike to her. Since the child of her care was hers no longer, she was fully resolved to resign all claim to her old, beautiful home, the moment Alfred Lord appeared. Edwin would very soon, with his fine abilities, be able to care for himself; and she, at the worst, among strangers and in obscurity, there was no danger, could provide for her own few wants. So was her spirit calm.

On the first of October, another letter from Mr. Lord reached Helen. The letter was opened without the least emotion, for her mind was so quiet now in its resolves that all the powers of earth could not have shaken it. Therefore it was that she read with perfect calmness:—

"I have heard so much lately from one whom you do not number among your personal friends of the true heroism of your nature, that glad and proud as I should be to call you my wife, I have determined not to do so without I can win your full, unbiased consent. Will you permit me to visit you for the purpose of making an acquaintance which, in any event, I shall be proud to have formed?"

"ALFRED LORD."

To this letter, Helen thus immediately replied:—

"I thank you for the courtesy with which you have written me; I would earnestly beg you to maintain your charitable and most honourable resolution. The property which my father left you, unconditionally, I am ready, at any moment, to resign in your favour; but, if you value your own self-respect, and my respect and life-long gratitude, acquaint me with your decision by letter, and do not come hither until I am gone."

"HELEN WISE."

There came an unlooked-for answer to this letter, in the shape of a legal document, transferring Sunnyside unreservedly to Helen and Edwin Wise, and this was the manly greeting that came with it:—

"Heaven has blest my life of labour, and I cannot take from the orphan that to which God has given me no title. Your father was, as he has told me, vastly indebted to my father years ago; he cancelled that debt in his kindness and care when I was a penniless orphan. I remember him with gratitude, and I have far too much regard for his children to ever wilfully cause them an instant's pain. May He, from whom all blessings come, bless you, my friends!"

"ALFRED LORD."

"To Helen and Edwin Wise."

This manly course gained Ellen's respect for Alfred Lord, but he never gained her love.

Helen Wise lived long after the trial-times of her life were over. She lived to see the brown hair silvering on the temples of the lover of her youth—to see the children who bore his name growing up the bosom and the beauty of his house. She lived to see her Edwin high in the ranks of his useful and honourable profession, while he sought no other hearth or companionship than that she had made so pleasant and so cheerful. And, oh! for still in those calm days, the grief, though chastened, was mingled sometimes with the quiet joy, she lived to receive another, the most precious of the dead, back to her heart again, to give her Jamie a funeral and a burial-place. Long before she passed from earth he died; and long before she sought the heavenly home there was another death for which Helen wept, that of the Withered Fig Tree—the emblem of her blighted life, her blighted heart—the symbol of her spiritual power, that could conquer deformity and weakness—that could spread beauty over desolation—that could, from its crushed bosom, send out loveliness of life, pure sympathy, and beautiful strength.

INVENTING THE DEVIL.—It was sneeringly said, and yet in some respects truthfully said, by the sceptical Horace Walpole, that, had man not, never before heard of the devil, they would have invented him in order to account for the authority of the partition of Poland.

VULTURES.

THE king vulture is a South American bird, and is found in Peru, Brazil, Guiana, Paraguay, and Mexico. At the mature age of four years, it has been minutely described by D'Azara.

The beak is straight for about one-third of its length, then very much curved, and surrounded at its base by a membrane which forms on each side as far as the eyes a considerable sinking in, in which are situated the ample arpetures of the nostrils. Between these is a sort of



THE KING VULTURE.

crest, which is neither elongated nor retreating, and which falls indifferently on either side; it is of a soft substance, and its extremity is formed by a remarkable group of warts.

On the head is a crown of naked blood-red skin. A bandelette of very short and black hair extends from one eye to the other; below the marked portion of the neck is a very hairy

some sort of frill; some of the plumes of which are directed forwards, and some backwards, while it is so ample that the bird, in drawing itself in, can conceal in it its neck and a large part of its head. The remiges, and the large upper coverts of the wings, the tail, a trace on the back, the beak as far the membrane, and the tarsi, are black. The membrane and the

fleshy crest of the beak are orange, the naked skin of the base of the beak is purple, and the edges of the eye-lids are of a lively red. The naked portion of the neck is agreeably covered it is carnation on the sides, purple below the head, yellow in front, and a blackish violet near

the bands, and the wrinkles of the occiput. The iris of the eye, and all the rest of the plumage, are white. The total length of the bird is twenty-nine inches and a half, that of the fleshy crest is eighteen lines.

The American vulture is blackish, with purple



1 EGYPTIAN VULTURE.

and green reflexions; the head and neck are red, naked, papillous, and wrinkled. It occurs throughout the continent of America, but is more common in the warmer parts of it. In Europe it mounts the Grison Alps, Silesia, Poland, and some other countries, but not Great Britain. It is also met with in Asia.

From its beak to the tail it measures about four feet and a half.

In other regions these birds are seen in flocks of forty or fifty, perched on the cocoa-trees; for they range themselves in files to sleep together, like poultry, and such is their indolence that they go to roost long before sunset.

and awake not till far on in the morning. In some regions of the torrid zone they haunt the towns in great multitudes—as Carthage, for example, where they perch on the roofs of the houses, or even stalk along the streets, and are of infinite service to the inhabitants, as they devour all manner of filth and refuse.

When food fails them in the cities, they seek for it among the animals of the adjoining pastures; and if an animal is unfortunate enough to have a sore on its back, they alight on it without ceremony, and attack the part affected, nor quit their hold until they have completed the creature's destruction. In some parts of South America, where the hunters kill beasts merely for the skin, vast numbers of these vultures follow in their train; and were it not for their assiduous voracity, the many flayed carcasses exposed to the air would speedily generate disease. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Spanish and Portuguese dealers in hides should protect the carrion vultures, and allow them to feed with their dogs.

The Egyptian vulture is sometimes called "Pharaoh's chicken." It has a feeble, slender, elongated bill, the anterior part of the head and throat only being denuded of feathers. The nostrils are oval and longitudinal; the tail wedge-shaped. It is one of the smallest of the vultures, and little more than the size of a raven. It is spread over the whole of the hotter portions of the old world, from Spain to the East: throughout Greece, the islands of the Levant, Turkey, and throughout the greater part of Africa, it abounds in immense flocks.

Some tell us that these vultures are not ferocious in Egypt; they are to be seen on the terraces of houses, in the midst of the most populous and noisy cities, perfectly quiet, and living in complete security among men, who feed and cherish them with the utmost care. They also frequent the deserts, and prey upon the carcasses of men and animals which have perished in these immense wastes, consecrated, as it were, for ages to nakedness, desolation, and sterility. Those which inhabit Egypt are not known to quit it, but some of the same species are to be found in Syria and Turkey; less numerous, however, because they do not enjoy the same prerogatives, nor is their existence protected in these countries by ancient superstition, as in Egypt: for they were considered sacred among the old Egyptians, whose opinions on this point, as on many others, have been transmitted to their successors, even to this day. In truth, they perform very considerable services to this country, in sharing with other birds, equally sacred in ancient times, the task of destroying the rats and reptiles which abound in this fertile and slimy region.

which would otherwise prove exceedingly injurious.

The lammergeyer is thinly scattered throughout all the great chains of Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, the terror of the flocks that graze on the declivities, or among the secluded valleys beneath. It habitually preys on the chamois, the wild goat, the Alpine hare, the marmot, and the lamb. It is from the latter animal being the frequent victim of this bird that the Swiss peasants call it the lammergeyer—literally, the lamb vulture; but they sometimes extend the name to other large birds of prey. In its attitudes this bird resembles the eagles more than the vultures, its confident and upright bearing strongly contrasting with the crouching and suspicious postures of the latter. Like these, however, it generally retains its wings in a state of half expansion when at rest, and its neck more or less retracted within its shoulders.

The general colour of the upper part of this remarkable bird is a dull brown, with a mixture of grey; its wings and tail are of a greyish ash colour; the upper part of its head is of a dirty white; and the neck, breast, and other parts are white, with a shade of reddish brown or orange, which is deeper on the breast and throat, and gradually becomes less distinct on the abdomen and legs.

The black or cinereous vulture is nearly the size of the griffon vulture, and sometimes larger. It has a collar of long, narrow, and bristling feathers; the naked skin of the head and neck is blue, and garnished with down; the beak blackish; and the long feathers of the leg sometimes descending sufficiently to cover the tarsus as far as the foot. In the first year, the plumage is varied with brown and dirty grey; and it is only in the fourth year that the down of the head and plumage is black.

According to Descourtilz, the black vulture, like the turkey buzzard, is respected at Charleston for the actual services which it renders, in removing from the city and its vicinity all dead animals and other refuse, on which these birds exclusively feed. If even a chicken dies, it is not long before its bones are actually picked clean. The vultures are occupied the whole day in making their rounds to discover carrion and offal; and coming down in legions, they mutually contend for the prey, which instantly disappears. They are so familiar that they may be easily knocked down with a stick.

The griffon vulture is about three feet and a half in length, and eight from the tip of one wing to that of the other. Its head is covered with small and white feathers; but those of the occiput and nape form a tuft of about an inch long. The neck is almost naked; for the black and ashy down with which it is sprinkled

does not prevent the brown and bluish tints of the skin from being visible. At the bottom of the neck some long feathers are arranged, like a ruff of dazzling white. There is a large hollow, furnished with hairs, at the top of the stomach: this is the place of the crop. In addition to this external cavity, there is a bump internally, and a great enlargement in this part of the throat, which raises the skin of the external hollow, and distends it when the vulture has taken plenty of food. The feathers of the body are of a reddish grey; the quill-feathers of the wings and tail are black; the beak blackish, with a bluish tint in the middle; the iris is of a fine orange; the feet and claws are of a blackish hue.

The plumage of this vulture varies with age. In its first year the body is of a fawn colour; in the two following years it is varied with grey and fawn, more or less deep above; and, in a more advanced age, it is entirely of a beautiful ash colour, which is nearly blue.

A MOORISH WEDDING.

A FEW days ago (says the journal of a recent traveller) I heard in a neighbouring house the sound of tambourines, reed-pipes, &c., which usually announces a family festival. I mounted on my terrace, but was unable to see anything in the adjoining court except a few negroes preparing mats, as if to receive a numerous company. In vain I endeavoured to get a view into the interior of the house—my curiosity was doomed to be disappointed. I went into the street, where I heard a wedding spoken of. I walked about near the entrance of the house where the nuptials were to take place, though with small hopes of success, when a Moorish woman, carefully enveloped in her veil, passed near me, and, gently touching my arm, said to me, in excellent French, "Thou wishest to see the wedding? Come!" She then linked her arm in mine, and we entered the house together.

If I was astonished to hear her speak French so well, I was not surprised at the kindness of her act, as they all are, in general, civil and obliging to those that please them. She introduced me into a large hall on the ground-floor, where I found myself in the company of about twenty Moorish ladies, richly dressed, and all seated in the Oriental style. They made room for me, and I seated myself among them. They received me most graciously; and, after shaking hands with me, made me the customary salutation by raising their hands to their lips. Coffee was served, without sugar, and the music began again. Three old women, no less hideous than the witches in "Macbeth," resumed their

chant that ever offended Christian ears. These three matrons possess a great number of privileges at Bona. They preside at births; and if the new-born infant be a boy, they hail its arrival with the frightful din of their tambourines, and distract the ear of the suffering mother with their noisy congratulations. Part of their business is also to tattoo, which they do with great skill and taste, and to arrange the dress of the brides; in which last particular they signally fail, at least in the eyes of a Parisian.

I had endured my share of this dreadful concert for above three quarters of an hour, wondering in whose honour I was thus exercising my patience, when at last the music ceased, and a pause ensued. The lady who introduced me had taken off the "kouik" or veil, that concealed her splendid attire, and I was able to examine her at leisure. She was singularly handsome, in spite of the pains she had taken to paint her face, according to the Moorish fashion. By this means her beautiful eyebrows were joined in one arch across her forehead, and her eyes received additional lustre from the tinge of cucuma under her long eyelashes. Black patches were placed on her cheeks, that glowed with artificial brightness, reminding one of the belles of the court of Louis XV., and her frequent bursts of gaiety disclosed a set of pearly teeth. Her long black hair was gathered in large rolls under a fillet of crimson silk and gold; her beautifully-modelled hands and arms were tattooed so admirably that they seemed to be covered with black lace-work of the most intricate design; the tips of her fingers were dyed with rocon; and her legs and feet were tattooed in the same manner as her arms. Her slippers were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and heavy golden bracelets adorned her arms and legs.

All the other women wore the same kind of costume—the only variety consisting in the different arrangement of colours, in the greater or less beauty of the silken trousers, double chemises of cotton and muslin, and length of the gauze veils ornamented with gold and silver spangles. The weight of the ear-rings and gold chains with which they were loaded seemed in no degree to impede their motions; and certainly, if their intrinsic value was rather a proof of the wealth than of the taste of the wearers, their size was a still greater testimony of the personal vigour that was able to endure such a weight in a heat of forty-five degrees. [Resum.] When I had finished my scrutiny, which seemed by no means disagreeable to the objects of it, my first acquaintance offered me a place by her side, which I gladly accepted; and the following conversation took place be-

and we believe the culture in childhood of imagination and emotion absolutely necessary for the healthy development of the mind.

A **SUBSCRIBER** (who is thanked for her receipts) is informed that any purchaser of the "Boy's Own Magazine" will be entitled to a chance in the distribution of the prizes to be given with it.

ELIZABETH is encouraged to persevere. Study and perseverance will bring her a richer prize, in an invigorated and informed mind, than any it is in our power to bestow.

CONSTANCE LOUISE.—To wear gloves at dinner or at supper is a ridiculous fashion; and in the cases **CONSTANCE** mentions may certainly be avoided with as much conventional propriety as pleasure.—The handwriting is well enough.

LOUISE is very sincerely thanked for her kind appreciation, and for her efforts to circulate the Magazine.

A **CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER**.—We cannot offer an opinion as to the stability of a bank.

MARY AGNES may send the cheques to be changed at once, with a stamp for their return.

LEILA S.—The story has many points of grace and interest, and may one day find a place in the Magazine.

MARY.—Endeavour to bethink yourself, while in one of your storms of passion, how you appear; if once you get the picture fairly before your mind, you will never consent to sit for such a portrait again.

E. D. P.'s last effort hardly satisfies us. The verses are very melodious, and by no means destitute of correct sentiment; but they are spoiled by the introduction of more than one commonplace expression.

ANNIE B. will find a receipt for a depilatory in this number.

HELEN.—We know of no better method of accomplishing your object than by issuing circulars and starting an establishment.

ALICE ELIZABETH.—The handsome crochet-lace pattern you so obligingly forwarded shall be carefully engraved in the next number of the Magazine.

ELIZA.—We will endeavour to furnish **ELIZA** with the recipes she asks, in a future number. Meanwhile, we thank her very sincerely for her efforts in our behalf.

ELFIDA.—We regret our inability to supply the information. It is too much of a private nature.

MARIA.—We quite sympathize with **MARIA's** motives, but her story is too imperfect, as it stands, to represent the evils she deplors, and at the same time interest the reader.

GRACE EMILY will perceive by a notice at the head of our correspondence page that in future purchasers of back volumes will be entitled to a chance in the forthcoming distribution of prizes; and where a volume contains a cheque for a prize already given (as in the case of volumes issued previous to this notice) it will be changed on application at the office. That is to say, if a purchaser of Vol. I. or Vol. II. finds in it a cheque for the watches or the chains (already distributed), it will be changed for a new cheque, good to the next distribution, on application by post or personally.

* * In consequence of the numerous applications we have lately received for details respecting the publication of the **ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE**, the plan upon which the prizes are distributed, &c., we have caused a kind of Prospectus to be printed, copies of which will be forwarded (post free) on application.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"To my Loved Sister," "Alma," "The Blighted Heart."

The Toilette.

HAIR RESTORATIVE.—To two parts (by measure) of the best olive oil, add one of spirits of wine, or of good rum; put them into a bottle, and shake them well together. With this anoint the head well morning and evening. For the first fortnight it should be well rubbed with a piece of flannel into the parts of the head most affected; after that time, care must be taken not to injure the young hair by a too violent application of the restorative.

TEA HAIR WASH.—The infusion of tea, when not too strong, is said to be very useful in preventing the hair falling off. The best plan is to pour boiling-water on to the leaves, after they have been used for a meal. In ten or twelve hours it may be drawn off, and placed in a bottle for use as required. A tablespoonful of any perfumed spirit, or of rum, should be added to every half pint of the wash made. It should be applied to the scalp with a piece of sponge, or a very soft brush.

OINTMENT FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Many persons at this season suffer severely from chapped hands. The best means of preventing this evil is not to wash in too hot, nor too cold water, nor to use any strong alkaline soap, such as "yellow," "marine," &c.; but to procure the mildest, as "Castile," or "curd" soap. If, however, with this care, we still complain, then we should use a little ointment, prepared as follows:—Pure lard, ten ounces; fine suet, half an ounce; olive oil, half an ounce; and compound tincture of benzoin (commonly called Friar's balsam), half an ounce. Melt the fats and oil in a vessel placed in hot water, then stir in the tincture till cold. Rub a little of the ointment on the hands every night, sleep in old kid gloves, and the cure will be rapidly effected. *Glycerine*, a cheap and by no means disagreeable substance, formed by soap-makers in the process of preparing oils and tallow, is said to act like a charm in curing chaps and roughness of the skin. This requires no preparation; the arms and hands being merely smeared with it every night.

ORIENTAL DEPILETORY.—We are so often asked for receipts for removing superfluous hair and preventing its growth, that we give the following as perhaps the least objectionable preparation for this purpose. It is used in the Turkish harems, and is so far preferable to the French and English depilatories that the latter often contain sulphuret of arsenic, and are thus really dangerous in application.—Take fresh quicklime, half a pound; liquor of potash, two ounces; sulphuret of potassium, one ounce. Slake the lime with the liquor of potash; if it does not fall to powder, from the action that ensues, a small portion of water must be added, not more, however, than for the lime still to remain dry and friable. Powder the sulphuret, and mix the whole by passing through a sieve. ~~Permeate for use in well-closed bottles. In application, the rusma, or, as it is called in English, depilatory, must be mixed with a sufficiency of water to form a thick cream, then laid on the part to be depilated, where it should remain from two to five minutes. Immediately it begins to act upon the skin, discovered by the pain produced, it should be washed off with warm water. If the first application does not destroy the hair, it must be repeated, but an interval of a day or two should intervene.~~

Things worth Knowing.

CATTLE.—Cattle standing in cold muddy yards, exposed to the weather, consume about twice as much as those in sheltered stables kept clean and littered, and free from the accumulations of manure.

TO BLEACH STRAW BONNETS.—From three receipts obligingly sent by a subscriber we insert the most simple:—Take the bonnets and wash them in clear spring water: put them into a box with burning sulphur: the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

WATERPROOF COMPOSITION FOR CALICO.—Three pints of old pale linseed-oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of white resin. The sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of the oil, and added to the remainder, incorporated with the resin by means of gentle heat. The composition is to be laid on by a brush. It dries in a short time when exposed to the air; and excludes as little light and heat as anything except glass, and does not become mildewed.

TO BLACK GRATES AND STOVES.—Mix a gill of stale beer and two ounces of black lead together, add a piece of common soda, the size of a nut. Having removed all soot and ash-dust from the grate, rub it over with the mixture. Take a hard brush and rub it well. A great brilliancy will soon be produced.

OIL OF TURPENTINE AN ANTIDOTE TO MOTHS.—Shreds of Russia leather are often put amongst garments, when not in use, to preserve them from moths: so is camphor; but neither of these seem so effectual as common oil of turpentine. A simple way of using oil of turpentine, for the protection of woollens and furs, is to saturate bits of flannel with the oil and to wrap them up separately in clean woollen, linen, or cotton cloth, to prevent the oil from penetrating to the outside of the wrappers, and injuring the articles around them. Six or seven pieces of thick flannel, each about a quarter of a yard square, are sufficient for a trunk four feet long, by eighteen inches broad and deep. A layer of the garments to be protected should be first laid in the trunk, upon it two pieces of the prepared flannel, then a layer of garments, and so on a layer of garments and a piece or two of the prepared flannel, till the trunk is about half full; above which may be filled in with garments alone. The lid of the trunk should then be immediately shut down, to prevent escape of the oil by evaporation. Cloths have thus been perfectly protected in the same room where a Cashmere shawl, carefully wrapped up with camphor, became much moth-eaten. Should there be occasion to open such a trunk, the oil of turpentine should be renewed, otherwise the quantity above indicated is sufficient for the protection of articles within a close-shutting trunk for five or six months. The smell of turpentine contracted by garments goes off by exposing them a few hours to the air.

BEETLE-TRAPS AND COCKROACHES.—Sleep some pieces of rag in spirits of turpentine, and force them into the holes and crevices whence these pests come out; they will decamp at once, taking a final leave. Let us, however, recommend all due caution to be used in the manipulation of these rags. Being highly inflammable when thus prepared, they must be kept out of the way both of a lighted candle and of fire. If combustion should take place, the consequences would be dangerous. With proper care, the remedy can be easily provided. Beetle-traps are of use only when the enemy to be captured are few in number.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

SOYER'S PLUM PUDDING.—Pick and stone one pound of the best Malaga raisins, which put in a basin, with one pound of currants (well washed, dried, and picked), a pound and a half of good beef suet (chopped, but not too fine), three quarters of a pound of white or brown sugar, two ounces of candied lemon and orange-peel, two ounces of candied citron, six ounces of flour, and a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, with a little grated nutmeg; mix the whole well together, with eight whole eggs and a little milk. Have ready a plain or ornamented pudding-mould, well butter the interior, pour the above mixture into it, cover a sheet of paper over, tie the mould in a cloth, put the pudding into a large stewpan containing boiling-water, and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half (or it may be boiled by merely tying it in a pudding-cloth previously well floured, forming the shape by laying the cloth in a round-bottomed basin, and pouring the mixture in; it will make no difference in the time required for boiling). When done, take out of the cloth, turn from the mould upon your dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over, and serve with the following sauce in a boat:—Put the yolks of three eggs in a stewpan, with a spoonful of powdered sugar, and a gill of milk; mix well together, add a little lemon-peel, and stir over the fire until becoming thickish (but do not let it boil), when add two glasses of brandy, and serve separate. The above sauce may be served poured over the pudding, if approved of. An excellent improvement to a plum pudding is to use half a pound of beef marrow, cut into small dice, omitting the same quantity of suet.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOSE.—Procure a young goose, the skin white, the breast full, plump, and fleshy, and the apron covered with white fat. The bill and feet of a young goose are of a yellow colour, and there are but few hairs about the leg at the termination of the thigh. As they become old, the bill and feet acquire a reddish colour, and the body and feet become hairy. A full-grown goose should be hung at the least for three or four days after it is killed, that it may become tender.

FRENCH HERB BROTH.—This (says Soyer) is a favourite beverage in France, as well with people in a state of health as with invalids, especially in the spring, when the herbs are young and green. Put a quart of water to boil, but have previously prepared about forty leaves of sorrel, a cabbage lettuce, and ten sprigs of orehvil, the whole well washed: when the water is boiling throw in the above, with the addition of a teaspoonful of salt and half an ounce of fresh butter; cover your saucepan close, and let them simmer for a few minutes, then pass in through a sieve or colander. This is to be drunk cold, especially in the spring of the year, after the change from winter.

PRISCILLA'S PUDDING.—Procure one or two stale muffins; put them into a pot of boiling-water, and let them boil five minutes, not more; or they will be quite sodden; then take them up with a skimmer and pull them in two. They must not be cut, or they will be made close and heavy. Pour over the halves of each muffin some sweet sauce, previously prepared; over one half of each spread apricot jam, or any other kind of preserve. With a knife put the muffins together again, and spread some of the same kind of preserve on the top of each; over that pour some more sauce, and serve.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

FLORENCE.—"Dear Cupid, when a gentleman asks you, 'Can he be more than a friend?' what are you to *infer*, and what would be proper to *answer*? Cupid, do grant me your valuable advice in the next number of your interesting Magazine. P.S.—Dear Cupid, I am very troublesome, but are marriages made in heaven? What is your opinion?"—The question is undoubtedly of the class tender; and, though rather Cockney and very ambiguous, is really meant to be the direct thing. The answer would naturally be different in different circumstances, and what would become one individual would not become another; but either of the following modes of reply will be found safe. They have all been frequently tried with great success: 1. especially recommended to blondes. Pause; sigh very soft; then open your eyes with a good deal of wonder (of course you have been trying to make it out, and can't), look your lover in the face, and say, "What—what can you mean, dear Alfred?" If the last words are spoken with a little tremble, so much the better. 2; very suitable for brunettes. Give a start, flash a glance at the questioner, turn aside, and be unable to speak your emotion: one hand pressed high upon your bosom will express this effectually. 3; safe in the hands of anybody; and generally considered a clencher. Burst into tears, covering your face with your hands. If you can't cry, droop your head upon the inquirer's shoulder, and murmur, "O William!" 4. For "merry grigs" and nice little girls, it is enough to say "No!" pout, shake their shoulders, and look pretty.—We certainly do not believe that marriages are made where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"REBECCA would feel very grateful if dear Cupid would help her a little in her present condition. She is acquainted with a young gentleman two years her junior (she is twenty). She really loves him, and hopes that the attachment is reciprocal; but she has known him for some time past, and no mention has, as yet, been made of love, &c. &c. Would Cupid advise REBECCA to wait a little longer, in the hope that some declaration may be made? or would it be better for REBECCA to treat him with coldness, and so put an end to farther attentions? Do advise, dear Cupid."—REBECCA had better follow her own suggestion: not necessarily to put an end to further attentions.

FANNY has been acquainted with a young man four years. She is always happy in his company, and has reason to believe that he is happy in hers; though he has never spoken of a future day. Still FANNY lives in hope—at times believing that she hopes against hope, for he has but one parent, who needs all his care; and FANNY loves him all the more because he cheerfully affords it. She is four and twenty; but will contrive, she says, to wait without pining to death—even if she has to wait for years—if she could believe she would at length be united to a man so honest and so good.—Of course we can have no advice to give in such a case. FANNY has no reason to conceal her honest love and admiration, and we hope it will not be disappointed.

DAVIDINA is in rather a delicate situation. We think it best, on the whole, to remain quiet, and wait events.

S. S.—Some time ago a young gentleman paid frequent visits to a certain house in which resided two sisters. S. S. is one of these sisters; and that one to whom the young gentleman paid the most

marked and particular attention, so leading her to cherish an uncommon regard for him. But, after awhile, the suitor turned the artillery of his attention to the other sister, who was equally ready, it seems, to surrender—at discretion, of course. But S. S. is unwilling to resign even so fickle a lover; and she thinks that with a "little coaxing" she could regain his affections. Indeed, this she feels she must do, or lose all hope of happiness; but what does Cupid advise?—That S. S. let the young gentleman alone. Perhaps he'll come round without coaxing; perhaps he wouldn't come round *with*—which would be very shocking. We recommend the following inquiry of S. S. to a discerning public:—

"What is love? I ask the wise,
Or those who have experienced it.
Without it hope and pleasure flies;
But I don't see the good of it."

JANE ELIZA is seriously attached to a gentleman whose handsome exterior and polite manners render him the admiration of almost all his lady friends. And this admiration is often so undisguised that the happy handsome gentleman sometimes makes fun at the ladies' expense. Hence JANE'S difficulty. Although she has reason to believe that the gentleman is not indifferent to her, she dares not exhibit a sign of her attachment, for fear of being included in the catalogue of the unfortunates whom he laughs at. That's really a very serious position, and one from which the God can see no way of escape. He can only repeat the advice he has given so often before in similar cases; JANE should regulate her conduct by—(or rather under)—*his*, being careful not to fall into the wordy-trap of a lady-killer, and betray her secret too soon.

JUNIPER.—"Dear Sir,—A friend of my husband visits us frequently. I treat him as cordially as I feel bound to treat all my husband's friends. Lately, the friend has taken to make his calls at those hours when he knows my husband is engaged in business; and I remark a growing freedom in his manner which all the *hauteur* I can command does not seem to diminish. My husband is jealous, I think.—His friend has been extremely kind to him in business affairs, and is still useful to him, I know; and I am anxious to know what course to pursue. If I acquaint my husband, it will lead to anger, and perhaps embarrass him a little; if I do not, am I doing right? Pray advise me."—The friend seems rather of the villainous order. Upon the next "freedom" rebuke him in the most marked manner the opportunity admits: if this fails, acquaint your husband.

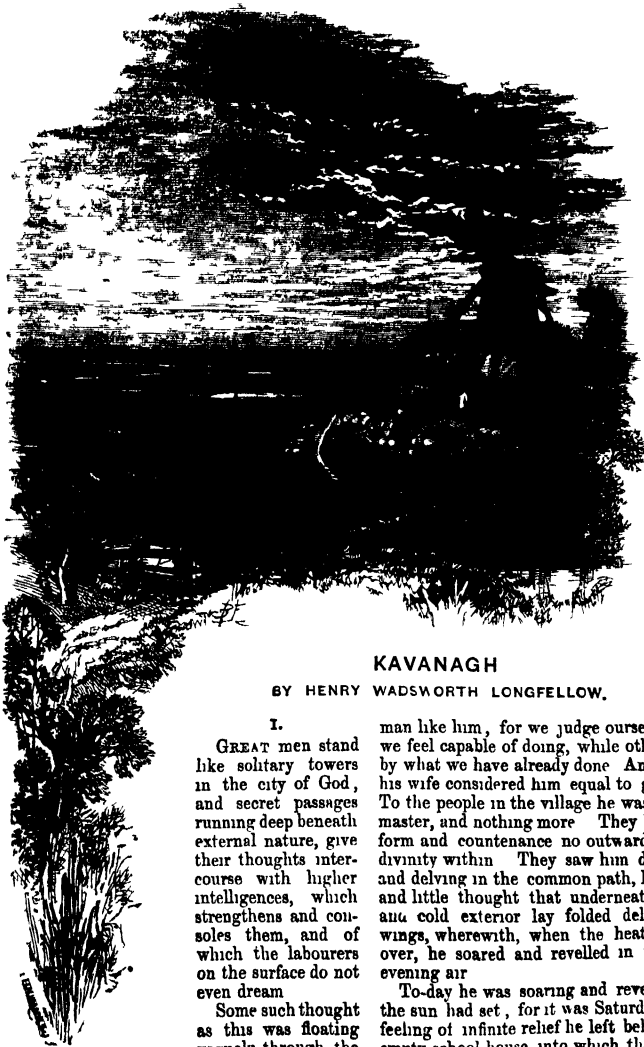
DAYDREAM.—(It is time the dream were resolved. That is to say (in vulgar language), it is time to be wide awake.)

A MOTHER.—Persevere.

CHRISY.—It is rather hard to decide what constitutes a right to be jealous. The party suspected and the party suspecting will at any rate always have two opinions on the subject; and what will seem quite shocking and outrageous to the one will be held as spurious matter of course by the other. On the whole, we think CHRISY may consider that she *has* a right to be jealous; but she ought to be very cautious how she manifests the feeling.

JANE.—The handsomer, the more good-natured, a gambler is, the worse husband he will infallibly make. In all cases where we are requested not to print our correspondents' letters, we comply

KAVANAGH.



KAVANAGH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the labourers on the surface do not even dream

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely through the brain of Mr Churchill

as he closed his school-house door behind him, and if in any degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be pardoned in a dreamy, poetic

man like him, for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done And, moreover, his wife considered him equal to great things. To the people in the village he was the school-master, and nothing more They beheld in his form and countenance no outward sign of the divinity within They saw him daily moulting and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over, he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the sun had set, for it was Saturday With a feeling of infinite relief he left behind him the empty school house into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring All the bright young faces were gone, all the impatient little hearts were gone, all the fresh voices, shrill but musical with the melody of childhood

were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old grey flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes. The sound of the outer door, creaking on its hebdomadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to which the key growled responsive in the lock; and the master, casting a furtive glance at the last caricature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence close by, entered with a light step the solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness the unjust reproaches of fathers and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a schoolmaster's life. Unruly sons and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights. But as he walked his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air; so that, when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten.

He lay down for a moment under a sycamore, and thought of the Roman Consul Licinius passing a night, with eighteen of his followers, in the hollow trunk of the great-Lycian plane-tree. From the branches overhead the falling seeds were wafted away through the soft air on plummy tufts of down. The continuous murmur of the leaves, and of the swift running stream, seemed rather to deepen than disturb the pleasing solitude and silence of the place; and for a moment he imagined himself far away in the broad prairies of the West, and lying beneath the luxuriant trees that overhang the banks of the Wabash and the Kaakaskia. He saw the sturgeon leap from the river, and flash for a moment in the sunshine. Then a flock of wild fowl flew across the sky towards the sea-mist that was rising slowly in the east; and his soul seemed to float away on the river's current, till he had glided far out into the measureless sea, and the sound of the wind among the leaves was no longer the sound of the wind, but of the sea.

Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him

like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but, under the inspiration of the wind, might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as play-things.

The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers, and the brooks, and the ponds, and they became as blood.

Mr. Churchill turned his steps homeward. He climbed the hill with the old windmill on its summit, and below him saw the lights of the village, and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness. He passed an orchard. The air was filled with the odour of the fallen fruit, which seemed to him as sweet as the fragrance of the blossoms in June. A few steps farther brought him to an old and neglected churchyard; and he paused a moment to look at the white gleaming stone under which slumbered the old clergyman, who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars, and on which was recorded that for half a century he had been "a painful preacher of the word." He entered the village street, and interchanged a few words with Mr. Pendexter, the venerable divine, whom he found standing at his gate. He met, also, an ill-looking man, carrying so many old books that he seemed literally buried in them; and at intervals encountered a stream of strong tobacco-smoke, exhaled from the pipe of an Irish labourer, and pervading the damp evening air. At length he reached his own door.

II.

WHEN Mr. Churchill entered his study, he found the lamp lighted, and his wife waiting for him. The wood-fire was singing on the hearth, like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a summer noon; and to his heart the chill autumnal evening became a summer noon. His wife turned towards him with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes; and in the serene expression of her face he read the Divine benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

No sooner had he seated himself by the fire-side than the door was swung wide open, and on the threshold stood, with his legs apart, like a miniature colossus, a lovely, golden boy, about three years old, with long, light locks, and very red cheeks. After a moment's pause, he dashed forward into the room with a shout, and established himself in a large arm-chair, which he converted into a carrier's waggon, and over the back of which he urged forward his imaginary horses. He was followed by Lucy, the maid of all work, bearing in her arms the baby, with large, round eyes, and no hair. In his mouth he held an India rubber ring, and looked very much like a street-door knocker. He came down to say good night, but, after he had got down, could not say it; not being able to say anything but a kind of explosive "Papa!" He was then a good deal kissed, and tormented in various ways, and finally sent off to bed, blowing little bubbles with his mouth; Lucy blessing his little heart, and asseverating that nobody could feed him in the night without loving him, and that, if the flies bit him any more, she would pull out every tooth in their heads!

Then came Master Alfred's hour of triumph and sovereign sway. The firelight gleamed on his hard, red cheeks, and glanced from his liquid eyes and small white teeth. He piled his waggon full of books and papers, and dashed off to town at the top of his speed; he delivered and received parcels and letters, and played the post-boy's horn with his lips. Then he climbed the back of the great chair, sang "Sweep ho!" as from the top of a very high chimney, and, sliding down upon the cushion, pretended to fall asleep in a little white bed with white curtains; from which imaginary slumber his father awoke him by crying in his ear, in mysterious tones—

"What little boy is this?"

Finally he sat down in his chair at his mother's knee, and listened very attentively, and for the hundredth time, to the story of the dog Jumper, which was no sooner ended than vociferously called for again and again. On the fifth repetition it was cut as short as the dog's tail by Lucy, who, having put the baby to bed, now came for Master Alfred. He seemed to hope he had been forgotten, but was nevertheless marched off to bed, without any particular regard to his feelings, and disappearing in a kind of abstracted mood, repeating softly to himself his father's words—

"Good night, Alfred!"

His father looked fondly after him as he went up stairs, holding Lucy by one hand, and with the other rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Ah! these children, these children!" said

Mr. Churchill, as he sat down at the tea-table; "we ought to love them very much now, for we shall not have them long with us!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his wife, "what do you mean? Does anything ail them? Are they going to die?"

"I hope not. But they are going to grow up, and be no longer children. And yet it seems impossible that they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life."

"O you foolish man! You gave me such a fright! And I hope they never will—that is the last thing I want either of them to do."

"Oh, I do not mean literally, only figuratively. By the way, speaking of growing up and growing old, I saw Mr. Pendexter this evening as I came home."

"And what had he to say?"

"He told me he should preach his farewell sermon to-morrow."

"Poor old man! I really pity him."

"So do I. But it must be confessed he is a dull preacher; and I dare say it is as dull work for him as for his hearers."

"Why are they going to send him away?"

"Oh, there are a great many reasons. He does not give time and attention enough to his sermons and to his parish. He is always at work on his farm; always wants his salary raised; and insists upon his right to pasture his horse in the parish fields."

"Hark!" cried his wife, lifting up her face in a listening attitude.

"What is the matter?"

"I thought I heard the baby!"

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Churchill said—

"It was only the cat in the cellar."

At this moment Lucy came in. She hesitated a little, and then, in a submissive voice, asked leave to go down to the village to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. Lucy was a girl of fifteen, who had been taken a few years before from an Orphan Asylum. Her dark eyes had a gipsy look, and she wore her brown hair twisted round her head, after the manner of some of Murillo's girls. She had Milesian blood in her veins, and was impetuous and impatient of contradiction.

When she had left the room, the school-master resumed the conversation by saying—

"I do not like Lucy's going out so much in the evening. I am afraid she will get into trouble. She is really very pretty."

Then there was another pause; after which he added—

"My dear wife, one thing gumbles me exceedingly."

"And what is that?"

"It is to know what that man does with all

the old boots he picks up about the village. I met him again this evening. He seemed to have as many feet as Briareus had hands. He is a kind of centipede."

"But what has that to do with Lucy?"

"Nothing. It only occurred to me at the moment; and I can never imagine what he does with so many old boots."

III.

WHEN tea was over, Mr. Churchill walked to and fro in his study, as his custom was. And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves, and imparted it to others, by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision, walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed aloud—

"Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?"

"Like these what?" asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"Like these great and good men, like these scholars and poets, the authors of all these books?"

She pressed his hand and said, in a soft but excited tone—

"Oh, yes! Like them, only perhaps better!"

"Then I will write a romance!"

"Write it!" said his wife, like the angel: for she believed that then he would become famous for ever; and that all the vexed and busy world would stand still to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the adamant walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity.

IV.

"I was thinking to-day," said Mr. Churchill a few minutes afterwards, as he took some papers from a drawer scented with a quince, and arranged them on the study-table, while his wife as usual seated herself opposite to him with her work in her hand—"I was thinking to-day how dull and prosaic the study of mathematics is made in our school-books; as if the grand science of numbers had been dis-

covered and perfected merely to further the purposes of trade."

"For my part," answered his wife, "I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them."

"Ah, that is a very great mistake! There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty. And yet we imagine—that is, most of us—that its highest end and culminating point is book-keeping by double entry. It is our way of teaching it that makes it so prosaic."

So saying, he arose, and went to one of his book-cases, from the shelf of which he took down a little old quarto volume, and laid it upon the table.

"Now, here," he continued, "is a book of mathematics of quite a different stamp from ours."

"It looks very old. What is it?"

"It is the *Lilawati* of Bhascara Acharya, translated from the Sanscrit."

"It is a pretty name. Pray what does it mean?"

"*Lilawati* was the name of Bhascara's daughter; and the book was written to perpetuate it. Here is an account of the whole matter."

He then opened the volume, and read as follows:—

"It is said that the composing of *Lilawati* was occasioned by the following circumstances. *Lilawati* was the name of the author's daughter, concerning whom it appeared, from the qualities of the Ascendant at her birth, that she was destined to pass her life unmarried, and to remain without children. The father ascertained a lucky hour for contracting her in marriage, that she might be firmly connected, and have children. It is said that, when that hour approached, he brought his daughter and his intended son near him. He left the hour-cup on the vessel of water, and kept in attendance a time-knowing astrologer, in order that, when the cup should subside in the water, those two precious jewels should be united. But as the intended arrangement was not according to destiny, it happened that the girl, from a curiosity natural to children, looked into the cup to observe the water coming in at the hole; when by chance a pearl separated from her bridal-dress, fell into the cup, and, rolling down to the hole, stopped the influx of the water. So the astrologer waited in expectation of the promised hour. When the operation of the cup had thus been delayed beyond all moderate time, the father was in consternation; and, examining, he found that a

small pearl had stopped the course of the water, and the long-expected hour was passed. In short, the father, thus disappointed, said to his unfortunate daughter, 'I will write a book of your name, which shall remain to the latest times; for a good name is a second life, and the groundwork of eternal existence.' "

As the schoolmaster read, the eyes of his wife dilated and grew tender, and she said—

"What a beautiful story! When did it happen?"

"Seven hundred years ago, among the Hindoos."

"Why not write a poem about it?"

"Because" it is already a poem of itself—one of those things of which the simplest statement is the best, and which lose by embellishment. The old Hindoo legend, brown with age, would not please me so well if decked in gay colours, and hung round with the tinkling bells of rhyme. Now hear how the book begins."



MASTER ALFRED'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

again he read:—

Salutation to the elephant-headed Being who infuses joy into the minds of his worshippers, who delivers from every difficulty those that call upon him, and whose feet are revered by the gods! Reverence to Ganesa, who is beautiful as the pure purple lotos, and around whose neck the black curling snake winds itself in playful folds!"

"That sounds rather mystical," said his wife.

"Yes; the book begins with a salutation to the Hindoo deities, as the old Spanish Chronicles begin in the name of God and the Holy Virgin. And now see how poetical some of the examples are!"

He then turned over the leaves slowly and read—

"One-third of a collection of beautiful water-

lilies is offered to Mahadev, one-fifth to Huri, one-sixth to the Sun, one-fourth to Devi, and six which remain are presented to the spiritual teacher. Required the whole number of water-lilies."

"That is very pretty," said the wife, "and would put it into the boys' heads to bring you

Here is a prettier one still. One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbour; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of the bees?"

"I am sure I should never be able to tell."

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese—"

Here Mrs. Churchill laughed aloud; but he continued very gravely—

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to the Mian-take; one-eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lilies, and three couples were observed playing in the water. Tell me, my young girl with beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?"

"Well, what was it?"

"What should you think?"

"About twenty."

"No; one hundred and forty-four. Now try another. The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight-ninths of the whole, alighted on the jasmines, and a female bee buzzed responsive to the hum of the male inclosed at night in a water-lily. O beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees."

"That is not there. You made it."

"No, indeed I did not. I wish I had made it. Look and see."

He showed her the book, and she read it herself. He then proposed some of the geometrical questions.

"In a lake the bud of a water-lily was observed, one span above the water; and when moved by the gentle breeze, it sunk in the water at two cubits' distance. Required the depth of the water."

"That is charming, but must be very difficult. I could not answer it."

"A tree one hundred cubits high is distant from a well two hundred cubits; from this tree one monkey descends and goes to the well; another monkey takes a leap upwards, and then descends by the hypothenuse; and both pass over an equal space. Required the height of the leap."

"I do not believe you can answer that question yourself, without looking into the book," said the laughing wife, laying her hand over the solution. "Try it."

"With great pleasure, my dear child," cried the confident schoolmaster, taking a pencil and paper. After making a few figures and calculations, he answered—

"These, my young girl with beautiful locks, there is the answer—forty cubits."

His wife removed her hand from the book, and then, clapping both in triumph, she exclaimed—

"No, you are wrong, you are wrong, my beautiful youth with a bee in your bonnet! It is fifty cubits!"

"Then I must have made some mistake."

"Of course you did. Your monkey did not jump high enough."

She signified his mortifying defeat as if it had been a victory, by showering kisses, like

roses, upon his forehead and cheeks, as he passed beneath the triumphal archway of her arms, trying in vain to articulate—

"My dearest Lilavati, what is the whole number of the geese?"

(To be continued.)

"THE OTHER SEX."

Which "other sex?" Don't be so obscure. Dr. Beecher says, "that a writer's ideas should stand out like rabbits' ears, so that the reader can get hold of them." If you allude to the female sex, I don't subscribe to it. I wish they were all "translated." If there is anything that gives me the sensation of a landsman on his first sea-voyage, it is the sight of a bonnet. Think of female friendship! Two women joining the Mutual Admiration Society; emptying their budget of love affairs; comparing bait to entrap victims; sighing over the same rose-leaf; sonnetising the same moonbeam; patronising the same milliner, and exchanging female kisses! (Betty, hand me my fan!)

Well, let either have one bonnet or one lover more than the other—or, if they are blue stockings, let either be one round the higher on Fame's ladder—bodkins and darning needles! what a tempest! Once and characters in such a case are no account at all. Oh, there never should be but one woman alive at a time. Then the fighting would be all where it belongs—in the masculine camp. What a time there'd be, though! Wouldn't she be a belle? Bless her little soul! how she would queen it! It makes me clap my hands to think of it. The only woman in the world! If it were I, shouldn't they all leave off smoking, and wearing those odious plaid continuations? Should they ever wear an outside coat, with the flaps cut off, or a Kossuth hat, or a yellow Marseilles vest?—or a mammoth bow on their neck-ties? or a turn-over dickey? or a watch-chain? or a ring on the little finger?—or any other abomination or offshoot of dandyism whatsoever? Shouldn't I politely request them to touch their hats, instead of jerking their heads, when they bowed? Wouldn't I coax them to read me poetry till they had the bronchitis? Wouldn't they play on the flute, and sing the soul out of me? And then if they were sick, wouldn't I pet them, and tell them all sorts of comicalities and make them fly like the mischief? Shouldn't wonder!—Fanny Fern.

CAROLINE BONAPARTE.

CAROLINE, Napoleon's youngest sister, was born at Ajaccio, March 26, 1782. She was still a child when her brother became Chief of the French nation. Her sisters had known adversity; she found herself in the midst of

luxury and splendour the first moment she entered society. Madame Junot says of her at this time, "Caroline Bonaparte was a very pretty girl, fresh as a rose—not to be compared, for the regular beauty of her features, to Pauline, though more pleasing, perhaps, by the expression of her countenance and the brilliancy of her complexion, but by no means possessing the perfection of figure which distinguished her elder sister. Her head was disproportionately large, her bust was too short, her shoulders were too round; but her hands and her arms were models, and her skin resembled white satin seen through pink glass; her teeth were fine, as were those of all the Bonapartes; her hair was light. As a young girl, Caroline was charming. When her mother brought her to Paris, in 1798, her beauty was in all its rosy freshness. Magnificence did not become her; brocade did not hang well on her figure, and one feared to see her delicate complexion fade under the weight of diamonds and rubies." She was a companion of Hortense at Madame Campan's.

On the return of the First Consul from Egypt, he intended to marry his sister Caroline to Moreau, and at one time he had designed her hand for Angereau. But she was passionately in love with Murat, who being also enamoured of her, their mutual request was immediately granted by Napoleon, and their marriage took place in January, 1800. It was in the month of October of the same year that the plot of the infernal machine was carried into execution. On this occasion Caroline nearly lost her life. She was on her way to the opera, near the carriage of Napoleon and Josephine. Every glass in her carriage was shattered, and the shock she suffered was so great that her child, who was born soon after, suffered for a long time with epileptic attacks and a feeble constitution. Five years later, Caroline was created Grand Duchess of Berg, and two years afterwards she became Queen of Naples.

During the eight years she sat on that throne, she managed to win the affections of her people; and as she was fond of magnificence and display, and distinguished for great generosity, she was one of the most popular princesses in Europe. She made frequent journeys to Paris, where she lived in a style of splendour worthy of the most brilliant queens.

Caroline took sides with her brother in his differences with Murat; and things went so far that at last a separation seemed likely to take place. It would probably have been effected at a later period, had not a melancholy fate deprived her beforehand of her husband; but they seemed to have been after all sincerely attached to one another, and even as

late as the Battle of Dresden we find Caroline addressing to her husband the following letter:—

"SIR,—Your letters respecting the brilliant Battle of Dresden, in which you took so glorious a part, reached me just as I was going to take the little voyage I had projected in the gulf; and it was amid the thunder of the cannon which you directed to be fired that I went on board, rejoicing in your success, and still more rejoicing at finding myself free from all uneasiness respecting your health.

"According to your instructions, I have ordered *To Deum* to be performed. I send your Majesty the proceedings of administration, together with the ordinary statements and reports, and some particular demands, on which it will be for you to determine. I annex to these three reports of the Intendant-General. . . . The Prince Royal set off the day before yesterday to make the circuit of the Bay, on the same vessel; he returned quite enchanted. The Princesses are to go tomorrow, with Lucien for their beau.

"I don't know whether you receive my letters; but I write to you very often. Everything is perfectly calm and tranquil, and I hope you will be so too. I have ordered Camponelle to send you everything you may stand in need of, and told him to get some woollen hosiery, which will be very comfortable to you in travelling. I send you a box of liquorice for the Emperor. Present my respects to him. Adieu, my friend; take care of yourself, I beg you, and think of us. I embrace you as I love you. "CAROLINE."

In the month of March, 1815, when the reverses of Napoleon's arms and the advance of the Austrian army into the kingdom of Naples drove Murat from his kingdom, Caroline displayed great decision of character; and her conduct at the trying period when she lost her crown and went into exile has elicited the praises of all contemporaneous historians. Naples was filled with alarm. Dressing herself in the uniform of the National Guard, and mounting a spirited horse, she reviewed the troops, and addressed them in a style which would have done no discredit to a conqueror on the eve of battle. She was on horseback more than six hours during the last day of her reign; and it was only at the final moment, when all hope was gone, that she gave herself up to the English naval commander, and went on board his vessel with her children. She had been assured a free passage to France, with her suite, by the English commodore; but in making this pledge the commander exceeded his instructions; and abandoning the protection of the English flag, she threw herself into the hands of the Austrians.

Assuming the title of Countess of Lipano, she took up her residence in the dominions of the Austrian Emperor, with an engagement not to return to France or Italy without express

permission. She obtained leave in 1830, when her venerable mother was supposed to be near her death, to proceed to Rome on a visit for a month. When the time was up, she returned



again to her Austrian residence, but soon took up her abode in Florence, where she died in 1839.

A single word on the character of Caroline. She was, perhaps, more imperious and petulant than any of her sisters, not even excepting Pauline. When the imperial crown was put upon the head of Napoleon, his sisters all wanted to be made queens. Joseph being the first of the brothers raised to a throne, his

sisters found it very hard to address his wife as "Your Majesty," and they complained to him that he had treated the wife of his brother with more favour than he had even his own sisters. "To hear your complaints," said Napoleon, "one would suppose that I had robbed you of your succession to the late king, your father?" But Caroline was an estimable woman, a good wife, a kind mother, a generous sister, and a noble queen.



LIGEIA.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I CANNOT, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where, I first became acquainted with the Lady Ligeia. Long years have since elapsed, and my memory is feeble through much suffering. Or, perhaps, I cannot *now* bring these points to mind, because, in truth, the character of my beloved, her rare learning, her singular yet placid caste of beauty, and the thrilling and enthralling eloquence of her low musical language, made their way into my heart by paces so steadily and stealthily progressive that they have been unnoticed and unknown. Yet I believe that I met her first and most frequently in some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine. Of her family—I have surely heard her speak. That it is of a remotely ancient date cannot be doubted. Ligeia! Ligeia! Buried in the studies of a nature more than all else adapted to deaden impressions of

the outward world, it is by that sweet word alone—by Ligeia—that I bring before mine eyes in fancy the image of her who is no more. And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have *never known* the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and finally the wife of my bosom. Was it a playful charge on the part of my Ligeia? or was it a test of my strength of affection, that I should institute no inquiries upon this point? or was it rather a caprice of my own—a wildly romantic offering on the shrine of the most passionate devotion? I but indistinctly recall the fact itself—what wonder that I have utterly forgotten the circumstances which originated or attended it? And, indeed, if ever that spirit which is entitled *Romance*—if ever she, the wan and the misty-winged *Ashlophet* of idolatrous

Egypt, provided, as they tell, over marriages at command—then most surely she provided over mine.

There is one dear topic, however, in which my memory fails me not. It is the power of Ligieia. In stature she was tall, majestic, slender, and, in her latter days, even emaciated. I would in vain attempt to picture the strange, the quiet ease, of her demeanour, the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her that fall. She came and departed as a shadow. I was never made aware of her entrance, like my closed study, save by the dark mounds of her low sweet voice, as she placed her marble hand upon my shoulder. In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her. It was the radiance of an opium-dream—an airy and spirit-lifting vision, more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the alighting souls of the daughters of Delos. Yet her features were not of that regular mould which we have been falsely taught to worship in the classical beauty of the heathen. "There is no exquisite beauty," says Bacon, Lord Verulam, speaking truly of all the forms and *genere* of beauty, "without some strangeness in the proportion." Yet, although I saw that the features of Ligieia were not of a classic regularity—although I perceived that her loveliness was indeed "exquisite," and felt that there was much of "strangeness" pervading it, yet I have tried in vain to detect the irregularity and to trace home my own perception of "the strange." I examined the contour of the lofty and pale forehead—it was faultless—how cold indeed that word when applied to a majesty so divine!—the skin rivaling the purest ivory, the commanding extent and repose, the gentle prominence of the regions above the temples; and then the raven-black, the glossy, the luxuriant, and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet "hyacinthine!" I looked at the delicate outlines of the nose—and nowhere but in the graceful medallions of the Hebrews had I beheld a similar perfection. There were the same luxurious smoothness of surface, the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously curved nostrils, speaking the free spirit. I regarded the sweet mouth. Here was indeed the triumph of all things heavenly—the magnificent turn of the short upper lip—the soft, voluptuous alumber of the under—the dimples which sported, and the colour which spoke—the teeth glancing back, with a brilliancy almost startling, every ray of the holy light which fell upon them in her serene and placid yet most exultingly radiant of all smiles. I scrutinised the formation of the chin—and here, too, I found the gentleness of breadth, the softness and the majesty, the fulness and the spirituality, of the

Greek—the contour which the god Apollo revealed but in a dream to Cleomeneas, the son of the Athenians. And then I peered into the depths of her eyes.

There were no models in the remotely classical world that have been, too, that in these eyes I perceived the secret to which Lord Verulam alludes. There were, I must believe, no larger than the ordinary eyes of our own time. They were even smaller than the faintest of the gamut list of the tribe of the valley of Nezirjahad. And it was only at intervals—in moments of *extreme* beauty—that this peculiarity became more than slightly noticeable in Ligieia. And at such moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy than it appeared, perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous Houris of the Turk. The hue of the orbs was the most brilliant of black, and, far over them, hung jetty lashes of great length. The brows, slightly irregular in outline, had the same tint. The "strangeness," however, which I found in the eyes, was of a nature distinct from the formation, or the colour, or the brilliancy of the features, and must, after all, be referred to the expression. Ah, word of no meaning! behind whose vast latitude of sense sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expansion of the eyes of Ligieia! How for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a midsummer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it—that something more profound than the well of Democritus—which lay far within the pupils of my beloved? What was it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. Those eyes! those large, those shining, those divine orbs! they became to me twin stars of Leda, and I to them devoutest of astrologers.

There is no point, among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind, more thrillingly exciting than the fact—never, I believe noticed in the schools—that, in our endeavours to recall to memory something long forgotten, we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. And thus how frequently, in my intense scrutiny of Ligieia's eyes, have I felt approaching the full knowledge of their expression—felt it approaching, yet not quite to be mine—and so at length entirely depart! And (strange, oh, strangest mystery of all!) I found, in the commonest objects of the universe, a circle of analogies to that expression. I mean to say that, subsequently to the period when Ligieia's beauty passed into my spirit, there dwelling as in a shrine, I derived, from many existences in the material world, a sentiment such as I felt always around, within me, by her large and luminous

ork. Yet not the more could I define that sentiment, or analyse, or even steadily view it. I recognised it, let me repeat, sometimes in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine—in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly, a chrysalis, a stream of running water. I have felt it in the ocean; in the falling of a meteor. I have felt it in the glances of unusually aged people. And there are one or two stars in heaven—one especially, a star of the sixth magnitude, double and changeable, to be found near the large star in Lyra—in a telescopic scrutiny of which I have been made aware of the feeling. I have been filled with it by certain sounds from stringed instruments, and not unfrequently by passages from books. Among innumerable other instances, I well remember something in a volume of Joseph Glanville, which (perhaps merely from its quaintness—who shall say?) never failed to inspire me with the sentiment: "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

Length of years, and subsequent reflection, have enabled me to trace, indeed, some remote connexion between this passage in the English moralist and a portion of the character of Ligeia. An intensity in thought, action, or speech was possible, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition which, during our long intercourse, failed to give other and more immediate evidence of its existence. Of all the women whom I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever-placid Ligeia, was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passion I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expansion of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me—by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness, and placidity of her very low voice—and by the fierce energy (rendered doubly effective by contrast with her manner of utterance) of the wild words which she habitually uttered.

I have spoken of the learning of Ligeia; it was such as I have never known in woman. In the classical tongues was she deeply proficient, and, as far as my own acquaintance extended in regard to the modern dialects of Europe, I have never known her at fault. Indeed, upon any theme of the most admired, because simply the most abstruse of the boasted erudition of the academy, have I *never* found Ligeia at fault? How singularly, how thrillingly, this one point in the nature of my wife has fixed itself, at this late period only, upon my attention! I said her knowledge was such as I

have never known in woman—but where breathes the man who has traversed, and apprehensively, *all* the wide areas of moral, physical, and mathematical science? I saw not then what I now clearly perceive, that the acquisitions of Ligeia were gigantic, were astounding; yet I was sufficiently aware of her infinite supremacy to resign myself, with childlike confidence, to her guidance through the chaotic world of metaphysical investigation at which I was most busily occupied during the earlier years of our marriage. With how vast a triumph—with how vivid a delight—with how much of all that is ethereal in hope—did I *feel*, as she bent over me in studies but little sought, but less known, that delicious vista by slow degrees expanding before me, down whose long, gorgeous, and all untrodden path I might at length pass onward to a goal of a wisdom too divinely precious not to be forbidden!

How poignant, then, must have been the grief with which, after some years, I beheld my well-grounded expectations take wings to themselves and fly away! Without Ligeia I was but as a child groping benighted. Her presence, her readings alone, rendered vividly luminous the many mysteries of the transcendentalism in which we were immersed. Wanting the radiant lustre of her eyes, letters, lambent and golden, grew duller than Saturnian lead. And now those eyes shone less and less frequently upon the pages over which I pored. Ligeia grew ill. The wild eyes blazed with a too, too glorious effulgence; the pale fingers became of the transparent waxen hue of the grave; and the blue veins upon the lofty forehead swelled and sank impetuously with the tides of the most gentle emotion. I saw that she must die—and I struggled desperately in spirit with the grim Azrael. And the struggles of the passionate wife were, to my astonishment, even more energetic than my own. There had been much in her stern nature to impress me with the belief that, to her, death would have come without its terrors; but not so. Words are impotent to convey any just idea of the fierceness of resistance with which she wrestled with the Shadow. I groined in anguish at the pitiable spectacle. I would have soothed—I would have reasoned; but, in the intensity of her wild desire for life—for life—but for life—solace and reason were alike the uttermost of folly. Yet not until the last instance, amid the most convulsive writhings of her fierce spirit, was shaken the external placidity of her demeanour. Her voice grew more gentle—grew more low—yet I would not wish to dwell upon the wild meaning of the quietly uttered words. My brain reeled as I hearkened, entranced, to a melody more than mortal—to assumptions and aspirations which mortality had never before known.

That I should not have doubted; and I might have been easily aware that, in a woman such as *Ligeia*, love would have reigned no ordinary passion. But in death only was I fully impressed with the strength of her affection. For long hours, detaining my hand, would she peer out before me the overflowing of a heart whose more than passionate devotion amounted to idolatry. How had I deserved to be so blessed with such confessions? how had I deserved to be so cursed with the removal of my beloved in the hour of her making them? But upon this subject I cannot bear to dilate. Let me say only, that in *Ligeia*'s more than womanly abandonment to a love, alas! all unmerited, all unworthily bestowed, I at length recognised the principle of her longing, with so wildly earnest a desire, for the life which was now fleeing so rapidly away. It is this wild longing, it is this eager vehemence of desire for life—but for life—that I have no power to portray, no utterance capable of expressing.

At high noon of the night in which she departed, beckoning me peremptorily to her side, she bade me repeat certain verses composed by herself not many days before. I obeyed her. They were these:—

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that cease it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And march of Madones, and more of Sin
And horror, the soul of the plot!

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm—
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero, the conqueror Worm.

"O Heaven!" half shrieked *Ligeia*, leaping to her feet and extending her arms aloft with a spasmodic movement, as I made an end to those lines—"O Divine Father! shall these things be undeviatingly so? shall this conqueror not be once conquered? Are we not part and parcel in Thee? Who—who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigour? Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

And now, as if exhausted with emotion, she suffered her white arms to fall, and returned solemnly to her bed of death. And as she breathed her last sighs, there came mingled with them a low murmur from her lips. I bent to them my ear, and distinguished again the concluding words of the passage in *Glanville*:—"Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

She died: and I, crushed into the very dust with sorrow, could no longer endure the lonely desolation of my dwelling in the dim and decaying city of the Rhine. I had no lack of what the world calls wealth. *Ligeia* had brought me far more, very far more, than ordinarily falls to the lot of mortals. After a few months, therefore, of weary and aimless wandering, I purchased and put in some repair an abbey, which I shall not name, in one of the wildest and least frequented portions of fair England. The gloomy and dreary grandeur of the building, the almost savage aspect of the domain, the many melancholy and time honoured memories connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of utter abandonment which had driven me into that remote and unsocial region of the country. Yet although the external abbey, with its verdant decay hanging about it, suffered but little alteration, I gave way, with a child-like perversity, and perchance with a faint hope of alleviating my sorrows, to a display of more than regal magnificence within. For such follies, even in childhood, I had imbibed a taste, and now they came back to me as if in the dotage of grief. Alas! I feel how much even of incipient madness might have been discovered in the gorgeous and fantastic draperies, in the solemn carvings of Egypt, in the wild cornices and furniture, in the Bedlam patterns of the carpets of tufted gold! I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium, and my labours and my orders had taken a colouring from my dreams. But these absurdities I must not pause to detail. Let me speak only of that one chamber, whither, in a moment of mental alienation, I led from the altar as my bride—as the successor of the unforgotten *Ligeia*—the fair-haired and blue-eyed Lady Rowena Tremaine of Tremaine.

There is no individual portion of the architecture and decoration of that bridal chamber which is not now visibly before me. Where were the souls of the haughty family of the bride, when, through thirst of gold, they permitted to pass the threshold of an apartment so bedecked, a maiden and a daughter so beloved? I have said that I minutely remember the details of the chamber—yet I am sadly forgetful on topics of deep moment; and here there was no system, no keeping the fantastic display, to take hold upon the memory. The room lay in a high turret of the castellated abbey, was pentagonal in shape, and of capacious size. Occupying the whole southern face of the pentagon was the sole window—an immense sheet of unbroken glass from Venice—a single pane, and tinted of a leaden hue, so that the rays of either the sun or moon passing through it, fell with a ghastly lustre on the objects within. Over the upper portion of this huge window extended the trellis-work of an aged vine, which clambered up the massy walls of the turret. The ceiling, of gloomy-looking oak, was excessively lofty, vaulted, and elaborately fretted with the wildest and most grotesque specimens of a semi-Gothic, semi-Druidical device. From out the most central recess of this melancholy vaulting depended, by a single chain of gold with long links, a huge censer of the same metal, Saracenic in pattern, and with many perforations so contrived that there writhed in and out of them, as if endued with a serpent vitality, a continual succession of parti-coloured fires.

Some few ottomans and golden candelabra, of Eastern figure, were in various stations about; and there was the couch, too—the bridal couch—of an Indian model, and low, and sculptured of solid ebony, with a pall-like canopy above. In each of the angles of the chamber stood on end a gigantic sarcophagus of black granite, from the tombs of the kings over against Luxor, with their aged lids full of immemorial sculpture. But in the draping of the apartment lay, alas! the chief phantasy of all. The lofty walls, gigantic in height—even unproportionably so—were hung from summit to foot, in vast folds, with a heavy and massive-looking tapestry—tapestry of a material which was found alike as a carpet on the floor, as a covering for the ottomans and the ebony bed, as a canopy for the bed, and as the gorgeous volutes of the curtains which partially shaded the window. The material was the richest cloth of gold. It was spotted all over, at irregular intervals, with arabesque figures, about a foot in diameter, and wrought upon the cloth in patterns of the most jetty black. But these figures partook of the true character of the arabesque only when regarded from a single point of view. By a contrivance now common, and

indeed traceable to a very remote period of antiquity, they were made changeable in aspect. To one entering the room, they bore the appearance of simple monstrosities; but upon a farther advance, this appearance gradually departed; and, step by step, as the visitor moved his station in the chamber, he saw himself surrounded by an endless succession of the ghastly forms which belong to the superstition of the Norman, or arise in the guilty alamburs of the monk. The phantasmagoric effect was vastly heightened by the artificial introduction of a strong continual current of wind behind the draperies—giving a hideous and uneasy animation to the whole.

In halls such as these—in a bridal chamber such as this—I passed, with the Lady Tremaine, the unhalloved hours of the first month of our marriage—passed them with but little disquietude. That my wife dreaded the moodiness of my temper—that she shunned me, and loved me but little—I could not help perceiving; but it gave me rather pleasure than otherwise. My memory flew back (oh, with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the angust, the beautiful, the entombed. I revelled in recollections of her purity, of her wisdom—of her lofty, her ethereal nature—of her passionate, her idolatrous love. Now, then, did my spirit fully and freely burn with more than all the fires of her own. In the excitement of my opium dreams (for I was habitually fettered in the shackles of the drug), I would call aloud upon her name, during the silence of the night, or among the sheltered recesses of the glens by day, as if, through the wild eagerness, the consuming ardour of my longing for the departed, I could restore her to the pathway she had abandoned—ah, *could* it be for ever?—upon earth.

About the commencement of the second month of the marriage, the Lady Rowena was attacked with sudden illness, from which her recovery was slow. The fever which consumed her rendered her nights uneasy; and in her perturbed state of half slumber, she spoke of sounds and of motions, in and about the chamber of the turret, which I concluded had no origin save in the distemper of her fancy, or perhaps in the phantasmagoric influences of the chamber itself. She became at length convalescent—finally, well. Yet but a brief period elapsed, ere a second more violent disorder again threw her upon a bed of suffering; and from this attack her frame, at all times feeble, never altogether recovered. Her illnesses were, after this epoch, of alarming character, and of more alarming recurrence, defying alike the knowledge and the great exertions of her physicians. With the increase of the chronic disease, which had thus, apparently, taken two

sure a hold upon her constitution to be eradicated by human means, I could not fail to observe a similar increase in the nervous irritation of her temperament, and in her excitability by trivial causes of fear. She spoke again, and now more frequently and pertinaciously, of the sounds—of the slight sounds—and of the unusual motions among the tapestries, to which she had formerly alluded.

One night, near the closing in of September, she pressed this distressing subject with more than usual emphasis upon my attention. She had just awakened from an unquiet slumber, and I had been watching, with feelings half of anxiety, half of vague terror, the workings of her emaciated countenance. I sat by the side of her ebony bed, upon one of the ottomans of India. She partly arose, and spoke, in an earnest, low whisper, of sounds which she *then* heard, but which I could not hear—of motions which she *then* saw, but which I could not perceive. The wind was rushing hurriedly behind the tapestries, and I wished to show her (what, let me confess it, I could not *all* believe) that these almost inarticulate breathings, and those very gentle variations of the figures upon the wall, were but the natural effects of that customary rushing of the wind. But a deadly pallor overspreading her face, had proved to me that my exertions to re-assure her would be fruitless. She appeared to be fainting, and no attendants were within call. I remembered where was deposited a decanter of light wine which had been ordered by her physicians, and hastened across the chamber to procure it. But, as I stepped beneath the light of the censer, two circumstances of a startling nature attracted my attention. I had felt that some palpable although invisible object had passed lightly by my person; and I saw that there lay upon the golden carpet, in the very middle of the rich lustre thrown from the censer, a shadow—a faint, indefinite shadow of angelic aspect—such as might be fancied for the shadow of a shade. But I was wild with the excitement of an immoderate dose of opium, and heeded these things but little, nor spoke of them to Rowena. Having fanned the wine, I recrossed the chamber, and poured out a gobletful, which I held to the lips of the fainting lady. She had now partially recovered, however, and took the vessel herself, while I sank upon an ottoman near me, with my eyes fastened upon her person. It was then that I became distinctly aware of a gentle foot-fall upon the carpet and near the couch; and in a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed that I saw, fall within the goblet, as if from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby-coloured fluid.

If this I saw—not so Rowena. She swallowed the wine unhesitatingly, and I forebore to speak to her of a circumstance which must, after all, I considered, have been but the suggestion of a vivid imagination, rendered morbidly active by the terror of the lady, by the opium, and by the hour.

Yet I cannot conceal it from my own perception that, immediately subsequent to the fall of the ruby-drops, a rapid change for the worse took place in the disorder of my wife; so that, on the third subsequent night, the hands of her menials prepared her for the tomb, and on the fourth I sat alone, with her shrouded body, in that fantastic chamber which had received her as my bride. Wild visions, opium-engendered, flitted, shadow-like, before me. I gazed with unquiet eye upon the sarcophagi in the angles of the room, upon the varying figures of the drapery, and upon the writhing of the particoloured fires in the censer overhead. My eyes then fell, as I called to mind the circumstances of a former night, to the spot beneath the glare of the censer where I had seen the faint traces of the shadow. It was there, however, no longer; and breathing with greater freedom, I turned my glances to the pallid and rigid figure upon the bed. Then rushed upon me a thousand memories of Ligieia—and then came back upon my heart, with the turbulent violence of a flood, the whole of that unutterable woe with which I had regarded her thus enshrouded. The night waned; and still, with a bosom full of bitter thoughts of the one only and supremely beloved, I remained gazing upon the body of Rowena.

It might have been midnight, or perhaps earlier, or later, for I had taken no note of time, when a sob, low, gentle, but very distinct, startled me from reverie. I *felt* that it came from the bed of ebony—the bed of death. I listened in an agony of superstitious terror—but there was no repetition of the sound. I strained my vision to detect any motion in the corpse—but there was not the slightest perceptible. Yet I could not have been deceived. I *had* heard the noise, however faint, and my soul was awakened within me. I resolutely and perseveringly kept my attention riveted upon the body. Many minutes elapsed before any circumstance occurred tending to throw light upon the mystery. At length it became evident that a slight, a very feeble, and barely noticeable tinge of colour had flushed up within the cheeks, and along the sunken small veins of the eyelids. Through a species of unutterable horror and awe, for which the language of mortality has no sufficiently energetic expression, I felt my heart cease to beat, my limbs grew rigid where I sat. Yet a sense of duty finally operated to restore my self-possession. I could no longer doubt that we had been pre-

ecipitate in our preparations—that Rowena still lived. It was necessary that some immediate exertion be made: yet the turret was altogether apart from the portion of the abbey tenanted by the servants—there were none within call—I had no means of summoning them to my aid without leaving the room for many minutes; and this I could not venture to do. I therefore struggled alone in my endeavours to call back the spirit still hovering. In a short period it was certain, however, that a relapse had taken place; the colour disappeared from both eyelid and cheek, leaving a wanness even more than that of marble; and all the usual rigidity of death immediately supervened. I fell back with a shudder upon the couch from which I had been so startlingly aroused, and again gave myself up to waking visions of Ligia.

An hour thus elapsed, when (could it be possible?) I was a second time aware of some vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. I listened—in extremity of horror. The sound came again—it was a sigh. Rushing to the corpse, I saw—distinctly saw—a tremor upon the lips. In a minute afterward they relaxed, disclosing a bright line of the pearly teeth. Amusement now struggled in my bosom with the profound awe which had hitherto reigned there alone. I felt that my vision grew dim, that my reason wandered; and it was only by a violent effort that I at length succeeded in nerving myself to the task which duty thus once more had pointed out. There was now a partial glow upon the forehead and upon the cheek and throat; a perceptible warmth pervaded the whole frame; there was even a slight pulsation at the heart. The lady *lived*; and with redoubled ardour I betook myself to the task of restoration. I chafed and bathed the temples and the hands, and used every exertion which experience, and no little medical reading, could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly, the colour *led*, the pulsation ceased, the lips resumed the expression of the dead, and in an instant afterward the whole body took upon itself the icy chilliness, the livid hue, the intense rigidity of a tenant of the tomb.

And again I sunk into visions of Ligia—and again, (what marvel that I shudder while I write?) again there reached my ears a low sob from the region of the *above* bed. But why shall I minutely detail the unspeakable horrors of that night? Why shall I pause to relate how, time after time, until near the period of the grey dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated?—how each relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death?—how each agony wore the aspect of a struggle with some invisible foe?—and how each struggle was succeeded by I know not what of wild change in the personal ap-

pearance of the corpse? Let me hurry to a conclusion.

The greater part of the fearful night had worn away, and she who had been dead once again stirred—and now more vigorously than hitherto, although arousing from a dissolution more appalling in its utter hopelessness than any. I had long ceased to struggle or to move, and remained sitting rigidly upon the ottoman, a helpless prey to a whirl of violent emotions, of which extreme awe was perhaps the least terrible, the least consoling. The corpse, I repeat, stirred, and now more vigorously than before. The hues of life flashed up with unwonted energy into the countenance—the limbs relaxed—and, save that the eyelids were yet pressed heavily together, and that the bandages and despatches of the grave still imparted their charnel character to the figure, I might have dreamed that Rowena had indeed shaken off, *at length*, the fetters of Death. But if this idea was not, even then, altogether adopted, I could at least doubt no longer, when, arising from the bed, tottering, with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the manner of one bewildered in a dream, the thing that was enshrouded advanced boldly and palpably into the middle of the apartment.

I trembled not—I stirred not—for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the statue, the demeanour of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, had paralyzed—had chilled me into stone. I stirred not—but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts—a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the *living* Rowena who confronted me? Could it, indeed, be Rowena *at all*—the fair-haired, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevaision of Tremaine? Why, *why* should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth—but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks—there were the roses *on* her *now* of life—yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimple, as in health, might it not be hers?—but *had she then grown taller since her melody*? What inexpressible sadness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrieking from my touch, she let fall from her head, unheeded, the ornaments which had confined it, and then streamed forth, into the reeking atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and discoloured hair; it was *thicker than the mass which of midnight!* And now slowly *upward* the *figure* which stood before me. “Here then, at least,” I shrieked aloud, “can I never—can I never be mistaken: these are the fall, and the black, and the wild eyes, of my lost love—of the Lady—of the *Jester* LIGIA.”

Embroidery.



The Chemisette above drawn obtains the prize of this month. It is designed by Miss J., of Southampton. Both this and the collar to correspond (on p. 274) are worked entirely in embroidery upon muslin, and are composed of the two sprigs which we give elsewhere, of the full size for working; with very little addition, which may easily be worked from the above engraving. The style is very fashionable.

The Fashions.



The fashions are almost the same as last month, with the exception, indeed, that velvet is more worn, especially for dinner dresses, trimmed with very deep point d'Angleterre flounces, having narrow gauze ribbon rosettes as a heading to each flounce; sleeves short, and trimmed to match the skirt. The lady represented above as sitting is in plain Poland satin; close high body, mousquetaire collar on a muslin chemisette, duchess under-sleeves, rich figured shawl, and bonnet of satin and blonde and marabout feathers. The dress of the lady standing is also of rich silk or satin, with plain body, with revers forming epaulettes of ribbons ruffled on both edges, the ends of the trimming reaching to the top of the first flounce; the under-sleeves full, and trimmed with broderie Anglaise. The bonnets for this winter's wear are more plain than the last month, and principally made of velvet, and trimmed with feathers and fruit, especially those made of velvet.



Below these engaging, scrolls continuing the initials (which rather elbow the other patterns out of propriety), gives the collar to accompany the prize chemisette engraved on a previous page. Below the collar will be found the pattern (of full size for working) of one of the two sprigs of which the chemisette and collar are almost wholly composed; the other sprig will be found on the opposite page.

ABOUT DREAMS.

To jump at once into the question, almost all experience goes to show that ordinary dreams take place in an imperfect sleep; and that they are often caused by a change in the atmosphere, an ill-made bed, and too much or too little covering. Dr. James Gregory mentions that, having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna; and on another occasion, through having thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep, and exposing himself to the cold, dreamt of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering from intense frost. Dr. Reid, the celebrated mathematician, dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him, from the dressing of a blister which he had applied to his head becoming ruffled so as to produce pain. In both these cases the dreams were suggested by sensations conveyed from the surface of the body through the nerves, until a corresponding impression was made upon the mind.

But some persons, we are told, never dream. Locke assures us that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, and yet could not recollect ever having dreamed till he arrived at his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of ever having dreamed; and Dr. Eliotson relates the case of a man who never dreamed till after he was afflicted with a fever, in his fortieth year.

It is found that any subject which has produced a strong impression on the mind during the day may modify and materially influence the subject of our dreams the following night; indeed, if dreams are not to be traced to the business of the day, or a peculiar turn of thought, they may safely be looked upon as signs of a more or less disordered state of the body, and the true conditions of that state may often be better learned from them than from any other cause. "There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."

In old times men there were who pretended to be skilled in the interpretation of dreams; but, like those of the present day who profess the same object, were very contradictory in their solutions. From a very ancient Arabic manuscript on the subject, we learn that, if you see an angel in your dream, it is a good sign; but it forbodes evil, if you converse with one.

To dream you bathe in a clear fountain denotes gladness; but, if it be muddy, an enemy will bring a false accusation against you. To dream of carrying a heavy weight on your back denotes servitude, if you are rich; honour, if you are poor. The fortune-teller of the present day pretend to give an interpretation for every dream, no matter whatever may be its subject; and the computation would startle as if all those who now anxiously seek the solution of their dreams could be enumerated.

It is curious that the same sign in different countries is often made to bear a directly contrary signification. The English peasant-girl thinks it a sure sign of happiness if she dream of a rose; but the *peysanne* in Normandy believes that it forbodes disappointment and vexation. To dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity to the Englishman; but it is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity in Switzerland.

The possibility of suggesting dreams to some sleepers by whispering in the ear is a well-known fact; but this can, doubtless, be only practicable where the sensuous organs are partly awake. A case of this description is related by Dr. Abercrombie. "An officer whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him was so remarkable that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunk in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of a swimmer. They then suggested to him that he was being pursued by a shark, and intreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course, awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds that "he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

The amiable poet Cowper believed that all dreams were caused either by a good or evil agency; and a celebrated poet says—

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,
That when Monarch Reason sleeps, this minute wakes.

It is a remarkable fact that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same kind of dream in several persons at the same time. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared. The cause of this was explained that they had been exposed in common to the influence of a deleterious gas.

There are many instances on record of persons performing intellectual feats in dreams to which they were unequal when awake. The following is well authenticated. A daughter of Sir George Mackenzie, who died at an early age, was endowed with a remarkable genius for music, and was an accomplished organist. This young lady dreamt during an illness that she was at a party where she heard a new piece of music, which made so great an impression on her by its novelty and beauty that, on awakening, she besought her attendants to bring her some paper, that she might write it down before she had forgotten it—an indulgence which, apprehensive of excitement, her medical attendant unfortunately forbade; for, apart from the additional psychological interest that would have been attached to the fact, the effects of compliance, judging from what ensued, would probably have been soothing rather than otherwise. About ten days afterwards she had a second dream, wherein she again found herself at a party, where she descried on the desk of a pianoforte, in a corner of the room, an open book, in which, with astonished delight, she recognised the same piece of music, which she immediately proceeded to play, and then awoke. The piece was not of a short or fugitive character, but in the style of an overture.

Somewhat analogous to this sort of double life is the case of the young girl mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie and others, whose employment was keeping cattle, and who slept for some time, much to her annoyance, in the room adjoining one occupied by an itinerant musician. The man, who played exceedingly well, being an enthusiast in his art, frequently practised the greater part of the night, performing on his violin very complicated and difficult compositions; whilst the girl, so far from discovering any pleasure in his performances, complained bitterly of being kept awake by the noise. Some time after this, she fell ill, and was removed to the house of a charitable lady, who undertook the charge of her; and here, by and by, the family were amazed by frequently hearing the most exquisite music in the night, which they at length discovered to proceed from the girl. The sounds were those of a violin, and the tuning and other preliminary processes were accurately imitated.

She went through long and elaborate pieces, and afterwards was heard imitating, in the same way, the sounds of a pianoforte that was in the house. She also talked very clearly on the subjects of religion and politics, and discussed, with great judgment, the characters and conduct of persons, both public and private. Awake, she knew nothing of these things, but was, on the contrary, stupid, heavy, and had no taste whatever for music.

Similar unexpected faculties have been not unfrequently manifested by the dying; and we conclude from this, that the incipient death of the body is leaving the spirit more unobstructed.

Parallel instances are those of idiots who, either in a somnambulant state or immediately previous to death, have spoken as if inspired.

We are accustomed, and with justice, to wonder at the admirable mechanism by which, without fatigue or exertion, we communicate with our fellow-beings. But how slow and ineffective is human speech compared with the lightning-like rapidity of our thoughts in sleep, where a whole history is understood at a glance, and scenes that seem to occupy months and weeks are acted out in a few minutes or seconds! The jarring of a door, opening of a window, or any other noise, will, at the same moment it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America; that, in embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, having awoke with the fright, discovered that he had not been asleep above ten minutes, during which all the *minutiae* incidental to a sea-voyage and a stay on land were, in that time, performed by him. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage, remained some days in Calcutta, returned home, then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataracts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and, to crown the whole, had the honour of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of probably a few minutes.

One class of dreams called "retrospective" is of frequent occurrence, in which the veil which obscured the events of our past life is withdrawn, and not only the early incidents of childhood, but recent events which have escaped

our memory in waking hours, are passed in vivid review before us.

Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "Waverley," relates the following anecdote:—"A gentleman connected with a bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a cheque for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavours to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep, and dreamed he was at his bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six-pound cheque arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

Another gentleman, a solicitor, lost a very important document relating to the conveyance of some property. Search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement, the son of this gentleman went to bed, greatly disappointed, and dreamt that at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father his table was covered with the affairs of a particular client; and there found the paper they had been searching for, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way connected.

There is another class of dreams which seems more extraordinary than the above, in which the dreams of the sleeper coincide with events taking place at a distance.

In the "Memoirs of Margaret de Valois" we read that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of Jarnac, thrown from his horse, and the Prince de Condé dead—events which happened precisely at that moment. Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the coincidence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story:—Miss M., a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that,

when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover—pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast—enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle; desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with grief. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterwards; but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct; for accounts were shortly afterward received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision.

Another class of dreams are those which partake of the nature of second sight or prophecy, and of these there are various kinds: some being plain and literal in their premonitions, others allegorical and obscure; whilst some also regard the most unimportant, and others the most grave events of our lives. We give here examples of this kind:—A gentleman engaged in business in the south of Scotland dreams that, on entering his office in the morning, he sees seated on a certain stool a person formerly in his service as clerk, of whom he had neither heard nor thought of for some time. He inquires the motive of the visit, and is told that such and such circumstances having brought the stranger to that part of the country, he could not forbear visiting his old quarters, expressing, at the same time, a wish to spend a few days in his former occupation, &c. The gentleman being struck with the vividness of the illusion, relates his dream at breakfast, and, to his surprise, on going to his office, there sits the man, and the dialogue that ensues is precisely that of the dream. A late writer on this subject mentions, in an interview he had with Burke, after his condemnation, that the latter told him that many months before he was apprehended and convicted he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; that also he imagined himself going to execution, and his chief anxiety was, how he should comport himself upon the occasion.

There are also, on record, both in this country and others, many perfectly well-authenticated cases of people obtaining prices in the lottery through having dreamt of the fortunate number.

William, following dream, as regards the fate of a very interesting person, will be read with attention. Major André, the circumstances of whose lamented death are too well known to make it necessary to detail them here, previously to his embarkation for America made a journey into Derbyshire to pay Miss Seward a visit; and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak, and introduce André to a Mr. Newton and Mr. Cunningham. Whilst these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, the latter gentleman mentioned to the former that on the preceding night he had had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him; and, whilst looking about, he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket, and, seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood brought out and suspended to a gallows. When Major André and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream.

We will conclude this subject by a few examples of allegorical dreams.

A lady, whenever a misfortune was impending, dreamt that she saw a large fish.

A maid-servant living in a distinguished family in Edinburgh, was repeatedly warned of the approaching death of certain members of that family, by dreaming that one of the walls of the house had fallen. Shortly before the head of the family sickened and died, she said that she had dreamt that the main wall had fallen.

On the 16th of August, 1789, Frederick II. of Prussia is said to have dreamt that a star fell from heaven, and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could with great difficulty find his way through it. He mentioned the dream to his attendants, and it was afterwards observed that it was on that day Napoleon was born.

Numerous are the cases extant of persons escaping impending danger by the vivacious of

their dreams, not only occurring once, but three or four times successively; instances so thoroughly attested that it is as impossible to doubt as to account for them.

ENJOYMENT

Men will find the cheering sun,
Who counts the hours that form the year,
In clouds hath not so often run
His daily course, as shining clear.
So, who will look within his breast
Will find, by happiness possessed;
Of all the days that have been given,
A number greater far than those
When he with misery has striven
And unrelenting woe.
Of Virtue's happiness I speak—
And those who tread her pleasant way
Are those alone who truly seek
A bliss that never will decay:
For happiness is never found
Of those who break beyond her bound,
And boast that they are free,
When wand'ring in strange paths they go;
For vice is bought but misery
That seeks delight from woe.
Be not mistaken, ye who love
With truth sincere religion's cause,
Who try with argument to prove
That life in sadness onward draws,
Believing it is laid on you
To hold such doctrine wholly true,
As though revealed direct from heaven;
But the Creator makes earth fair,
Has many beauties to it given,
And places Babel there. F. FAYROT.

THE STORK.

THE white stork generally stands from three feet and a half to four feet in height, including its neck. The legs are exceedingly long, and do not appear sufficiently thick for the bulk they sustain; the feet are webbed. The beak is straight, long, pointed, and compressed. The stork walks slowly, and with measured steps; but its flight is powerful and long-continued, and it is accustomed to traverse the higher regions of the air.

Storks are thus birds of passage. They spend the winter in the deserts of Africa and Arabia, and in summer return to towns and villages in colder latitudes, where they build their nests on the summits of old towers and bell-towers, on the chimneys of the highest houses, and sometimes in dead trees. In marshy districts, where the services of the bird in destroying reptiles are of great value, the people fix an old cart-wheel, by the nave, in an horizontal position, to the extremity of a long perpendicular pole; an accommodation which seems so very eligible to the birds, that they rarely fail to construct their capacious habitation on such platforms.

The nest is a large cylindrical structure, built very strongly and durably with sticks, twigs, and strong reeds, and lined on the inside

with fast-dry herbs, mosses, and down gathered from the bushes. These fabrics last many years, and to them the faithful pairs annually direct their winging course from far distant regions, to deposit their eggs, and to rear their young.

There are several references in the Scriptures to the bird now under consideration. Thus one of the inspired writers says, "As for the stork, the fir-tree is her house;" and it is stated by Doubdan, that the fields between Cana and Nazareth are covered by numerous flocks of them, each flock containing, according to his computation, more than a thousand. In some parts the ground is entirely whitened by them; and, on the wing, they darken the air like a congeries of clouds. At the approach of evening they retire to roost in the trees.

Jeremiah, the prophet, alludes to the annual migration of the stork. He speaks of it as "in the heaven," expressing in this way the astonishing flight of this bird when she starts for distant regions, and the amazing height to which she soars. He says also, that the stork "knoweth her appointed time." In this fact Shaw alludes, and states that, for about the space of a fortnight before these birds pass from one country to another, they "constantly resort together from all the circumjacent parts in a certain plain; and there forming themselves, once every day, into a *shewance*, or council, according to the phrase of Eastern nations, are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the place of their future abode."

In Bagdad, and some other of the remote cities of Asiatic Turkey, the nests of storks present a very remarkable appearance. The towers of the mosques at Constantinople, and most other parts of Turkey, are tall round pillars, surmounted by a very pointed cone; but at Bagdad the absence of this cone enables these birds to build their nests upon the summit; and, as the diameter of the nest generally corresponds with that of the tower, it appears as a part of it, and a regular termination to it. The curious effect is not a little increased by the appearance of the bird itself in the nest, which thus, as part of the body and its long neck are seen above the edge, appears the crowning object of the pillar.

The Turks hold the bird in high esteem; and the stork, in cities of mixed population, rarely or never builds its nest on any other than a Turkish house. Thus, the Rev. J. Hartley remarks:—"The Greeks have carried their antipathy to the Turks to such a pitch that they have destroyed all the storks in the country. On inquiring the reason, I was informed, 'The stork is a Turkish bird; it never used to build its nest on the house of a Greek, but always on that of a Turk.' The tenderness

which the Turks display towards the feathered tribes is indeed a pleasing trait in their character."

In all countries where it breeds, as in Holland and Germany, it is protected, boxes being provided for these birds on the tops of the houses; and in many continental cities it is deemed a favourable omen for a man when a stork selects his roof as his periodical resting-place. Here it will remain for many successive years; this sagacious tenants of the nest returning, from time to time, with unfailing precision.

The eggs vary, being not less than two, and rarely exceeding four. The female covers them with the most tender solicitude, and will rather die than resign her charge. In the battle of Friedland, a farm near the city was set on fire by the falling of a bomb, and the conflagration extended to an old dry tree, on which a pair of storks had built their nests. It was then the season of incubation, and the mother would not quit the nest until it was completely enveloped in flames. She then flew up perpendicularly, and, when she had attained to a great height, dashed down into the midst of the fire, as if endeavouring to rescue her beloved progeny from destruction. In one of these descents, enveloped in fire and smoke, she fell into the midst of the burning embers, and perished.

The most assiduous care in the rearing of the young succeeds to that of incubation. The parents never lose sight of their brood. One remains in charge of the nest, while the other is abroad searching for serpents, lizards, frogs, or snails. Their teaching the young in their first career through the air is said to present an interesting spectacle.

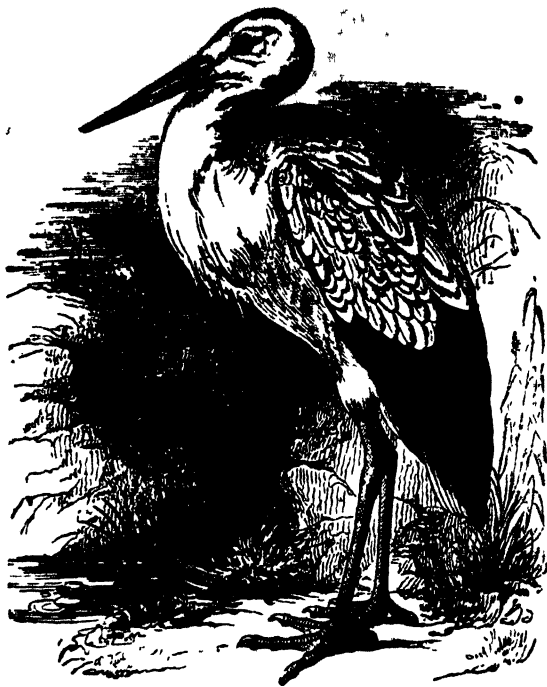
The two parents guard and feed each brood, one always remaining on it, while the other goes for food. They keep the young ones much longer in the nest than any other bird; and, after they have led them out of it by day, they bring them back at night; preserving it as their natural and proper home.

When they first take out the young, they practise them to fly; and they lead them to the marshes, and to the hedge-sides, pointing them out the frogs, and serpents, and lizards, which are their proper food; and they seek out toads, which they never eat, and take great pains to make the young distinguish them. In the end of autumn, not being able to bear the winter of Denmark, they gather in a great body about the sea-coasts, as we see swallows do, and go off together: the old ones leading the young ones in the centre, and a second body of the old behind. They return in spring, and betake themselves in families to their several nests. The people of Toningen and the neighbouring

coasts gather together to see them come; for they are superstitious, and form certain presages from the manner of their flight. At this time it is not uncommon to see several of the old birds, who are tired and feeble with the long flight, supported at times on the backs of

the young; and the peasants speak of it as a certainty, that many of these are, when they return to their home, carefully laid in their old nests, and cherished by the young ones which they reared with so much care the spring before.

The stork is easily tamed, and may be trained



THE WHITE STORK.

to reside in gardens, which it will clear of reptiles and insects. Though grave in its air, it may be roused by example into a certain degree of gaiety. Hermann relates that he saw some children in a garden playing at hide and seek: a tame stork joined the party, ran its turn when touched, and distinguished the child whose turn it was to pursue the rest so well, as, along with the others, to be on its guard.

Another instance of sagacity has been recorded. A farmer, in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, brought into his poultry-yard a wild stork, to be the companion of a tame one which he had long kept there; but the latter, disliking a rival, beat the wild one so cruelly that he was

compelled to take wing, and with some difficulty escaped. A few months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry-yard, attended by three other storks, when they all fell on the tame stork, and killed him.

This stately bird, though a visitor of the continent of Europe, from the north of Spain to Prussia, and particularly common in Holland, is rarely seen in England except in zoological collections. It was once, however, common; and one of the many evidences of the changes produced by the operations of man is afforded in the extinction of the stork. One or two solitary storks have been shot in England during the present century.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.



MISS NIGHTINGALE.

LAST month we printed a brief account of Miss Nightingale, of her self-denial and philanthropy. This month we give her portrait—a portrait which will be regarded with grateful eyes by scores of our readers the sufferings of whose dear ones she is now ministering to, and by thousands who have womanly hearts to pity and to love.

No reputation, however, was ever so bright, no deeds ever so good, no life ever so well-lived, but that people have been found to tarnish and depreciate. Miss Nightingale, of course, was too shining an example to escape; and it has been discovered by some of the patriotic, that her actual object in abandoning the luxuries of an English home for the unutterable disquiet

of a hospital—a hospital for the maimed, mangled, as well as the sick—is not to alleviate suffering, to soothe, or perhaps, by God's will, to save, but to convert the British soldier to Paezicism!

Even that ridiculous accusation has been brought against Miss Nightingale, and hundreds of people fancy themselves a good deal more virtuous for believing it. We humbly hope, however, that we have no subscriber quite so good.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

The number of competitors on the present occasion are fewer than usual, but they write as much to the purpose as ever. ELIZABETH'S Essay is terse and sensible, but too brief. We must repeat that no essay is acceptable that will not constitute at least one of our pages in print. EMILIA'S is also creditable and brief. MARGERY'S is not the worst. FRANCIS R. expounds her views in a forcible manner; and her language is unusually terse and vigorous; but we must be pardoned if we add that she argues the subject with a little too much freedom, which destroys the value of her remarks for our pages. HADASSAH, whose perseverance is admirable, hardly satisfies us yet; at the same time, there is much in her Essay which is very creditable. PAMELA, a very young aspirant, evinces all the symptoms of clever writing; and we strongly urge her to persevere. L. E. insists upon a candid opinion of her composition: it is good in very few respects. M. S. R. must try again: the first portion of her paper pleased us much. ALICE carries off the prize; her Essay is a piece of good writing, and deserves the attention of every reader. To PAMELA and FRANCIS R. Certificates of Merit are awarded.

DISPARITY OF YEARS AND MARRIAGE.

As we grow older in life, and cast backward glances upon that past which once lay before us a bright future of hope and promise, I do not know if anything strikes us more painfully than the knowledge how little we have done of all that we meant to do—than the difference between the life intended and the life accomplished. Aspirations crushed, hopes deferred, opportunities lost, principles weakened, sense sobered, happiness shadowed—we see all these things as we look back on the vistas of memory: those vistas that were once to us such sunny dreamland, but whose spiritual nature faded away from us as, growing older, we tried to grasp them with earthly minds.

Yes, it is in sweet youth that we dream out our existences. Alas that in sterner womanhood we have so often to *work through* them! And it is this that brings us to consider "dis-

parity of years as regards marriage;" for we are not ashamed of owning that it is in marriage that most women look forward to the realisation of all their dreams of love and happiness. Is it right, then, that May should wed with December, or that a Flora should choose a boy for her suitor? The general opinion is in favour of the latter mistake. There is something in the marriage of a staid woman to the stripling that naturally disgusts the general herd of mankind. They argue (not unwisely) that such marriages cannot be of the affections, that the "poor fellow" had been obliged to sell himself, or that the lady seemed determined to lose no chance of being married. Besides, here there can exist no natural dignity: the wife must either descend to the youthfulness and pursuits of her husband, making herself young again, and often, therefore, being ridiculous, or she must consent that he shall seek his amusements elsewhere, and be content herself with the position of mistress of his house, and wile-matron to his younger inexperience.

These sort of matches, however, are not so frequent as those of the contrary order. How often we see young girls selling themselves to old men, and young happy spirits entering the world as wives, where, for age, they might be the daughters of the men they marry. The mistake here, however, is principally a weakness on the man's side. Aye, lords of the creation have decidedly a *penchant* for something young and pretty. The consideration that they shall ever grow old themselves appears never to occur to them; and if they do remember it, they comfort themselves that they would rather do so in the company of a young woman than of an old one. This is the reason why there are so many unhappy second marriages in the world; for, with men, a first marriage springs generally from mutual regard, but in a second from vanity. It is the middle-aged man, the sober widower, who finds, at the age of fifty, that he cannot continue to live without a young, pretty wife; that women of his own age are all *passée*, interested, stubborn, matter-of-fact; and that a young girl is just the person he could mould to his fancy—who would be sure to accommodate herself to him—who would reflect credit on his choice—last, not least, who would be most likely to be in love with him for himself, and not for his possessions.

This kind of man enters the lists with much more assurance than one only half his age: he takes it for granted that his notice will give pleasure, that there must be to all young girls a certain pride and gratification in attracting the attention of a man double their own age and with twice their experience—a certain charm in the maturity of the conquest. They are very warm lovers, too, for the

most part, these men: liberal, eager, impulsive, warm-hearted. No wonder that many a young girl is led away by their bright promises of things to yield her hand where her feelings and her imagination have been alone interested, and where (never having yet loved) she falls into the huge mistake of fancying that gratitude for being liked, and a certain pleased vanity, can stand very well in the place of it.

But, alas! disparity of years in marriage does not manifest itself till the parties have begun to settle down; when the husband (grown old before in the *idleness* of first married life) begins to look with dismay on shirts with buttons off, on household unpunctuality, on the want of the hundred and one little comforts that had served before to make up the sum of his domestic felicity. Then is the brow shadowed, the voice stern; already seem to be forgotten the words of devotion so grateful to the young wife's ears, and after awhile she awakes to the conclusion that her husband has begun to find out that she is not all perfection. An injured feeling creeps upon her mind, and the routine of the household is counted a duty instead of a pleasure. She is (as befits her youth) merry, light-hearted, somewhat careless of appearances from very innocence of mind; she is a favourite in society, and she openly avows that she is fond of it. But her husband has long since ceased to care for balls, and fetes, and pic-nics. He is pleased to see her well-dressed, and to hear how she is admired; but he cannot toil through the tedious process of dressing to go out with her, and giving up all his time to pursuits that do not interest him. It is, therefore, very probable that she goes out by herself; it is also not impossible that her spirits may carry her away—that she may commit imprudences she regrets immediately afterwards, but which suffice to stamp her with the name of “flirt.” Here, too, dissensions spring up between them: he is jealous, perhaps, of the attentions she has excited, or annoyed that she is never at home at his dinner-time, or to air his newspapers, or to accompany him in his walks. He cannot interest her, either, in his pursuits: agriculture is thrown away upon her, she is a perfect dunce as to politics, and is so ignorant as regards sport that there is really no pleasure in telling her of his successes; in fact, he concludes he has married a dressed doll instead of a sensible companion, and makes up his mind, in a sort of silent contempt, that she shall be thus treated for the future. Whilst, in like fashion, she argues that her Cupid is turned into an Ulysses; and that though you may receive great benefit from your Master as a school-master, yet it is not exactly in that sort of capacity you would desire him whom you once

reckoned on, a friend and companion, to pass through life with you. Alas! that disparity of years in marriage should so often produce restraint, reserve, bitterness, and misery; and even if peace is obtained at last, it is very often at the sacrifice of affection. The young girl who marries a man of mature years should first well consider of it. If however, she undertakes this position, it becomes her positive duty to conform herself to it; there must be no drawing back, no yielding to morbid fancies or injured feelings; she must be content to pass at once from girlhood into womanhood, and make herself essential as companion and helpmate to the man she has chosen. She must never let him see that she considers his age; she must live so as to have the respect of every one; and that he may feel the greater pride in his own choice, she must be mild, watchful, circumspect, ever looking up to him and drawing the nearer as her natural protector, and she will have her reward. She will be trusted because she has never excited in him any jealousy of feeling; she will be honoured because her natural dignity has asserted itself; and she will be loved with somewhat of the tenderness of the father, and the passion of a lover. If unhappy thoughts of a brighter future that *might* have been cross her mind, she will at once begin to reason upon it; and, comparing her present assured happiness with the uncertainty of her brightest fancy, she will place the good she holds against that visionary Elysium, and prove that sometimes even disparity in years will not have power to make unhappy those who have thus married, and who have thus conducted themselves.

Stowcliffe.

ALIVE.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

EVERY year since Mr. Dickens published his consummately beautiful “Carol,” we have been treated to a large supply of Christmas books; but not one of these books—not even those of Mr. Dickens himself—has even approached the “Carol,” and, despite the general determination to be pleased with these “seasonable presents,” we have been almost always disappointed. The consequence is, that we have now fewer books of this character; which is more than compensated by their being far better. There now lie before us, “The Rose and the Ring,” by Mr. Thackeray; the “Christmas Stocking,” by the authoress of the “Wide, Wide World,” and “The Frost on the Pane,” which Mr. W. B. Rands hopes to cazen us into the idea that he only edited. And as everybody likes to hear about the Christmas books, and a great many people like

to buy and to read them, we will just give an opinion of these three.

The "Rose and the Ring"* has been said by the critical to be nothing very striking, and so on. Let us remark that a strong body of the critical have no better means of exalting their talents than by showing how little they are affected by the productions of men acknowledged great. There is no credit in decrying Miss Emmeline Courthall's last novel; everybody knows that *all* Emmeline's "works," as she designates them, are not worth a straw; but to declare that Mr. Thackeray writes stuff, or to go into convulsions of disgust at the last production of Dickens or some other celebrity, is at once dignified, bold, and an evidence of super-social powers of criticism. So the "Rose and the Ring" is said to be not equal to the author's reputation. Let not the readers of this Magazine believe it, till they have had an opportunity of judging for themselves. Let them rather believe that it is a genuine piece of humour, keen as razors and boisterous as the north wind. It is a "Fireside Pantomime;" or extravaganza. Conceive, therefore, of one of those brilliant pieces of poetical nonsense which Mr. Planché places on the stage, done into a book, with ten times as much humour, ten times as many passages to laugh right out at, and keen, goodnatured, and wholesome sarcasm scintillating over every page. Then, for scenery and "properties," there are half a hundred woodcuts, exquisitely ludicrous. The feature of this work is, indeed, its rampant extravagance, its raving incongruity. And so we leave the "Rose and the Ring."

Next in our enumeration is the "Christmas Stocking" of Miss Wetherell;† of which it will be enough to say that it is full of passages as excellent as the best of the "Wide, Wide World." The tone of the book is all religious; but there is much fancy, and not a little of the comical. The opening of the story is beautifully true to life, and a finished specimen of that best style which is always in association with the scene and characters. We do not know that we can say any better of it; but the book certainly deserves so much praise. What is it about? Why, a little fisher boy goes to bed one Christmas eve, with little chance of finding, in the morning, the customary Christmas stocking, filled with toys, sweets, &c., which the good Santa Claus presents to most American children. His good father and mother, however, do find an old stocking, and fill it with what they have to give—a pair of new boots, some apples, a fir-cone, a little boat which the father makes for

him, a red cent, a purse, and a hymn-book; and all these articles tell the boy their lives and adventures.

These two books are interesting because they are written by old and well-known hands—if Miss Wetherell will be good enough to pardon the indignity; the third is interesting because written by a new and not well-known hand, which yet promises to become familiar to us all. The "newness" is, indeed, very distinguishable; for the "Frost on the Pane" follows in nobody's track, but, both in essence and substance, is original. The idea of the story is new, the construction has its points of novelty, and the style is fresh, young, and evidently much stronger than we are obliged to believe from this specimen. The frost, making drawings on the window-pane in the dark, and therefore not very distinctly, is yet artist enough to have left one morning distinguishable pictures of a widow's cap, a waggon and horses, a poplar-tree, a wanderer wandered to a gravestone, an easy-chair and an old church-porch, May blossoms, and an old sword-handle. Of course, that is just the mad high-gledy-piggledy style in which the frost *always* designs; and, though we are not in the secret, we have no hesitation in believing that the May blossoms bloomed on the old sword-handle, that the poplar-tree grew out of the waggon and horses, and that the widow's cap was trimmed with the old arm-chair. Notwithstanding, there is something exceedingly picturesque in all these articles; and the author straightway fell to pondering their meaning, found it out, and so tells the story of the "Frost on the Pane." It is one of the genial class of stories; a good-natured, clever, sound-hearted sort of a story, calculated to disappoint nobody in the world. The prologue we are almost persuaded to quote, it is so good.

Our readers have now three good books to choose from. Those who like something brilliant to laugh—or let us rather say grin—over, should purchase Mr. Thackeray's book; those who want a good, thoughtful, pious little story should buy Miss Wetherell's "Stocking;" those who adhere to the original style of Christmas story-telling—now comical, then pathetic, and always hearty and clever—should order the "Frost on the Pane."

* Cash and Co., Bishopsgate-street.

THE SCHOOL FOR GOOD MANNERS.—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his mesmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king," "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog!" "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he was never outside of land in his life."

* Published by Bogue, Fleet-street.

† Clarke and Becton, Fleet-street.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE ANNUAL PRIZES.

In future, purchasers of the back volumes, by sending in the cheques to be found in each, will be entitled to a chance in the next distribution of Prizes. Purchasers of volumes which contain cheques for a *specific* prize may send them to the office, where they will be changed for new ones.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that Essays on the subject of "THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG," with especial relation to the necessity of cheerful influences, must be sent in on or before the 12th of January. The subject for the next Essay (to be printed in the March number) is "THE HAPPIEST LOT."

THE PRIZE WORK PATTERNS.

On reference to another page, it will be seen that the prize for the best chemisette pattern has been obtained by Miss J., Southampton. The second best pattern is that of AGNES P., Rochester; while those of MIRIAM and L. E. L. are highly creditable. Patterns for the PURSE should be sent in on or before the 10th of the month. The next subject for competition is a Crochet Collar in raised flowers. All patterns sent in must be worked and the descriptions written from the working.

. In consequence of the numerous applications we have lately received for details respecting the publication of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, the plan upon which the prizes are distributed, &c., we have caused a kind of Prospectus to be printed, copies of which will be forwarded (post free) on application.

OUR SOLDIERS.—HANNAH suggests that all the lady subscribers to the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE should contribute a little sixpence toward the comfort of our unconquerable army in the East—to form a little "Englishwoman's Fund," and to be placed at the disposal of the Editor. We are flattered by the compliment; and if the idea be carried out, or to whatever extent it may be carried out, we shall only be too happy to use the utmost diligence in finding out how such a fund might best be applied.

ALICE ELIZABETH.—We are reluctantly compelled to postpone till next month the pattern of crochet edging so obligingly forwarded by our correspondent.

WILHELMINA.—We reprint the following receipt for a lip-salve from Vol. I. of the Magazine. White wax, an ounce and a half; hog's lard, two ounces; spermaceti, half an ounce; the finest sweet oil, one ounce; alkanet root, cut small, one drachm; balsam of Peru, two drachms; a little fine sugar and six raisins, pounded. Simmer all together a little while, and then strain it off. Scent as you please. The lard must be well washed in cold water.—This receipt has been tested, and found "invaluable."

NORA again falls short of the mark.

WOULD-BE-BELLE we are really unable to advise. It is a pity, but we are really afraid she will never "get over her arms," to complete satisfaction. Their unusual redness is attributable, no doubt, to an unusually fine skin and full health; to which what objection can be made? Pearl powder is a transparent sort of deception, which a little exertion will rub on, and no exertion rub in.



SPRIG FOR CHEMISETTE ON P. 272.

ALICE S. AND FLORENCE KATE are referred to the Advertisement sheet, where they will find full details concerning the cheques, &c. FLORENCE'S handwriting is certainly capable of improvement: we recommend a few lessons.

LIZZIE is entitled to draw for the prizes.

J. C.—We are afraid your prints are past repair. SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know that it is customary, when matches are made, for the lady to furnish the linen for the new home; though where she makes any contribution, linen is certainly the most appropriate. In Jersey and Guernsey it is customary for the lady or her friends to furnish the house completely; or where circumstances do not allow of this, a chest of drawers well filled with linen, and a feather bed, is contributed.

E. A. (Achill).—The fault is the bookseller's. The Magazine is always ready for the mails at least two days before the date of publication.

THETA will find a receipt for washing crochet lace in the present number.

COUNTRY GIRL.—A soft cotton.

FAUCHETTE.—The Sybil is indeed deceased; and her mantle nobody owns.

ELIZA.—Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots while wet, covering them with fine chalk scraped to powder and well rubbed in.

HILDA.—An extremely good French English dictionary is that of Dr. E. Feller, published at Leipzig, by E. G. Teubner. It may be ordered of any foreign bookseller in London.

SISTER FAX.—The border is worked separately, according to the directions, and afterwards attached. "Cemented," is a printer's blunder. It should be "connected."

ELIZABETH.—Every writer of fiction, no doubt, largely introduces into his works the experiences of his own life, with a certain amount of transfiguration. If the experience, the feelings, the ideas of each one of us were known, we should be found very much alike; the novelist knows this, and draws from his own heart the model of half the passions, eccentricities, &c., he displays at large upon his canvas. He falls for an hour into an unusual mood; wakes, and identifies it with a certain individuality which all the world hails as true; for it knows the mood also, and that many men are made of it. He drags a little meanness from his own mind into the light, examines it, magnifies it, beholds the full-grown vice, and describes it in full as belonging to this hero or to that; and we get one side of what is called an original character. In fact, the novelist analyses himself; and a grain of any characteristic is enough to work on. It is said that he observes—chiefly he observes himself; and, knowing his own mind, knows half the world. Familiar with the nature of his own constituents, he is of course quick to detect when any one of them preponderates in another man, and the character which must result where that and the other constituents assimilate in preponderation. Whether in "David Copperfield" Mr. Dickens has displayed much of his own history or worldly experience we do not know; but in such a character he could not avoid infusing much of his own peculiar self.

ACCEPTED.—"Domestic Trials."
RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Return of Christmas"—"Farewell"—"The Smile"—"Acrostic"—"Matrimonial Felicity."

The Toilette.

A COSMETIC.—Buttermilk is certainly a good cosmetic—to those who do not prefer exercise, plain diet, and frequent use of plain soap and water.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Before the skin is broken rub the chilblain gently once a day with a little caustic, and in about a week it will completely disappear.

CAMPHORATED TOOTH-PASTE.—A subscriber recommends the following as the "best article for the teeth that can be used."—Camphor, half an ounce; prepared chalk, two ounces; scotchfish-bone (powdered), half an ounce; rose pink, half an ounce; honey in sufficient proportion to make the whole into a paste. The "Rose Tooth-paste" is made by the mere substitution of otto of roses for camphor; and the same paste is sold under various names and appearances by similar substitutions.

BALSAM DYE.—The fresh leaves of the common garden-balsam, pounded together with a small quantity of alum, impart an orange-coloured dye to wool, hair, and the human skin, similar to that of the "henna" or "kiba" so much used in Eastern countries, and the balsam leaves are sometimes employed as a substitute. The dye is applied in the form of a paste, and is left on for more or less time, according to the depth of the hue required.

Things Worth Knowing.

SILK.—Silk should not be kept wrapped in white paper. The chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will affect the colour.

GLASS.—Glass should be washed in cold water; which gives a brighter and clearer appearance to it than when washed in warm water.

PAPER MACHE.—Wash paper maché articles with a sponge and cold water (without soap), dredged while damp with flour, and polished with a piece of flannel.

HAIR BRUSHES.—To clean hair-brushes, put a spoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiling-water, then fasten a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush. Next pour some hot water over it, and dry before the fire.

FRENCH POLISH.—French polish may be made thus: 1 quart of rectified spirits of wine, 2 ounces of seed-lac, 1 ounce of shell-lac, 1 ounce of gum sandarach, 1 ounce of gum copal, and an ounce of camphor. Pound the gums into powder, and put the whole into a stone bottle; cork it well, and place the bottle in boiling-water.

HOW TO LIGHT A CANDLE.—Hold the match to the side of the wick, and not at the top.

STRAW MATTING.—Straw matting should be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water, and carefully wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

BLACKING FOR STOVES.—A good blacking for stoves may be made with half a pound of black lead finely powdered, mixed with the white of three eggs. To make it stick, then dilute it with some beer till it becomes as thin as shoe blacking; after stirring, set it over the fire to simmer for twenty minutes. When cold, it is fit for use.

TO RESTORE CRAPE.—Skimmed milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, is excellent to restore rusty Italian crape. If clapped and pulled dry, like muslin, it will look as good as new.

TO WASH LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, and crochet collars will be found excellent; while it does not subject the articles to so much wear and tear. Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it thus for twenty minutes in soft water; let all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. If a long piece of lace is to be washed, it must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above (or below) the last; a few stitches at the beginning and end will be enough to keep it firm. A collar requires more tacking to keep it firm.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COFFEE-POT.—The coffee-pot that is broadest at bottom and narrowest at top will infallibly make the best coffee.

WINDSOR SOAP.—The celebrated Windsor soap is made of nine parts tallow to one of olive oil and soda lye. The scent is added while the soap is melting.

TO MAKE PAPER FIREPROOF.—Dip paper into strong alum water; and it will resist the action of fire.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse the ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow colour; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, exposing it (in the water) to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory assumes a black colour; but this black surface, when rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

Wit and Wisdom.

TO POACH EGGS.—To do these properly, it is necessary that the eggs should be fresh; those that have been laid about two or three days are the best, as before this the whites are milky, and not so firm as afterwards. Put into a saucepan some water, with a little salt and vinegar, and make it boil; then make a hole at the large end of each egg, sufficiently large to admit the yolk passing through without being broken. Drop each egg from the shell into the water, so that the yolk may be equally covered with the white, or break each egg into a teacup and drop them in; when there are as many dropped into the water as are required to be poached, put them over the fire, and let the water boil up two or three times, when they will be sufficiently done. Take them out with a slice, and trim each egg neatly, that there may be no ragged bits about them. Serve them on toasted bread, or with stewed spinach, or condive.

SHANK JELLY.—Soak twelve shanks of mutton four hours, then brush and scour them very clean. Lay them in a saucepan with three blades of mace, an onion, twenty Jamaica and thirty or forty black peppers, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a crust of bread made very brown by toasting. Pour three quarts of water to them, and let them simmer as gentle as possible for five hours; then strain off, and put it in a cold place. This may have the addition of a pound of beef, if approved, for flavour. It is a remarkably good thing for people who are weak.

MALT WINE, OR "ENGLISH MADEIRA."—To make nine gallons, take five gallons of water, and boil in it for five or ten minutes twenty-eight pounds of sugar; draw off the liquor into a convenient vessel, and allow it to cool; then mix with it six quarts each of "sweet wort" and of "tun;" allow it to stand for three days, and then put it into a barrel. Here it will work or ferment for three days or more; then bung up and keep it undisturbed for two or three months; then add three pounds of whole raisins, half a pound of candy, and one pint of brandy. In four or six months after, it should be bottled. Three or six months in this state, and it is "fit for a king"—indeed, it is the best of home-made wines. Those who do not brew may procure the "sweet wort" and the "tun" from any brewer. "Sweet wort" is the liquor that leaves the mash of malt before it is boiled with the hops. "Tun" is the new beer, after the whole of the brewing operation has been completed.

APPLE EGG PUDDING.—Beat an egg well; then add a gill of water or milk, seven or eight table-spoonfuls of flour, and half a spoonful of salt; mix well together. Pare and cut into pieces three apples, and stir them into the batter. Boil the whole in a cloth an hour and a quarter; if in a basin, a little longer. Serve with melted butter flavoured with lemon.

FRENCH COFFEE.—Put a quarter of a pound of coffee into a biggin, and pour upon it a pint of boiling-water. The coffee thus made is of coarse exceedingly strong; but it is now diluted with milk. To half a pint of boiling milk add about a quarter of the coffee made as above, and sweeten with loaf sugar.

GREENHEAD NUTS.—Two pounds of flour, a pound and a quarter of treacle, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of ginger, three quarters of a pound of melted butter, and a pinch or two of cayenne pepper. Mix, and roll out till about half an inch thick, cut into little cakes, and bake.

"Friend," said a shrewd Quaker to a man with a drove of hogs, "hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?" "Yes," replied the driver, "they all have." "Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?" "Yes, they're all of that sort." "Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephants, hanging over their eyes?" "Oh, yes; may I dove will suit you exactly." "Nay, friend; if they are what thou describest them, they would not suit me. Thou mayst drive on." The same drover said that he marked his hogs different from other people, and could tell them as far as he could see them. He cut three pieces off their tails; while other people only cut one.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his mind. "Why, because he sees another puppy in your boots," said a bystander.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder. "He gives me a lickin' every day, and says I deserve two."

Powell, a provincial manager, was about "to take a town"—that is to say, enter it with his histrionic corps; but lacking the one thing needful, applied to a friend for a loan to enable him to put a good face upon the thing. "Oh, my dear sir," said the unwilling friend, "you'll not need any money; you know a *spécioses* appearance does so much." "Yes," replied P.; "but I also know that the appearance of *spécies* does more."

The celebrated Mrs. Tickness undertook to construct a letter every word of which should be French, yet no Frenchman should be able to read it, while an illiterate Englishman or Englishwoman should decipher it with ease. Here follows a description of the *jeu de mots*:—"Pre, dire sistre, comne & se us, & paise the d here if yeux canne, & chat tu mi dame, dine here; & yeux mai go tu la faire if yeux plaise; yeux mai have fiche, mutin, porc, buter, foule, hair, fruit, pigeon, olives, sallette for ure dinner, & excellent te, caffè, port vin, & liquers: & tel ure bette and poli tu comne; lie go tu la faire & visite the baron. But if yeux dont comne tu us, lie go tu ure house and se onele, & se houe he does; for mi dame see he beant il. But doud comne, mi dire; yeux canne li here, yeux noe—if yeux louve musique, yeux mai have the harp, lutte, or viol here. Adieu, mi dire sistre."

The best cure for low spirits is business—one half of the melancholy that you run against is caused by idleness and feather beds. The best fun in the world is activity.

A man whose first wife was remarkably neat married a slut. On one occasion she mastered resolution to rub down the old mahogany table. Her good man sat quietly regarding her until she had done, when he burst into tears. She desired to know what had affected him in so unusual a manner. "The sight of that table," said he, "for I now recognise it as an old acquaintance, and it awakens reminiscences of days that are gone, for it always looked thus when my poor wife was living." It is unnecessary to say that the insulted lady bounced out of the room and declared, as she slammed the door behind her, that she would make herself a slave to no man.

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

J. J. P. is a young man with good expectations, rather tall, and, he thinks he may say without vanity, rather good looking. His hair is—*blu.*; his eyes are—*blu. &c.*; his temper is considered excellent, and he is naturally of a very indulgent and affectionate disposition. But he has never had an opportunity of selecting the partner of his heart. Do we think we could find him a suitable companion, to share his joys and his griefs, to ameliorate the whatsinames of existence, and with him rejoice over the tothers of this world of care?—No, we don't.

EMILY H. writes the sad intelligence that (as she is told and believes) she is slowly but surely going home, from consumption. Before the dread disease manifested itself, she was engaged to a young physician; he first discovered it; and to his exertions and advice **EMILY** believes she owes an extension of her existence, as she knows she owes an alleviation of both pain and gloom. And now, though he is aware she cannot live very long, he wishes to marry her. This **EMILY** is unwilling to consent to. She is as happy in his love as she can be in the world, thinks her death would give additional pain to him if she died his wife, and, more, she does not like to leave her father, and her father is most unwilling to part with her. What shall she do?—**EMILY**'s last reason is best of all; and we advise her to remain at home—hoping for the best.

LILY.—**LILY** would like a foreigner for a husband, and a foreigner has offered to marry her. Her friends object. They say marriages with foreigners are rarely happy. **LILY** thinks that it is all mere prejudice, come down from the days when it was an article of the Englishman's belief that he was equal in all respects to any four foreigners from any of the four quarters of the globe. But still **LILY** would like to know what we think.—Well, for our part, we plead guilty to a good deal of that kind of prejudice too; so far, at any rate, as to hold that the fittest husband for an Englishwoman is an Englishman, and *vice versa*. In this case, it is a question of domestic affinities. A Frenchman may be braver as a soldier, more profound as a philosopher, more imaginative and talented as a musician or poet, and handsomer as a man, than a Briton; but if the former persists in performing his daily ablutions with a pint of warm water, while the latter comes fresh and whole some from his bucket of more bracing element, or from his bath of the same—if the former looks upon his home as "single young men" their lodgings, caring little how it appears, or how it lacks comfort, so long as he (and his wife) is well gloved and got up generally—while the latter first fills his home with substantial comfort, and then dwells on patent boots and the opera—while, in short, foreigners have many habits which are not reconcilable to the mind of an ordinary Englishwoman, we advise all Englishwomen to look for husbands among the brothers and sons of those who have been educated as they themselves have been.

ELDICA.—Withdraw from the attentions of your friend, until you discover whether the rumour is well-founded or not.

M. M.—It is not well to receive, and worse to answer, the letters of a stranger. Leave him to find the means of a regular introduction.

REBECCA M.—We have already expressed the opinion that a woman is by no means bound to marry a man because he says he will drown himself, or hane himself, if she doesn't. The best

course to take is to test the sincerity of such a declaration. If the swain does not destroy his existence, then there is no necessity to pity him; if he does, you are very sorry, but there's no necessity to marry him.

NOMA is in some such case as **LILY**. She (a Catholic) is engaged to marry a Protestant gentleman. The ceremony is to be performed first at a Protestant and afterwards at a Catholic church; and there seems to be some tacit arrangements as to the education of the children **NOMA** hopes to rejoice over. These arrangements are of themselves very ominous; and we are afraid "it won't do."

ELLIE.—It is well as it is. Poverty is often too much for love.

KATE.—All comes of too much confidence. Ladies are a little too fond of making "bosom friends" of any of their sex attentive enough to listen; but the result almost invariably is dissection, if not worse: as in your case.

E. E. wishes us to declare her opinion, founded upon experience, that a woman may be as happy as she likes with any kind-hearted moral man for a husband. She was forced into a union with a man she almost detested. His presence she could not bear, when he touched her hands, she shuddered with what seemed deep antipathy; and yet she is now one of the happiest wives in the world! She resolved to make herself happy, and happy she is.—O model woman!

FORTUNA.—A little spice of jealousy is good both in love and matrimony.

BROWNIE.—It may be rather unreasonable in your husband to require you to abandon the amusement of dancing; but you certainly ought to comply, and that as gracefully as you can.

EVANGELINE MARY.—This is the story of **EVANGELINE MARY**, who writes because she has neither sister nor friend to confide in. When **EVANGELINE** was nineteen years old—that is, three years ago—she was introduced to a young gentleman two years her senior, and became engaged to him, and from that time loved him passionately. The marriage day was fixed; but monetary embarrassment postponed it. **EVANGELINE** waited till prospects brightened; and when they brightened the gentleman married another woman. This was in August last; and ever since then **EVANGELINE** has been unhappy because he keeps all her letters. Shall she ask him for them? And return his?—It is an old and common story; and **EVANGELINE** had better not communicate with her married friend. Let him keep the letters: it is the least dangerous course.

HENRIETTA.—Not the least bit of reason about it. Write again. Ask us how much naughtiness there is about it, and you shall be answered in our next.

NOTICE.

On January 1 was published, price 2d.,

No. I. OF THE

BOYS' OWN MAGAZINE.

To be continued Monthly on the principles, and under the management of the Proprietors, of the "ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE." Each Number illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings, and full of Anecdote, History, Enterprise, Romance, Biography, Notes in Science, Facts, Fancies, and Phenomena. A Magazine at once educational and entertaining.

PRIZES ANNUALLY DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE PURCHASERS.

"One of the most convenient things in housekeeping is a ham. It is always ready, and always welcome. You can eat it with anything and without anything. It reminds me always of the great wild boar Scrimner, in the Northern Mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night."

"In that case, I should think the gods would have the nightmare," said his wife.

"Perhaps they do."

And then another long silence, broken only by the skating of the swift pen over the sheet. Presently Mrs. Churchill said, as if following out her own train of thought, while she ceased plying her needle to bite off the thread, which ladies will sometimes do, in spite of all that is said against it—

"A man came here to-day, calling himself the agent of an extensive house in the needle-trade. He left this sample, and said the drill of the eye was superior to any other, and they are warranted not to cut the thread. He puts them at the wholesale price; and if I do not like the *sixes*, he offers to exchange them for others, either sharps or betweens."

To this remark the abstracted schoolmaster vouchsafed no reply. He found his half-dozen letters not so easily answered, particularly that to the poetical young lady, and worked away busily at them. Finally, they were finished and sealed; and he looked up to his wife. She turned her eyes dreamily upon him. Slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the *hennons*, ready to fall. It was quite late, and he said to her—

"I am too tired, my charming *Lilavati*, and you too sleepy, to sit here any longer to-night. And as I do not wish to begin my romance without having you at my side, so that I can read detached passages to you as I write, I will put it off till to-morrow or the next day."

He watched his wife as she went up stairs with the light. It was a picture always new and always beautiful, and like a painting of *Gherardo della Notte*. As he followed her, he paused to look at the stars. The beauty of the heavens made his soul overflow.

"How absolute," he exclaimed, "how absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time!"

In the night, Mr. Churchill had a singular dream. He thought himself in school, where

he was reading Latin to his pupils. Suddenly all the genitive cases of the first declension began to make faces at him, and to laugh immoderately; and when he tried to lay hold of them, they jumped down into the ablative, and the circumflex accent assumed the form of a great moustache. Then the little village school-house was transformed into a vast and endless school-house of the world, stretching forward, form after form, through all the generations of coming time; and on all the forms sat young men and old, reading and transcribing his romance, which now in his dream was completed, and smiling and passing it onward from one to another, till at last the clock in the corner struck twelve, and the weights ran down with a strange, angry whirr, and the school broke up; and the school-master awoke to find this vision of fame only a dream, out of which his alarm-clock had aroused him at an untimely hour.

VI.

MEANWHILE, a different scene was taking place at the parsonage. Mr. Pendexter had retired to his study to finish his farewell sermon. Silence reigned through the house. Sunday had already commenced there. The week ended with the setting of the sun, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

The clergyman was interrupted in his labours by the old sexton, who called as usual for the key of the church. He was gently rebuked for coming so late, and excused himself by saying that his wife was worse.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Pendexter; "has she her mind?"

"Yes," answered the sexton, "as much as ever."

"She has been ill a long time," continued the clergyman. "We have had prayers for her a great many Sundays."

"It is very true, sir," replied the sexton mournfully; "I have given you a great deal of trouble. But you need not pray for her any more. It is of no use."

Mr. Pendexter's mind was in too fervid a state to notice the extreme and hopeless humility of his old parishioner, and the unintentional allusion to the inefficacy of his prayers. He pressed the old man's hand warmly, and said, with much emotion—

"To-morrow is the last time that I shall preach in this parish, where I have preached for twenty-five years. But it is not the last time I shall pray for you and your family."

The sexton retired also much moved; and the clergyman again resumed his task. His heart glowed and burned within him. Often his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears, so that he could not go on. Often he rose and

paced the chamber to and fro, and wiped away the large drops that stood on his red and feverish forehead.

At length the sermon was finished. He rose and looked out of the window. Slowly the clock struck twelve. He had not heard it strike before, since six. The moonlight silvered the distant hills, and lay, white almost as snow, on the frosty roofs of the village. Not a light could be seen at any window.

"Ungrateful people! Could you not watch with me one hour?" exclaimed he, in that excited and bitter moment; as if he had thought that on that solemn night the whole parish would have watched, while he was writing his farewell discourse. He pressed his hot brow against the window-pane to allay its fever; and across the tremulous wavelets of the river the tranquil moon sent towards him a silvery shaft of light, like an angelic salutation. And the consoling thought came to him, that not only this river, but all rivers and lakes, and the great sea itself, were flashing with this heavenly light, though he beheld it as a single ray only; and that what to him were the dark waves were the dark providences of God, luminous to others, and even to himself should he change his position.

VII.

THE morning came—the dear, delicious, silent Sunday; to the weary workman, both of brain and hand, the beloved day of rest. When the first bell rang, like a brazen mortar, it seemed from its gloomy fortress to bombard the village with bursting shells of sound, that exploded over the houses, shattering the ears of all the parishioners, and shaking the consciences of many.

Mr. Pendexter was to preach his farewell sermon. The church was crowded, and only one person came late. It was a modest, meek girl, who stole silently up one of the side aisles—not so silently, however, but that the pew-door creaked a little as she opened it; and straightway a hundred heads were turned in that direction, although it was in the midst of the prayer. Old Mrs. Fairfield did not turn round, but she and her daughter looked at each other, and their bonnets made a parenthesis in that prayer, within which one asked what that was, and the other replied—

"It is only Alice Archer. She always comes late."

Finally the long prayer was ended, and the congregation sat down, and the weary children—who are always restless during prayers, and had been for nearly half an hour twisting and turning, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, and hanging their heads over the backs of the pews, like tired

colts looking into neighbouring pastures—settled suddenly down, and subsided into something like rest.

The sermon began—such a sermon as had never been preached, or even heard of before. It brought many tears into the eyes of the pastor's friends, and made the stoutest hearts among his fies quake with something like remorse. As he announced the text, "Yea, I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance," it seemed as if the apostle Peter himself, from whose pen the words first proceeded, were calling them to judgment.

He began by giving a minute sketch of his ministry and the state of the parish, with all its troubles and dissensions, social, political, and ecclesiastical. He concluded by thanking those ladies who had presented him with a black silk gown, and had been kind to his wife during her long illness; by apologising for having neglected his own business, which was to study and preach, in order to attend to that of the parish, which was to support its minister—stating that his own short-comings had been owing to theirs, which had driven him into the woods in winter, and into the fields in summer; and finally, by telling the congregation in general, that they were so confirmed in their bad habits, that no reformation was to be expected in them under his ministry, and that to produce one would require a greater exercise of Divine power than it did to create the world; for in creating the world there had been no opposition, whereas, in their reformation, their own obstinacy, and evil propensities, and self-seeking, and worldly-mindedness, were all to be overcome.

VIII.

WHEN Mr. Pendexter had finished his discourse, and pronounced his last benediction upon a congregation to whose spiritual wants he had ministered for so many years, his people, now his no more, returned home in very various states of mind. Some were exasperated, others mortified, and others filled with pity.

Among the last was Alice Archer; a fair, delicate girl, whose whole life had been saddened by a too sensitive organisation, and by somewhat untoward circumstances. She had a pale, transparent complexion, and large grey eyes, that seemed to see visions. Her figure was slight, almost fragile; her hands white, slender, diaphanous. With these external traits her character was in unison. She was thoughtful, silent, susceptible; often sad, often in tears, often lost in reveries. She led a lonely life with her mother, who was old, querulous, and nearly blind. She had herself

inherited a predisposition to blindness; and in her disease there was this peculiarity, that she could see in summer, but in winter the power of vision failed her.

The old house they lived in, with its four sickly Lombardy poplars in front, suggested gloomy and mournful thoughts. It was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it—sombre, desolate, silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera.

One other inmate the house had, and only one. This was Sally Manchester, or Miss Sally Manchester, as she preferred to be called; an excellent chamber-maid, and a very bad cook, for she served in both capacities. She was, indeed, an extraordinary woman, of large frame and masculine features—one of those who are born to work, and accept their inheritance of toil as if it were play, and who, consequently, in the language of domestic recommendations, are usually styled “a treasure if you can get her.” A treasure she was to this family; for she did all the house work, and, in addition, took care of the cow and the poultry—occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-oil to the cock, when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a “widow’s peak”—that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sundays she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called “the congregation side of her bonnet.” Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but, as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour.

Such were the inmates of the gloomy house—from which the last-mentioned frequently expressed her intention of retiring, being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial. The wedding-day had been from time to time postponed; and at length the family hoped and believed it never would come; a wish prophetic of its own fulfilment.

Almost the only sunshine that from without shone into the dark mansion came from the face of Cecilia Vaughan, the school-mate and bosom-friend of Alice Archer. They were nearly of the same age, and had been drawn together by that mysterious power which covets and selects friends for us in our childhood. They sat together in school; they walked together after school; they told each

other their manifold secrets; they wrote long and impassioned letters to each other in the evening; in a word, they were in love with each other. It was, so to speak, a rehearsal in girlhood of the great drama of woman’s life.

IX.

THE golden tints of autumn now brightened the shrubbery around this melancholy house, and took away something of its gloom. The four poplar trees seemed all a-blaze, and flickered in the wind like huge torches. The little border of box filled the air with fragrance, and seemed to welcome the return of Alice, as she ascended the steps, and entered the house with a lighter heart than usual. The brisk autumnal air had quickened her pulse and given a glow to her cheek.

She found her mother alone in the parlour, seated in her large arm-chair. The warm sun streamed in at the uncurtained windows; and lights and shadows from the leaves lay upon her face. She turned her head as Alice entered, and said—

“Who is it? Is it you, Alice?”

“Yes, it is I, mother.”

“Where have you been so long?”

“I have been nowhere, dear mother. I have come directly home from church.”

“How long it seems to me! It is very late. It is growing quite dark. I was just going to call for the lights.”

“Why, mother!” exclaimed Alice, in a startled tone, “what do you mean? The sun is shining directly into your face!”

“Impossible, my dear Alice. It is quite dark. I cannot see you. Where are you?”

She leaned over her mother and kissed her. Both were silent—both wept. They knew that the hour, so long looked forward to with dismay, had suddenly come: Mrs. Archer was blind!

This scene of sorrow was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Sally Manchester. She, too, was in tears; but she was weeping for her own affliction. In her hand she held an open letter, which she gave to Alice, exclaiming amid sobs—

“Read this, Miss Archer, and see how false man can be! Never trust any man! They are all alike; they are all false—false—false!”

Alice took the letter, and read as follows:—

“It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another—one in my own neighbourhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you,

so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend.

"MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

"P.S.—The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low."

"That is a cruel letter, Sally," said Alice, as she handed it back to her. "But we all have our troubles. That man is unworthy of you. Think no more about him."

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Archer, hearing the counsel given and the sobs with which it was received. "Sally, what is the matter?"

Sally made no answer; but Alice said—

"Mr. Cherryfield has fallen in love with somebody else."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Archer, evidently relieved. "She ought to be very glad of it. Why does she want to be married?" She had much better stay with us, particularly now that I am blind."

When Sally heard this last word, she looked up in consternation. In a moment she forgot her own grief to sympathise with Alice and her mother. She wanted to do a thousand things at once—to go here—to send there—to get this and that—and particularly to call all the doctors in the neighbourhood. Alice assured her it would be of no avail, though she finally consented that one should be sent for.

Sally went in search of him. On her way, her thoughts reverted to herself; and, to use her own phrase, "she curbed in like a stage-horse," as she walked. This state of haughty and offended pride continued for some hours after her return home. Later in the day, she assumed a decent composure, and requested that the man—she scorned to name him—might never again be mentioned in her hearing. Thus was her whole dream of felicity swept away by the tide of fate, as the nest of a ground-swallow by an inundation. It had been built too low to be secure.

Some women, after a burst of passionate tears, are soft, gentle, affectionate; a warm and genial air succeeds the rain. Others clear up cold, and are breezy, bleak, and dismal. Of the latter class was Sally Manchester. She became embittered against all men on account of one; and was often heard to say that she thought women were fools to be married, and that, for one, she would not marry any man, let him be who he might—not she!

The village doctor came. He was a large man, of the cheerful kind; vigorous, florid, encouraging, and pervaded by an indiscriminate odour of drugs; loud voice, large cane, thick boots; everything about him synonymous

with noise. His presence in the sick-room was like martial music—inspiring, but loud. He seldom left it without saying to the patient, "I hope you will feel more comfortable to-morrow," or "when your fever leaves you, you will be better." But, in this instance, he could not go so far. Even his hopefulness was not sufficient for the emergency. Mrs. Archer was blind—beyond remedy, beyond hope—irrevocably blind!

(To be continued.)

SONG.

I.

From skies purple-glowing, and streams silver-flowing;
From stars that are shining, and flowers that are twining;
From dewdrops that sparkle, and rainbows that circle;
From Orient weather, and Eden-bird's feather;
Weave all the beauty, the brightness together—
My darling is fairer than all, or than either!

II.

From happy birds singing, and festal bells ringing;
From tinkling brook falling, and mountain-horn calling;
From south winds' low breathing, through forest-boughs wreathing;
From waves the shore wooing, and wood-pigeons' cooing;
Gather up the soft music, still linking, renewing,
At the sound of her voice, I am deaf to their suing!

III.

O round heaven above her, how dearly I love her
As, royal in beauty, she bends me to duty!
Hear, Angels that listen, with white wings that glisten!
Forget her—oh, never; and sweet solace give her.
If the sorrow-storm wake, and her sail bend and shiver,
If the lone banks cast shadows to fright or deceive her,
Where the dark cypress weeps, or the grey willows quiver,
As downward she floats on the winding Life-river—
Oh, guard her and keep her for ever and ever!

ABOUT BABY.

CON-found that baby! He's awake again. Why can't he sleep all day? What is the good of babies? The whole household, be it ever so well ordered, is always being turned upside down for baby. It is everlasting baby. Take him up, he's crying. Mix some bread and milk, he's hungry. Hold him by his pinafore, big brother Jem, or else he'll fall forward, or backward, or sideways, or some way, or all ways, and damage himself. Put the saucer out

of his reach, or he'll break it. Take up the fork, or he'll poke out one of his eyes. How many times does he wake at night with the deliberate intention of breaking your rest? How often does he pull the wee wife's hair out of curl? Confound the babies!

Poor little baby! He begins to be consoled in *mamma's* arms. But what a comical face he pulls at first, with one large tear under each eye! what a funny half-way house between laughing and crying, to be sure! He begins to be tolerable. Positively, he is amusing.

Bless that baby! See how he smiles again! What an instantaneous, unhesitating response of trusting love you get from that little heart! Does not your whole soul yearn over him all in a moment? That smile will brighten you up, sir, for ever so long to come. Probably you have just made up your mind that you wouldn't like to be without a baby. Well, bless baby!

You inquire if I have seen any wonderful sights in my time? Sights? I have seen Westminster Abbey, and the Docks, and the Crystal Palace. Pooh! Well, when I was a *very* little boy, I saw the Royal Exchange on fire. Pooh! Well, I saw last evening the most magnificent sunset that ever—Pooh, sir!

Yes, sir, I repeat it, deliberately and majestically—Pooh! You should see my baby asleep, with his little lips sweetly parted, and a most *dis-gracefully* dirty face, after tiring himself in the garden. Or *noticing*, taking stock of things in general, laying in a store of observations, a whole heap of useful knowledge, for his own convenience by and by, when he becomes more efficient for onslaughts upon the furniture and eatables. Or over a book, tearing the leaves, and even the pictures, with the gravest and most innocent misapprehension. Or with his toys, pulling off the wings of the poll-parrot that squeaks and flaps them, if you squeeze the little box with your thumb and finger. Or at glorious mischief, knocking down the egg-cup, for instance, with the egg in it; whereby he *smashes* a bit of china, messes the hearth-rug, and spoils your breakfast. Or thinking; *thinking*, turning things over, sir, in his mind, with very large eyes fixed on nothing particular, and a teaspoon tightly grasped in his hand. Or recovering from his reverie, when he has *done* thinking, upon which he begins to beat the air in a frantic manner, and try to talk, though he only succeeds in blowing bubbles. Sir, you have read "Man Thinking; an Oration, by Ralph Waldo Emerson?" I should say a very capital "oration" might be made on "Baby Thinking."

But what is the *use* of babies? O blind and slow of heart! The uses of babies are manifold.

First, as has been remarked before, perhaps remarked many times—the very imperativeness of their little wants, the helplessness, which *will* be helped, and makes your precious life miserable by all sorts of discordant noises unless you rush to the rescue, go to make up a moral discipline for us big boys and girls; a drilling in self-renunciation; a "course of lessons" in the art of sacrificing comfort, convenience, pleasure, to the exigencies of others. Then, we are practically and very palpably taught what helplessness and dependence really are. We think with revived affection and heightened memory of the mother who bore us with many pangs, and nursed us tenderly and forbearingly through the weary, weary months which had to pass before we were able to prattle our half-understood thanks; of the father who dandled us on the knee, and planned our welfare in future years, before we knew him from a stranger. And how, grateful heart, tell us how, if you can—how to avoid thinking, in presence of dependent infancy, of the Great Father in whom, helpless as babes and as little understanding the processes by which we are blest, we live and move and have our being; who nurtures us with never-ceasing bounty, enfolds us in the arms of His love, watches us lest we fall, and crowns our lives with joy and gladness? Again, our intercourse with children, from the very earliest age, gives us opportunities of watching the growth of character, of tracing the development of our nature from its simplest to its more complicated forms. No one intent on self-culture, no metaphysician, no moral philosopher, no one who thinks "the proper study of mankind is man," can afford to neglect babies. Once more; wearying, worrying, fretful, fragile, uncertain, restless, rampant, unintelligent things as they are, babies do us all a power of good in helping to keep our hearts green. Crowing, kicking, giving smile for smile, doing with the most desperate energy the stupidest tricks, wondering at a fly, or a flower, or a tea-cup struck with a spoon, with a wonderment which is itself a pretty wonder—babies make a "garden of the soul" for us, where we forget for a time all that does not harmonise with their simplicity and trust, and make up our minds afresh that "of such" simplicity and such trust "is the kingdom of Heaven."

But, my dear sir, if all this is true, can *mamma* be so very far out when she says baby is "worth a house full of diamonds," or "touzens of touzens of pounds?" What value will you put upon a little bit of pinky flesh with saucer eyes, that gives you lessons in morals, in metaphysics, in religion, in freshness of soul, in almost anything you like to name, and only costs you tops-and-bottoms?

MIAMI: AN INDIAN LEGEND.

It was night in the woods, and fires were built in the camp of the Camanche Indians. Round the blazing piles sat warriors sleeping—their arms folded on their knees, and their heads reclining on their arms, while their horses were tethered in the wood. But far in darkness the sentinels moved warily, or stood under the boughs of a tree, as silent and as still as the tree itself; for they were only two days' journey from the villages of the Kewanies, whose villages they had burned, whose women they had murdered, while the young men and warriors were all away.

But at one fire sat a woman alone—never turning from the flames the fixed expression that dwelt upon her dark features, in which, however, it were hard to detect the passions that slumbered in her mind. She was the wife of the young chief of the Kewanies; she had been stolen from his lodge, two days before, by the chief of the Camanches.

"Squaw," said the robber, when the burning huts were left far behind, "Matawa, your Kewanie, is a thief. Come to my lodge."

"Camanche," replied the woman, "hold your peace, and lie no more. Matawa is truth; and I will not go to your lodge—I will not go to your lodge alive."

She was silent. The Camanche approached her—she struck him on the teeth and spat at his feet. So when they halted the first evening, the Camanche bound her hand and foot; and when the morning broke, the Kewanie woman looked fierce and ashamed at the rising sun.

But on this second evening she was left alone, and there she sat unresting, her eyes unwavering, but her ears open to every sound that came down with the wind. "O Matawa!" sang she in her heart, "I shall see you no more, nor gather leaves for your bed. I shall listen no more for my love while he sleeps—for the bravest, for the wisest, for Matawa with an eagle's eyes and winged feet. Oh, were I the wind, Matawa, and free from the Camanches—dogs!—yet now should I be ashamed to blow upon thy face, or lie in the folds of the mantle on thy bosom. O Matawa, sharpen thy spear and hurry thy feet, and kill the dog: or I shall tear his heart with my teeth! My shame is a wolf—it shall gnaw him!"

The Camanche sentinels were tired. Wearily they paced round the camp; for they had marched far that day; and when the Kewanie woman said to herself, "O Matawa, sharpen thy spear and hurry thy feet!" they knew no more than she that Matawa was already on their track. Alone, on one of the fleet wild horses of the southern prairies, he had followed after the Camanches, knowing that alone and by

stratagem he was far more likely to regain his lost wife, than by hunting after them with the warriors of his tribe.

The night was now far advanced. A sentinel looked with weary eyes through the clump of trees where he was stationed, and listened with weary ears; and, indeed, had he been ever so wide awake, he would have been puzzled to discern which among all the objects around him in the darkness was *not* a fallen log, or a knoll of earth. But logs have no life, and knolls do not move; and something that now seemed one, and now the other object moved in almost imperceptible degrees towards the spot where the Camanche sentinel stood. Hours before, with Indian guile and Indian patience, Matawa had entered the skirts of the grove, threw himself down upon the earth, and at the instant so well assumed the appearance of a lifeless stock that an European would have passed within a yard of him in the dark without detecting the assumption. Since then, gradually had the Indian rolled towards the camp of the Camanches, whose fires were plainly to be seen through the trees.

But Matawa seemed most anxious to approach the Camanche sentinel. For four hours he had persevered in his slow and stealthy course; and now, when it was past midnight, he had actually succeeded in approaching within ten paces of the Camanche—favoured by the shadow of the trees and the shifting light from the clouds. With his eyes fixed on the sentinel, he waited for the moment when the wind should sigh past among the trees, and the Camanche turn his head. The moment arrived. The wind rustled among the leaves, the eyes of the Camanche were turned toward the fires; and then Matawa dexterously rolled himself like a hedgehog into the deep shadow of a tree within four paces of the sentinel. The broad trunk was between them: again the wind sighed past, again drowning the slight noise made by Matawa, as, this time, he rose to his feet. In another moment, without word or cry, the Camanche lay dead at Matawa's feet.

The Kewanie chief took the sentinel's clothes, and attired himself in them, not forgetting the spear and the knife: his own knife lay buried in the foe's bosom. Matawa laughed a little laugh, not louder than the rustle of a leaf, as he strode boldly forth in the Camanche attire; but suddenly remembering his errand, he sadly approached the fires. And there, all alone, sat the Kewanie woman.

He advanced with a stern face, as the sentinel would have done; but there was love in it, and sadness in it, for all that. The woman lifted up her head as he drew near, and instantly recognised him; but she made no sign, and scarce breathed louder. The

warriors, however, were sound asleep round their fires, trusting in the vigilance of the sentinels; and Matawa said—

"Miami, it is Matawa. The path is open. Come."

"Is the Camanche chief dead, then?"

"No," replied Matawa, "I am alone."

"I cannot go," said Miami. "I cannot go till he is dead, Matawa; I will not go till I myself have righted my wrong. Give me your knife."

The Kewanie looked long and searchingly at Miami, as, with her head half concealed in her cloak, she gazed fiercely at the burning brands.



The Kewanie saw and understood. He gave her the knife.

"Now go, O Matawa," said she, as if she were chanting some plaintive song. "Go back, O Matawa, to your lodge; and if in four moons Miami comes no more, she comes no more."

Without a word, the Kewanie departed; and Miami, placing the knife in her bosom, bent down again over the fire.

Once, twice, thrice the moon declined; and Matawa watched the waning with an anxious heart. Again it rose; and Miami returned. She walked firmly into the hut, but she was deathly pale, her eyes ragged with

fever fires, and one hand was pressed hard upon her side.

"Take your knife, Matawa," said Miami. It was red to the haft. "And now let me lie down. Let me lie down at your feet, O chief whom I love; for the arrow head is far home in my side."

"O Miami! Stricken?"

"Stricken. Yet not so deep, not so sure as the Camanche chief—dog that he was! He has paid. But let me sleep, O Matawa; and be glad that your child was never born."

And ere another moon had waned Miami's funeral fire was burning.



DOMESTIC TRIALS.

BY HEDONIA.

EIGHT years ago, on the evening of the last day of August, there was a busy scene in our keeper's lodge at the park gates. I well remember standing at the low doorway in a bending posture, and peeping through the clustering rose-branches, that I might more plainly observe the motions of the two figures within. There was our keeper Tom, whose

bright eyes sparkled with animation, and his swarthy face glowed with excitement, as he worked away at the ramrod of his double-barrelled gun, conversing freely meanwhile in his broad dialect with the tall young man who stood intently watching his proceedings. To facilitate the movements of his brawny arms Tom had thrown off his coat, and close

by it on the ground lay Sailor, the huge black retriever, guarding it with jealous care. I dare not have approached that coat within three yards for my life, such a dread had I of the low growl which always preceded the unfolding of Sailor's black lips, and the revelation of his double row of sharp white teeth.

Harry Woodford never imagined I should steal away from the drawing-room, just after the sun had set, to see what he and Tom were about so long that evening. I was not married to him then, for I had only just left school; but Harry had been mine for many years, and I am afraid I thought more about him than about *Rollin's History* and French verbs, during the last three years of my residence at the "Educational Home" of Mesdames Batte et Bosse, in Hyde Park.

Harry's father was a medical man, a person of property in our neighbouring town; and Harry had nice times of it then, for, though following his father's steps, and ultimately intended to supersede him in his practice, Mr. Woodford senior was not then disposed to surrender all into his son's hands. So Harry had leisure to be a good deal with me at the hall; and oh, how happy we were together those few months of the bright summer! Papa talked of my marriage with Harry as a settled thing for the next spring, and the days were gliding forward so deliciously, I almost wished our courtship would last for ever.

But then came the 31st of August, like a great rock, to interrupt the placid current of our love; and for the first time since I had come from school Harry was not at my side to turn over the leaves of my music, or to join us in our round game when the lamp was lighted on the drawing-room table. No wonder my heart beat fearfully, and I stood anxiously watching the preparations in the keeper's lodge for the commencement of that dreaded shooting-season, which was to send Harry marching over stubble-fields all day, and bring him at night so weary that he would stretch himself full length on the sofa (his feet hang over the end though, he is so very tall), and sleep in calm oblivion of my presence.

"Now, Tom, our guns are ready; we'll stand them up in this corner, and, by Jove! before Sir Gaspar comes down to breakfast to-morrow, we'll make a fearful inroad into the domestic peace of the partridges."

Harry cocked his gun as he spoke in a murderous attitude, just in a line with my head. I started back so suddenly that the savage Sailor was aroused, and bounded at me like a tiger; but Harry checked his motion with a cut from a hunting-whip he held in his hand, and was himself at my side in a moment.

"Laura!" he exclaimed, a flash of excitement kindling in his eyes, "why have you ventured alone up the avenue at this time of night, in your thin evening dress? You will get your death of cold. What does it all mean?"

I stealthily brushed away the tears that had been mounting to my eyes all the time I stood in the doorway; but he saw the action; and when I told him how it made me tremble all over to see him handle a loaded gun, he only laughed, and called me "Silly girl!" then he passed his arm around me; and bidding Tom good-night, with injunctions to be ready with the dogs at daybreak, we walked home together through the shades of the chestnut avenue.

"Shall you shoot every day, Harry?" I inquired hesitatingly.

"Pretty nearly, Love; at least till the hunting-season comes on, and then I must be out twice a week at least with the hounds."

"Oh, dear!" I sighed involuntarily. "And if—"

"And if what?" he asked cheerfully.

"If Tom should shoot you by mistake," I continued timidly.

"By mistake for a rabbit sitting? Ha! ha! capital, Laura! what a timid little darling you are! However, cheer up; for I promise you that when we are married I will put a curb on my sporting-propensities, and not absent myself whole days together, as I fear I must do this autumn; for I shall perhaps never again have such a glorious season of leisure for my horse and my gun. But, darling, as long as I have a hand to pull a trigger, I must startle the partridges at sunrise on the first of September."

We had reached the house by this time; and as I knew Harry's decided temperament, I said no more. I resolved to bear my own anxiety patiently, trusting that time would lessen his ardour for these hazardous pursuits.

We were married; and the second year of our union Mr. Woodford ceded his medical duties into the hands of his son. Harry was fond of his profession, and in the summer months he was assiduous in his attention to it.

September approached again, and visions of coveys of partridges haunted his pillow; and I was often aroused from slumber by the sudden exclamations, "Down, Pepper! to heel, Sappho!" accompanied by violent gestures of Harry's hand; and these alarming symptoms of the return of the sporting-fever made me dread the shooting-season as much as ever. Autumn came on, with its fresh, exhilarating mornings, and Harry was out three times a week with his gun, in time to see the sun rise. It made me often very anxious when he did not return till near noonday, and I had to go

and meet him with the information that he had been sent for to two or three places. Sometimes he delayed going, on the plea of weariness; and I ventured once or twice to tell him how much better it would be if he would give up those fatiguing sports, and fix his mind on his profession. But though he acknowledged that his patients were deserting him, and said, "You are right, Laura. I will think about it," I knew he would forget it the next time he had a talk with Tom; and for his sake, in spite of my pretty garden, and my well-stocked, radiant greenhouses, I wished we lived in the heart of a town, where no green leaf would remind Harry of the charms of a country life.

"Laura, I am thinking of taking a partner," said Harry one morning at breakfast. "Tom says there will be splendid sport in your father's preserves this season; and Sir Gaspar himself has urged my looking after the game, for his gout keeps him quite a prisoner at the Hall. I am not dependent on my profession, and I will not be tied down to it. My father's property is no trifle; and you know, my love, we may look forward to the time when you will be in some sort an heiress."

It would have been vain for me to oppose the plan. I could tell from my husband's tone that the project was one which he had long revolved in his mind, and had now irrevocably decided on.

The partner came. Harry's patients did not like the change: I knew they would not; and many an unkind speech had I to hear and to bear on his account. Mr. Greaves, however, was skilful; he was crafty, too, and he worked his way silently but surely. Meantime we kept a gay and happy home. Our visiting-circle was large, and I was glad there was never any lack of game at the dinner-parties which Harry liked so much to give, and which were famed far and near; and, closing my eyes against the anomaly of a sporting surgeon, I devoted myself to the careful training of my young children.

"Times and seasons, how they change!"

It is raining in torrents. The prospect from my drawing-room window is one of dreary desolation: water above, water below. Our garden behind the house, last year at this time radiant in geraniums and salvias, and redolent of heliotrope, is now a waste of reeking sod, lawn and flower-bed merged into one undistinguishable mass. Here and there, cowering under the shelter of the few shrubs which have proved beyond the reach of the ruthless destroyers, loom through the watery veil the strange and dripping forms of a few of the long-legged feathered creatures which have not

only turned my garden into a wilderness, but are destroying the comfort and even the happiness of my home. For—pity me, ye young wives and mothers!—my husband is grievously afflicted with the poultry mania. How or when the disorder first attacked him, I cannot exactly say. I believe its incipient symptoms might have been recognised in his ardent longings after partridges and pheasants in former days; but, however that may be, the fever is now raging. It has glutted itself with birds of all feathers, from Brahmapootra in the Indies, to Dorking in Surrey. The crisis is approaching; and to-morrow, the first of September, at the hour of ten a.m., the judges are to decide at the great town of B— whether Harry's case, or rather pen, at the poultry show is to be one of extravagant profit or of irretrievable loss.

Let me retrace the past existence of these fowls, every stage of which is graven on my memory, and has left traces in my house and furniture which it will take years to efface.

The breeding season! Oh! horrible! Would that it would never come again! Harry had driven into the country to see a patient. He had left a hen-coop turned over its little brood of inmates, just on the very centre of my verberna-bed; the last year's birds had scratched up or devoured every vestige of verdure there the previous autumn. Hours passed, and still Harry did not return. I knew the chicks were of a rare and valuable breed, and I went out to look at them, nestling under the downy wing of the Cochin mother. She opened her great beak gaspingly towards me. I saw she wanted water, and mentally blamed Harry for forgetting to leave her any. Hastily filling a deep brick saucer, I gently lifted the coop, and slipped it under to the old hen.

I believe Harry returned that night, but I did not see or hear him. Just then he was absorbed in a new hatching-process, and was frequently in the fowl-houses all night, listening to the tappings of the chick before it burst the shell, and counting these odd little noises with all the precision of an astronomer noting the ticks of his chronometer during the transit of a planet across the lines on his object-glass. I used, in those days, to get very weary of the long discussions between my husband and his friend Mr. Cyrus Sebright, as to the cause of these chicken-taps. They talked very learnedly about their being produced by the "respiratory functions," and perhaps they were right. I am sure I don't know about *that*; but I *do* know that Harry would have been employed more to his own advantage had he interested himself as much in the asthma of the rich old maiden lady on the high road, who became so annoyed at his want of attention that she refused to see him when at length he did call;

and I believe it was she who advised Mr. Greaves to dissolve partnership with Harry, and set up for himself, which he has now done, and is monopolising the whole practice of the neighbourhood. And no wonder at all: people do not trust Harry now when they are ill, because they know he cares more for the last brood of bantams than he does for all the mothers and new-born infants in the town. But I am wandering from my subject.

Harry came in to breakfast the next morning. There was a cloud on his brow, and a sullen vexation hovering about his lips. I had become accustomed to that look: I called it his *fowl* face, when I dared to jest about it.

"Laura," he began, "have you been meddling with that hen-coop on the lawn?" ("Lawn" indeed!)

"Yes, love; I gave the hen some water, which you had forgotten to do."

"Then, I wish you would mind your own business, my dear." (But the stamp of his foot belied the latter epithet.) "You have lost me my best chicken; the Poland with the black top-knot is drowned in the saucer. I gave three guineas for the egg; the chicken would hereafter have been worth ten."

Harry would not drink the cup of coffee I poured out for him, and he went out in great wrath, his tall figure soon after disappearing beneath the low door of my seedling greenhouse; it is a Cochin China fowl-house now.

In this terrible breeding season, how shall I describe my domestic miseries? My best servants left me. The cook would not stay, because Harry insisted on her letting the hens and chickens roam about in the kitchen, for the benefit of the warmth. I have seen as many as four broods there myself; and when the cook used to decant volubly on the impossibility of keeping things in order where they were, I dared not say a word: I just had to bear it all patiently.

One evening we had a small dinner-party; an event I had learnt to anticipate with no small degree of dread. I had a new cook, a slovenly Irishwoman. She seemed to think she had come amongst her own country people, who, not objecting to any amount of dirt in their houses, would not certainly be more nice about their meals. It was no unusual thing to see fowls in the drawing-room then. Harry would complacently look on with pride and satisfaction, whilst the golden Polands flapped their wings, and strutted about the Brussels carpet.

My husband said grace and sat down. Crash! splash! went something somewhere. The guests looked at each other, and I looked at Harry. I rushed the whole by the tightly-

compressed lip, which I thought he would have bitten through.

"Good gracious! Mr. Woodford!" exclaimed a little, wiry, old gentleman, whose attire was a picture of scrupulous exactness; "here is oil running down your coat-tail."

Harry was in utter confusion; I thought I should have choked, as, uttering a hasty apology, he rose to leave the room, and, in turning, revealed his coat-tails saturated and streaming with the white and yolk of about half-a-dozen eggs, which he had doubtless slipped into his pocket on taking them from the nests, and had forgotten to remove afterwards.

Nothing further occurred to disturb the serenity of our repast. True, I detected a few grains of barley meal in the gravy of the venison: I supposed they had been floating in the atmosphere of the kitchen, and had settled down on the dish after the joint was placed there. I endeavoured to ignore their presence.

Papa was very angry about Harry's mania for fowls, and often did I bitterly grieve when I heard him tell my husband that he never intended the daughter of Sir Gaspar Clifford to be the wife of a poulterer! And now Harry has quarrelled with him, and papa and he pass without speaking. Harry's father, too, is highly indignant at the wreck his son is making of the practice; and he has threatened to cut him off with a shilling, if he does not reform his ways before the year is out; and Harry has promised me he will do so, when this poultry show is over. He just wants to prove to all the judges that he has the very best Polands in Europe, and that Mr. Cyrus Sebright, with all his fine pretensions, is infinitely below him in the poultry scale.

I must condense. On the eve of the poultry show, Harry was immersed in the business of washing the golden Polands, the white coochins, the little silver-laced bantams, in all the vessels, culinary or otherwise, on which he could lay hands. I went down to the kitchen to help him; for I thought of his promise to give up the fowls if he was successful at this show, and I wished him success with my whole heart. There he sat on a three-legged stool, with a towel on his knees, holding down with the firm grasp of one hand the wings of a fine Poland cock, which was standing up to its crop in the great pan our rounds of beef are boiled in—now frothing up to its brim in soapsuds, and with the other rubbing away vigorously at the feathers of the top-knot. Poor Chanticleer did not seem to like his position at all, and his bright eyes squinted at me one appealing glance of discomfort, and then closed again with a quick motion, as a bubble of soap swam over them.

"Are you come to help me, Laura? There's a good little wife. I am tired out of this work. Hold still, you beast!" suddenly exclaimed Harry, as the cock, feeling his persecutor's grasp loosened, struggled to free itself, sending forth a crow of startling energy.

I sat down on the ground by the kitchen-fire, and Harry put the creature on my lap, and I proceeded, with hot towels, to titivate its feathers. Then came the turns of the white Cochins cock and hen. They made their exit from the bath in a sorry plight, their pride of plumage looking, in its damp state, like the mashed pulp of which paper is made. The bantams resisted the ablution furiously: but their spirits were tamed by Harry holding their little heads under water for a few instants—a kind of punishment which soon taught them submission. Then it was the servants' supper time; and Harry, anxious to escape the wrathful eyes of the cook, who looked scotingly at her pans turned into soapy lavers, induced me to take the shivering creatures upstairs to the drawing-room, unhappily the only room in which we chanced to have a fire that evening. There, my elaborately embroidered footstools were ranged in front of the fire, and on them were placed the wearied, dripping fowls. We turned them—first with their backs, then with their sides—to the fire; and, at length, they tucked their heads under their wet wings, whilst clouds of steam rose from them, giving them the appearance of fowls roosting in a vapour-bath.

The next morning Mr. Cyrus Sebright came at daybreak to help Harry to pack the fowls off to the show at B—. He acknowledged that the golden Poland cock was the finest he had ever seen; that it excelled his own greatly. I went through the drawing-room to watch their proceedings from the window. I grieved over my embroidered stools, and the deplorable state of our handsome carpet. Once more I strove to dismiss from my mind the thousand domestic miseries the fowls had brought upon me. "To-day the fowls are to be sold," I exclaimed; "to-morrow this shall be a gentleman's house again!"

The show is over. The crisis is past. When Harry returned from B— he threw himself on the sofa and slept, weary with the fevered excitement of the competition; whilst I anxiously turned over the prize-tickets, which he had thrown upon the table.

Three prizes to Mr. Harry Woodford: one for silver bantams, one for white coochins, and one for six chickens of different breeds. Besides these, there was a white ticket, with the words, "Two golden Poland hens, highly commended."

And what had become of the golden Poland

cock, which was to excel that of the great Mr. Cyrus Sebright, and to astonish the judges and the whole of Europe? Why, it was lying dead at Harry's feet, and on the mantelpiece was a blue ticket, thus inscribed: "First prize, golden Poland cock and two hens; Mr. Cyrus Sebright." How was this?

As Mr. Cyrus Sebright, full of generous impulses towards his friend, carefully packed the golden Polands of Harry Woodford, Esq., he contrived to give the noble cock such a "thraw" in the neck that the lordly sultan never breathed again.

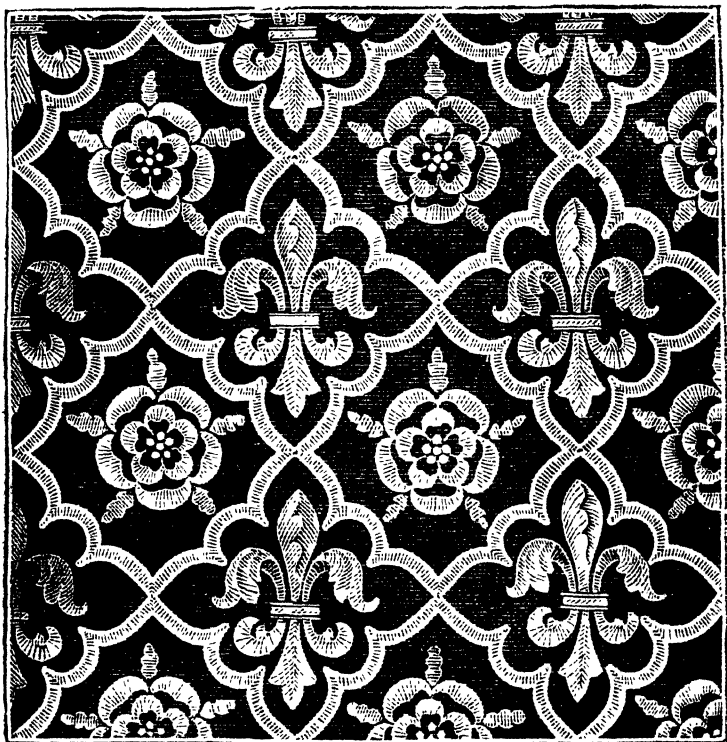
And Harry bore it nobly, as an honourable and injured man should bear such a dastardly act. He gave Mr. Cyrus Sebright his pardon unasked, and threw into the bargain the two Poland hens. He sold the rest of his fowls at high prices, after the show at B—; and now nothing remains of the miseries of my husband's poultry career but the lifeless limbs of our Poland chanticleer, which I will have stuffed and put into a glass case, to act as a warning to my Harry, if he ever again feels inclined to consort with men like Mr. Cyrus Sebright.

COLDS AND COLD WATER.

FOUR or five years ago a writer in "Tait's Magazine" made some remarks on this subject which cannot be too much pressed upon the attention of the public. He pertinently inquires:—Who has not had a cold? or, rather, who has not had many colds? Who does not know that malady which commences with slight chilliness, an uneasy feeling of being unwell, which does not justify abstinence from the ordinary business and occupations of the day, but deprives one of all satisfaction and enjoyment in them, and takes away all the salt and savour of life, even as it deprives the natural palate of its proper office, making all things that should be good to eat and drink vapid and tasteless? Few people take much notice of colds; and yet, let anyone who is even moderately liable to their attacks keep an account of the number of days in each year when he has been shut out by a cold from a full perception of the pleasures and advantages of life, and he will find that he has lost no inconsiderable portion of the sum total of happy existence through their malignant influence.

Of places in which colds are caught it is not necessary to be particular. For, as a late justice of the Court of Queen's Bench laid it down in summing up to a jury, in a case of sheep-stealing, after some time had been wasted in showing that the stolen sheep had been slaughtered with a particular knife—any knife

Embroidery.



Having been frequently asked for a pattern for a Reticule, and perceiving a very handsome and appropriate one for the present time in the "Ladies' Book of Fancy Work," we have obtained permission to copy it. We may take this opportunity of reviewing the "Fancy-work Book" in a few words. It is really an admirable little series—the patterns good and original, the directions clear, the engravings remarkably excellent, and each number is handsomely got up, and very cheap. Altogether, it can hardly be too warmly recommended.

This pattern must be worked in very rich colours. It is emblematical of the alliance of England and France, and is very appropriate for the present time. The ground must be rich deep bluevelvet: the fretwork gold braid, laid flat; the

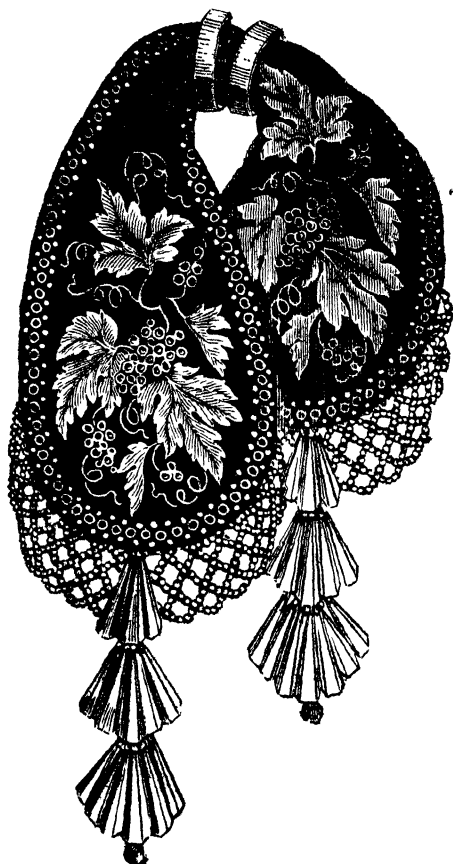
fleur de lis must be worked in white silk, and the rose in red silk; the five dots in the centre of the rose in gold beads. Let the velvet be left one inch larger each way.

The Fashions.



At present the fashions are truly elegant, both in material and design. The figure on the left is dressed in a pink silk made full in the skirt, with six or seven flounces, each flounce ornamented with three rows of narrow feather-fringe—the fringe on the lower flounces being rather broader than on the upper ones; the body is plain and tight, with berthe trimmed with feather-fringe to correspond with the skirt; the sleeves are very short, and trimmed in the same way. The hair is dressed in waved bands, with long ribbon ends. The dress of the figure on the right is of white taffetas, on which is a skirt of broad English lace, of a rich deep pattern, gathered up in festoons, and the top of each festoon fastened with a small bouquet of flowers; the body is trimmed with lace of the same pattern, but narrower, forming revers from the waist to the shoulders, and rows across the front, headed by a ruche

Prize Pattern.



of India ribbon. The hair is dressed with pearls, crossing a roll of hair at the top of the head, and terminating on each side with a bunch of pearls.

Bonnets this month are worn rather more forward on the head than last month. Black velvet, trimmed with light-coloured ribbons and flowers, are the most worn; deep blonde falls, with bunches of flowers and narrow ribbons placed round the front edge.

PURSE IN EMBROIDERY.

The above is the Prize Pattern for the present month. It is designed by "Elizabeth" of Salisbury. This purse is worked in the same manner as the one given in No. 8 of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*. The leaves are worked in long satin-stitch, and the stems and tendrils in chain-stitch. The grapes are made as follows. Procure some of the smallest steel rings (45 will be required for each end of the purse), tack every one in its proper place (as shown in the engraving) very neatly, then work button-hole stitch closely over each ring with rich violet silk. The veins, stems, and tendrils are done with gold thread. The border round is of gold beads, and rings the same as the grapes. Steel rings and fringes garnish the purse. The grapes may be done in chain-stitch, if preferred.

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

PAULINE was born at Ajaccio, October 20, 1780, twelve years after her brother Napoleon. When the family were compelled to fly from Corsica, she was yet a little girl. From her childhood, however, she was regarded as extremely beautiful. Napoleon loved her better than either of his sisters; and although she was wayward, coquettish, frivolous, and vain, she was always fascinating in her manner, elegant in her accomplishments, exquisite in her taste, and the world has long known that Canova chose her as the most peerless model of beauty, in face and form, in all Europe. After the exile of the family to Marseilles, she was very much admired and caressed by the officers of the Government and others who saw her, and she received the most brilliant offers of marriage from persons of distinction, although the family had at that time none of the means of luxury, and were deprived even of many of the comforts of life.

In 1801, Pauline married General Le Clerc, a man of brilliant genius. Immediately after the marriage he received the command of the French army in Portugal, and was subsequently intrusted with the expedition to St. Domingo. His wife accompanied him on the voyage. He was unfortunate in the expedition, and fell a victim to the climate. Pauline at once prepared to return to France; and having with a pardonable precaution deposited her treasure in the triple coffin which carried her husband to his native country, she sailed for France. She fortunately escaped the hazards which attended almost every maritime expedition of her country at that time; and the suddenness with which she merged in the voluptuous pleasures of the capital, and the gaiety she displayed, gave just reason for the belief that the marriage was one of convenience, and that she had never been much attached to her husband.

Two years later (Nov., 1803) she contracted an alliance with the Prince Borghese, a man of great elegance and wealth. Descended from one of the proudest Italian families which had flourished for many centuries and held the highest stations in the state, the proprietor of one of the most magnificent villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the possessor of perhaps the richest private gallery of art in Europe, with an income of about £80,000 a-year from his own estates and a dowry of above £500,000 with his young wife, and the revenues of Guastalla and Piacenza, it was regarded as not only a proper, but decidedly the most brilliant matrimonial alliance that was formed during the entire ascendancy of Napoleon. The marriage took place in Paris, with

every circumstance of pomp and splendour; and from the moment the wedding-pair started till their greeting in the halls of the Prince Borghese, every league of the journey was like a triumphal progress.

Pauline was the idol of the brilliant circle that now gathered around her; and she must have been a woman of some virtue, judgment, and discretion, to have resisted successfully the fascinations that played around every step. With nothing left on earth to sigh for that opulence, station, beauty, health, and accomplishments of every nature could command, warm-hearted and generous, sensitive and vain, her heart constituted the only field for adventure and the only scene for conquest.

Her husband was somewhat indolent in his disposition, and, like indolent men, was jealous of the activity of others. His wife was regarded as the most beautiful woman in Europe; and his jealousy was inflamed by many an Iago, while multitudes of writers have re-echoed the scandals that were spread at the time. Whether, however, there were any just reasons for the accusations which were made against her it is hard to decide.

Pauline was doubtless imperious, and by no means a gentle and submissive wife. A separation was finally agreed on, and the haughty and beautiful princess returned to Paris. She divided her time between the *Tuileries* and the elegant *chateau* of Neuilly. She sometimes presumed on the favour and affection of her brother; and he indulged her in all her caprices, and gave his homage even to her fascinations; but whenever she laid her tapered finger upon the lowest wheel of his imperial administration, she met her rebuke. The profligate Fouché, who played the part of political scavenger to kings, queens, reigns, and revolutions, till his grey locks went down in infamy to the grave, wrote a book called his "Mémoires." It is filled with falsehoods which nobody ever believed, and it finally divested him of the reputation he had long enjoyed of being the "cleverest" man in Europe. Fouché wrote so many improbable things that even his truths were rejected. Sir Walter Scott, who has never been accused of over-eulogising Napoleon or any of the Bonaparte family, in reply to an odious story started by Fouché about Pauline and her brother, says, "The gross and guilty enormities of the ancient Roman Emperors do not belong to the character of Bonaparte, though foul aspersions have been cast upon him by those who are willing to represent him as in all respects a counterpart of Tiberius and Caligula."

The marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa interfered somewhat with the reign of Pauline in the world of taste, fashion, and

beauty. After the divorce of Josephine, she had been the central star of the court. On the arrival of the Archduchess of Austria, Pauline's light paled before the imperial majesty of the new Empress. She withdrew from

the court; and when she was presented to Maria Louisa at Brussels, she impertinently made some gesture behind the Empress's back in derision of the *Autrichienne*. A tittering, which could not be suppressed, went round the



saloon. Napoleon himself had been looking on Pauline, and thus detected her in the act. The next morning she received a peremptory order which banished her from the court. She retired to Rome in disgrace, where she remained in one of the palaces of her husband, still the centre of a brilliant circle, till the retirement of her brother to Elba. We observe one curious circumstance in the history

of each of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon—even those with whom he had differed most, those who had injured him, and whom he had insulted, all forgave and forgot their injuries and animosities when he was hurried from power. Pauline, too, flew to France, and saw her brother just before his retirement to Elba; and in October, with three of her maids of honour she sailed for Elba in the Emperor's

vessel of war, sent for her to Naples. Napoleon received her with every mark of affection; had a little boudoir built for her in the garden, where she gave her balls and concerts. Pauline was one of the principal confidants of the Emperor when he was meditating his return to France. It is not a small compliment to her talents that he confided to her one of the most important parts of that strange and difficult drama. She had placed most of her fortune and nearly all her private jewels at his disposal; and so well did she play her part that, even on the very night of the escape from Elba, she entertained a large company at a *soirée*, with the same thoughtless gaiety and elegant *nonchalance* which had characterised her lightest and most thoughtless days.

In July, 1821, when Pauline had received intelligence that the Emperor's life was drawing to a close, she wrote an earnest appeal to the Earl of Liverpool, then Prime Minister of the British Government, in which she says—"The malady by which the Emperor is attacked will prove mortal at St. Helena. In the name of all the members of the family, I ask for a change of climate. If so reasonable a request be denied, it will be a sentence of death pronounced on him. In which case I beg permission to depart for St. Helena, to join my brother, and receive his parting breath. I know that the moments of his life are numbered; and I should eternally reproach myself if I did not use all the means in my power to assuage the sufferings of his last hours, and prove my devotion to him."

Lord Liverpool granted the request in a letter which will always be cited to his honour. But the permission arrived too late—Napoleon was dead.

After this period Pauline kept up her establishment at Rome with great splendour in the Borghese Palace, her husband choosing to reside at Florence. She spent a portion of the year in the Villa Paoлина, a beautiful palace within the city of Rome. Her residences were marked by an unprecedented degree of elegance, refinement, and hospitality. Besides all the entertainments she gave on a larger scale, for her circles of private friends she held concerts and *soirées* every week.

Madame Junot, who knew her intimately, thus draws her portrait. "Many people have extolled her beauty; this is known from even portraits and statues of her; still it is impossible to form any idea of what this lady then was, because she was not generally known till her return from St. Domingo, when she was already faded, and nothing but the shadow of that exquisitely beautiful Pauline whom we sometimes admired as we do a fine statue of Venus or Galatea."

PRIZE COMPOSITION

The religious education of the young has occupied the attention of numerous competitors. Of these, BERTHA, E. B., H. S., Miss N., and ENDYMION, write in a very creditable manner: SISTER FAY with much sound commonsense and heartiness; MARIA also very sensibly: she has a forcible objective mind, and it is a pity she should fall now and then into a loose method of expression; RED ROSE, very well indeed, considering her inexperience. ELIZABETH goes not far enough into the subject. Another MARIA'S Essay is good and true, but wants spirit; a need we were rather surprised to find in EXCELSIOR. The Essays of S. F. T. and GEORGINA are highly creditable; and that of A. E. S. excellent. We must complain, however, that the majority of the competitors have not treated the subject from the point of view we suggested; we must also complain of young ladies who write faintly with blue ink on blue paper.

The prize is awarded to Miss J., of Southampton—the lady who obtained the prize for an original pattern last month. Certificates will be forwarded to SISTER FAY and A. E. S., if those ladies will oblige us with a complete address. S. F. T. and GEORGINA deserve especial mention.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

To a thoughtful and rightly constituted mind, there is nothing more interesting than a helpless infant, depending as it does on others for protection and support, and at the same time possessing all the latent faculties of the future man.

Unlike the brute creation, whose strength and instinct derive no additional force or skill from increased age, or the experience of successive generations, the human species, on the contrary, by slow degrees and careful culture, unfold the powers of their minds, which in this state of being, probably, are never fully developed; for, having with "the breath of life" received from their Creator a living soul destined to survive the whole visible creation around, will, on and on, progress through countless ages, displaying new beauties to the praise and glory of their Giver.

With these facts under consideration, it is necessary that we should inquire what is the most *reasonable* course to be pursued with regard to these important little ones thus newly introduced into a world of activity and intelligence, of which they form a part, and on whose career in life much of good or ill to themselves and others will follow. "Train up a child in the way he should go" is the command of unerring wisdom; and a knowledge of the close and fundamental relationship between the Creator and His intelligent creatures, together with the reasonable duties arising therefrom, seems to be the first step in the path of knowledge. To learn that we are not orphans

in a world of *chance*, but that He who "feedeth the sparrow and clothes the lily with beauty," and to whose almighty power nothing is too great to be controlled, or minute to be overlooked, that this benevolent being is "Our Father" in heaven, surely is a consolatory reflection, and calculated to foster anything but gloom.

Admitting the necessity of religion as an ingredient in the education of children, we are to consider how it can be introduced so as to be divested of melancholy. And is it really so, that Religion, "whose ways are pleasantness, and *all her paths peace*," can be chargeable with causing gloom? Banish the thought. Christianity permits, and gratitude enjoins, the *profitable* enjoyment of every created good; for there is a time to laugh as well as a time to mourn, and moroseness and gloom are rather the component parts of the repulsive *professor* of religion than of religion itself.

To give the Creator the praise and honour of his own workmanship, is just and due. How easy then is it, when examining or exploring the beauties of creation, and the thousand wonders which, by the aid of the microscope, are presented to the observing eye, to lead a child to a contemplation of the goodness and power which formed and sustains them; or, if in surveying the magnificence of the heavens, he is led to feel anything approaching to a sublime awe or dread at the grandeur of the scene, he is told that their Maker is a "God of love," and that, though dwelling in heaven, and surrounded by angels, who are ever ready to execute His commands, He formed man, rebellious though he is and has ever been, to be happy, to glorify him here, and to dwell with him eternally in heaven! Gratitude, love, and willing obedience to the salutary requirements of so kind a friend will surely flow from a contemplation of such matchless condescension and favour.

But what of the *restraints* religion imposes? Are they not beneficial? Just as a kind and wise parent would guide and put restrictions in the way of a froward, self-willed, ignorant child, so our Heavenly Parent hedges in our way, that we may not become victims to the indulgence of that which is hurtful to our present or future interests. Religion, further, has to do with the heart and affections, controlling their operations and purifying their motives of action. Children can easily understand this; and that the omniscient scrutiny of God should regulate the conduct more than the applause of man: actions are often praised, when the principle which dictates them is wrong.

It is not, then, from studied, tedious, dull lectures on the subject, that religion can either

become useful or attractive to a child, but it must be the vivifying influence of the whole course of instruction—a habit of the mind, and not an occasional act. Love to God and our fellow-creatures is another lesson taught by religion, which is throughout opposed to gloom or selfishness. God is the universal Father of His creatures, and we are a part of this great family, whom we are to love as ourselves; and neither distance of clime or the colour of the skin can sever this union, or disengage us from the duty.

Forbearance, kindness, and consideration should consequently proceed from such a connexion, and kindly intercourse cherished. The pride, selfishness, and tyranny of man have forced upon his fellow-man observances, restraints, rigid punishments, and austerities which are nowhere required by God; these, then, are human adjuncts, and "grievous burdens," heavy to be borne. But true religion is pure, peaceable, gentle, unselfish, exalting the tastes and pursuits, and brings glory to God and good-will to man.

It fortifies the mind against the trials of life, sustains it under disease and sickness, disarms death of its terrors by opening to the eye of faith a haven of rest beyond the grave, into which no sorrow or suffering can enter, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and purity and happiness eternally dwell.

Experience and observation show that children are easily interested in these realities; and should they occasionally appear more *thoughtful* than others, by such reflections, they are not the more sad. Dispositions vary in different persons; and religion is not therefore chargeable with natural defects of character. The reserved will probably be so still; and the open and confiding will retain their characteristic traits, even when religion influences the conduct and sheds its beams on the heart. What I would say, then, to all who have the welfare of the rising generation at heart, is, let us be *truthful*, treating them as accountable, reasonable beings, who have each a talent to employ for the glory of its Giver; let God's revealed word be the standard by which to regulate our conduct, His approval our aim, and then, whether in sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, His *blessing* will descend, and shed a soothing influence on the "inner man," such as the world can neither give nor take away.

With such results as these, the scorner and the worldling, with their contempt or ridicule, might assail in vain their peace and safety; for their happiness is built on the "Rock of Ages," and on the imperishable word of the eternal God.

Southampton

E. J.

THE WEAVER BIRDS.

Most of these birds are found in India or Africa. Their generic name is derived from the wonderful art with which they construct their nests, interlacing them with blades of grass.

Of Cuvier's genus, *vidua*, the whidah-bird is one of the most elegant species. In organisation and in manners they are true linnets. In captivity, which they endure without much appearance of constraint, they are lively and active, jumping from perch to perch, and alternately raising and depressing their long tails with much vivacity. They are usually fed upon grain, with the occasional addition of green herbs; and are fond of bathing in the water which is placed in their cage. Twice a year they are subject to changes of plumage, which alter the appearance of the male especially, to such an extent that it would be difficult to recognise in him the same bird.

Of all the genera composing the family of weavers, the broad-shafted whidah finch is the most striking. It is composed of very small birds, mostly not larger than canaries. The males, during the breeding-season, are decorated with exceedingly long tail-feathers, often four times the length of the bird itself, and which, however ornamental, must rather impede the action of flight. Little or nothing is known of the habits and manners of the whidah finches in a state of nature, but they have always been among the most favourite cage-birds; and although not very frequent in the aviaries and houses of this country, they are common in those of France and other parts of the Continent.

Numbers of these, and the other pretty finches of the same country, are imported into France by the Senegal traders, and sold to the *marchands des oiseaux* of Paris. A resident in that city states that he was not a little surprised to find between a hundred and fifty and two hundred of these inhabitants of the torrid zone flying and sporting about in a small, dark, dirty room, transformed into a sort of aviary, in one of the meanest houses on the Quai Voltaire, two rooms only of which were tenanted by a *marchand des oiseaux*, his birds living in one, and himself and his family living in the other.

The peculiar position of the nests of the weaver-bird protects them, to a great extent, from their enemies the monkeys, but more especially from the deadly attacks of the snake tribes, which abound in these regions. Dr. Smith, in his "Zoology of South Africa," expresses his decided opinion, that the fear of injury from small quadrupeds and snakes operates upon the birds of that country in their selection of the trees on which they shall build. The influence which snakes produce

upon these birds, when they come in contact with them, is very singular. The boomslange, which, however, is not considered poisonous, is one of its most common foes; and it is generally found upon trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, upon which it delights to feed. The presence of a specimen in a tree is generally soon discovered by the birds of the neighbourhood, who collect around it, and fly to and fro, uttering the most fearful sounds, until some one, more terror-stricken than the rest, actually skims along so as to touch its lips, and, as a fly will destroy itself in the flame of a candle, becomes, almost without resistance, a prey to its enemy. During these proceedings, the snake may usually be observed with its head raised about ten or twelve inches above the branch round which its body and tail are entwined, with its mouth open, and its neck inflated, as if anxiously endeavouring to increase the terror which it would almost appear it was aware would, sooner or later, bring within its grasp one of the feathered group.

Forbes describes another interesting species under the name of baya, or bottle-nested sparrow, "which," he says, "is remarkable for its pendent nest, brilliant plumage, and uncommon sagacity." These birds are found in most parts of Hindostan; in shape they resemble the sparrow, as also in the brown feathers of the back and wings; the head and breast are of a bright yellow, and, in the rays of a tropical sun, have a splendid appearance when flying by thousands in the same grove. They make a chirping noise, but have no song: they associate in large communities, and cover extensive clumps of palmyras, acacias, and date trees with their nests. These are formed in a very ingenious manner by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, and suspended by the other end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments appropriated to different purposes: in one the hen performs the office of incubation; another consisting of a little thatched roof, and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal duties.

The Abyssinian grosbeak has been represented as a variety of the Philippine grosbeak, but it more probably constitutes a distinct genus. It is a native, as its name denotes, of Abyssinia, and gives to its nest a different form from that of the bird just mentioned, and displays rather more industry in its precaution for sheltering its offspring from the humidity of the weather and the voracity of its enemies.

It rolls its nest in a spiral form, not unlike the shell of the nautilus, suspends it to the extremity of some little branch over a placid stream,

and fixes the entrance in the lower part; but the aperture is always on the eastern side, in opposition to the direction of the rain.



THE SOCIABLE GROSBEEK OR WEAVER-BIRD.

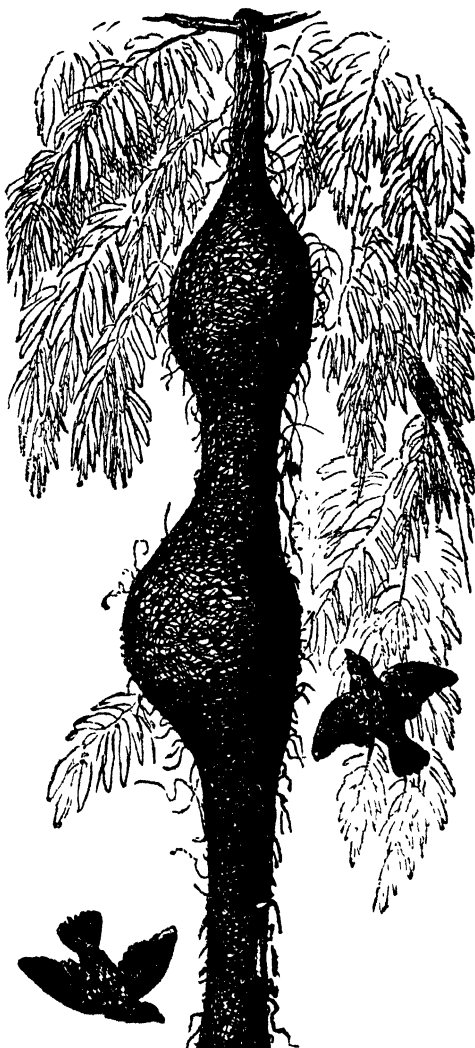
The *Loxia Bengalensis* inhabits India. The bird constructs its nest of vegetable fibres, which it interlaces in such a manner as to form a sort of purse, of which the engraving gives an exact representation. It suspends its nest on the higher branches of trees overhanging rivers; and the entrance is at the lower end. The first year the nest is a simple purse; but in the following one the bird attaches to this

a second, and proceeds annually with a similar addition to the curious fabric.

The sociable grosbeak, of Southern Africa, excels any of its feathered race in the extent, if not in the beauty and extent, of its habitation. Usually selecting a large and lofty tree, often of the mimosa or sensitive plant species, they find under its ample top and strong wide-spreading branches a good shelter and support for their

erection. Having chosen the site, the framework is constructed by the combined efforts of the fraternity at large, who will derive from it a common advantage. The nest is firmly interwoven with the branches of the tree on which it rests, and often a large part of a principal branch is included within its substance. This part of the work being completed, each pair proceeds to the construction of its own nest, which, like the roof, consists of grass.

The best description we have of these birds is that by Le Vaillant, in his "Travels in Africa." His narrative is as follows:—"I observed on the way a tree with an enormous nest of these birds, to which I have given the appellation of *republicans*; and as soon as I arrived at my camp, I despatched a few men with a waggon to bring it to me, that I might open the hive and examine its structure in its minutest parts. When it arrived I cut it to pieces with a hatchet, and saw that the chief portion of the structure consisted of a mass of Bushman's grass, without any mixture, but so compact and firmly basketed together as to be impenetrable to the rain. This is the commencement of the structure; and each bird builds its particular nest under this canopy, the upper surface remaining void, without, however, being useless; for, as it has a projecting rim and is a little inclined, it serves to let the rain-water run off, and preserves each little dwelling from the rain. Figure to yourself a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are completely covered with nests crowded one against another, and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of these singular edifices. Each individual nest is three or four inches in diameter, which is sufficient for the bird. But as they are all in contact with one another around the eaves, they appear to the eye to form but one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a little external aperture, which serves as an entrance to the nest; and even this is some-



times common to three different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom and the other two at the sides."

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

AFTER all, say the philosophers of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, love and gain are the only objects in the world; and we believe the philosophers. The life which at least one-half the populations long to live is a life of love; their hopes (we speak of women, and are not ashamed) all point and centre to a loving home with a loving husband in it—with by and by some children and some new affections. To every woman that is the happiness worth living for; and, to young women, it does not seem worth living for any other happiness. And even the sterner half of the creation, though it is outwardly so much devoted to the pursuit of wealth or power, is little less influenced through the affections. We all know well enough that though Brown spends nine hours a day at his counting-house in the City, and Robinson as many in his factory, and Jones dreams all that time away in his study—counting-house, factory, study, and all they contain might go to the winds, and welcome, rather than the dear little wives of these men forget their old affection, and have no kisses ready after breakfast and before dinner. The merchant cares a great deal for his ships that sail upon the sea; he cares about one thing only better: and that is, that his proud and darling daughter should consort not with an unworthy man, or a poor one.

So love and wealth are interesting to everybody, though

Love has been a villain
Since the days of Troy and Helen,
When he caused the death of Paris,
And of many, many more—

and though we are continually decrying the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, as well as all the sinful lusts of the flesh.

From time immemorial, and in all quarters of the globe, savage or civilised, marriage and giving in marriage has been attended by rites and ceremonies sufficiently expressive of the high sense which almost universally attaches to the most sacred and the most important of our institutions. Numerous and most various these ceremonies are, differing with every age and every people; but none without some strong points of interest, not only of themselves, but in reference to the manners and habits of thought among the people to whom they appertain. In our own land, where the near and dear relation of marriage has not always been held in the reverence it now is, these rites and customs have been very various, and we are going to give some account of them. We shall probably, however, find none quite so striking as those hinted at in a certain old

play with a very libellous title, "A Woman's a Wether Cocke," in which occurs this passage.

She is contracted, sir—nay, married;
Unto another man, though it want forme:
And such strange passages and mutuall vowes,
'Twould make your short haire start through your
blacke
Cap—should you but heare it.

In old times, priests were not nearly so plentiful as blackberries. Numerous were the little villages, consisting of a dozen or twenty cottages, and trenched round with woods and roads impassable—which, unable to maintain a priest, seldom saw one. He was a travelling priest whom they did see—a clergyman who came round once a year or so to do up the marriages and christenings in a compendious manner scarcely sacred. In those times, consequently, a betrothal was often of much greater significance than now: when, indeed, betrothals are very unromantic and unreal affairs, passing under the dreadfully unpoetical name of "engagements." A betrothal then had all the effect of a regular marriage now; the rites of matrimony coming afterwards to sanctify an engagement already all fulfilled. This contract was called by the *Danes Hand festing*; among their descendants our villagers, it was known as *hand fasting*, a term which still retains its use and old signification. Traces of this custom were to be found in our villages and in Scotland until a late period—latest of all, perhaps, is the Isle of Portland, whose inhabitants are very slow to adopt the usages of the mainland, and who, until very recently, intermarried strictly among themselves. In their case, the rites of marriage were frequently delayed until family responsibilities began to threaten; and there was the less shame in this shameful and dangerous custom, and the morals of the people were in some degree protected, that the rude islanders kept perfect faith with each other, and a man no more dreamed of abandoning his betrothed before the church had sanctified their union than after. Traces of similar customs—faint, indeed, we are most happy to say, but not without a plausible amount of certainty—still exist in the Isle of Wight.

In Wales, too, similar customs were retained until a very recent date; and even now we may see them quoted in funny newspaper paragraphs. There the lover used (and perhaps in some districts the usage is retained) to visit his sweetheart in the evening, and make love to her in her chamber after she had retired. These meetings were conducted with perfect innocence; and the faith of the people was as firm as that of the Portland folk. The custom is said to have originated from the scarcity of fuel (and the Welsh are proverbially thrifty),

and the obvious difficulty of making soft speeches in the cold. As wives, the Welsh women are faithful, dutiful, and affectionate. According to old custom, when it is settled that a wedding is to take place, a few days previous to its solemnisation the parents of the parties held what they called a bidding, or meeting of their friends, at their separate houses. The male friends were the chief attendants at the bridegroom's house—women at the bride's. The men, over potatoes of ale, made such donations of money as they could afford; the women, over the cup that cheers, made presents in kind—as cheeses, butter, tea, &c. Large sums of money and stores of provisions were often thus contributed to set the young couple up in life; but the custom is rather too eleemosynary, and too much a tax, to find favour in modern times; and it is almost extinct.

We may as well now finish what we have to say of the Welsh, as we find it described to our hands. According to what may be termed national usage, on the night previous to the wedding, a few of the bridegroom's friends proceeded to the bride's house to see if she were safe. Her friends concealed her as they best could, either by disguising her or hiding her in some out-of-the-way nook; but after some difficulty, real or pretended, the lady was discovered, and the party sat down to make merry. Next morning the bridegroom's party again appeared, and demanded the bride. Her father made a roundabout, equivocal sort of refusal; but at length produced her, when she was mounted behind one of the besiegers, who then trotted her off to church. Here the bridegroom was in readiness; and they were married with the familiar ritual; only that when he came to the words, "With my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bridegroom produced what money he had about him, and gave it, with the ring, to the clergyman. The latter took his fee, delivered the remainder to the bride, and the ritual, in usual form, was continued. This was the custom up to a very recent day, and may be so still in the more retired provinces. Before the bridegroom rose in the morning, he made presents to his wife.

In Scotland affairs were not quite so well. Sir John Sinclair, in his "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1794, gives an account of a fair which used to be annually held in Dumfries, at the meeting of the Black and White Fairs. "At that fair," he says, "it was the custom for the unmarried persons of both sexes to choose a companion, according to their liking, with whom they were to live till that time next year. This was called *hand fastina*, or hand in fist. If they were pleased

with each other at that time, they continued together for life; if not, they separated, and were free to make another choice, as at first." Here is another blessed instance of the goodness of the good old times. The effect of such a custom upon the manners of the people is not to be calculated; it must have demoralised them, and made immense miseries and trouble; since it was not necessary for the parties to agree on separation. There was this safeguard, however, such as it was, that if a child was born during the *hand fasting* period, the person who insisted on separation bore the responsibility of its support.

That similar customs prevailed in many parts of England is proved by many a passage in quaint old books, as in "The Christian State of Matrimony" (1543), the author of which very gravely rebukes them. He warns "every reasonable and honest parson (person) to beware that in contractyng of maryage they dyssemble not, nor set forth any lye. Every man lykewyse (says he) must esteeme the parson to whom he is handfasted, none otherwyse than for his owne spouse, though as yet it be not done in the church ner in the streete." Better still is the advice, "After the handfastyng and making of the contracte ye churchgoyng and wedding should not be differred too long;" for the author explains with great care, as regards handfasting, "into this dysh hath the Dyvell put his foote, and mengled it wythe many wycked uses and coustumes."

A proof of the prevalence of such "coustumes" is found in the fact that other old writers do not look upon them with nearly so serious a countenance. Even Richard Whitforde, a "professed Brother of Syon," who wrote "A Werke for Householdiers" in 1537, only blames these sinful contracts when they are made secretly. He reprehends those who simply make "a contracte promyse, and gve faythe and trouthe unto eche other, saying, 'Here I take thee, Margery, unto my wyfe, and thereto I plyght the my troth. And she agayne unto him in lyke manner.'" The professed brother of Syon declares it is great jeopardy to make such contracts secretly and alone, without records (witnesses), which should be two at the least.

Nor have we to congratulate ourselves that this state of things prevailed in distant and unenlightened villages alone. More than a century later than the period at which the above passages were printed, the conjugal condition of the British people, high or low, in cities or in villages, was most degraded. From the "glorious restoration," as it was called, when vice, and debauchery, and the worst kinds of folly came in with the merry monarch, until within the last seventy or eighty years mar-

riage was a mockery, and virtue or good morals something to laugh at.

"From 1651 to 1751," most truly says a recent writer, speaking of the relations of morals to the increase of population, "the morals of Great Britain were of the loosest description. Profligacy was fashionable; irreligion was fashionable; gambling was fashionable; drunkenness was fashionable; duelling was fashionable; debt was very fashionable indeed. What could the common people do but imitate their betters? On the scandalously merry reign of Charles the Second we need not dwell, save to remark that Dryden, the poet-laureate, in a poem supposed to be written under the direct inspiration of his sacred majesty (Absalom and Achitophel), directly advocated polygamy. The Court of William and Mary was frigidly decorous; and Queen Anne was chaste, formal, and devout (Chesterfield called her so by way of reproach); but the state of society during the reigns of the two first Georges was as grossly immoral as it was tastelessly stupid. In the first reign we have the last instance of a worthless woman being raised to the British peerage—the Countess of Yarmouth. The law of marriage was slight, involved, in bad odour, and so perplexing that it was often resorted to as a means of seduction. The institution of marriage itself was rapidly falling into disuse and contempt. You could be married when and where you liked, or not at all. There were infamous dens in the Fleet where ragged-cassocked divines, redolent of the *agua vitae* bottle, and the onion and tobacco odours of Mount Scoundrel, were always ready to perform the marriage-ceremony for half a guinea, or less, the witness being some boon companion of the parson, or his servant-maid. One Mr. Keith had a 'marriage shop' in May Fair, where upwards of 6,000 marriages were celebrated annually, with promptitude and despatch, and at a very low rate indeed. In the country there were itinerant marryers, who went by the gracefully-dignified and canonical names of hedge-parsons and couple-beggars, and who married a drunken tinker to a beggar's callet for anything they could get—a shilling, a lump of bacon, or a can of small ale. Into such utter contempt and scandal had our matrimonial polity followed, that continental nations refused to recognise the legality of an English marriage; and Holland and some other countries compelled such of their subjects as had contracted a matrimonial alliance in England to be married again publicly on their return. These disgraceful facts are corroborated by Smollett, by Tindal, by the learned Picart, in the 'Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World,' by the newspapers of the day, and by the Parlia-

mentary debates. To put an end to this abominable state of things, a new marriage bill was introduced, in 1753, by Lord Hardwicke. In the Commons it was bitterly opposed. Mr. Fox, who had himself married clandestinely the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, contended that it would be of the most dangerous consequence to the female sex, and that it would endanger our very existence; for that without a continuous supply of laborious and industrious poor no nation could long exist, which supply could only be got by promoting marriage among such people. Mr. Nugent said that a public marriage was against the genius and nature of our people, and that our people were exceedingly fond of private marriages, and saving a little money. Finally, Mr. Charles Townshend, laying his hand on his heart, declared it one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man, and suspected some latent design in it to secure all the heiresses in the kingdom to the eldest sons of noble and rich families. In spite, however, of the eloquence of the disinterested Fox, the patriotic Nugent, and the sentimental Townshend, the bill, after some violent debates, one of which continued until three o'clock in the morning, and after a wise and luminous speech from Solicitor-General Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, passed the Commons, and became law. Mr. Keith and his brethren of the Fleet found that their occupation was gone. Marriages, by the new law, were obliged to be entered in the parish register, and a strict line of demarcation was drawn between the married and the unmarried. Experience soon showed that, instead of stopping marriage and the growth of population, the Act had the contrary effect, by divesting the marriage-ceremony of disgraceful associations, and by making it, not a mere verbal promise, but a life contract."

A more important consequence, however, than the growth of population was the growth of good morals and decent manners; but it is a very significant fact that far fewer children are the result of irregular unions than of those sanctified by the sacrament of marriage. The population of Great Britain has increased at an immensely greater speed since the marital relations of the people have improved; and in spite of the assertion of Mr. Nugent, that public marriage was "against the genius and nature of our people," we find that "our people" were only too glad to avail themselves of the blessing of Heaven on unions declared and contracted in the face of the world. In 1756 (three years after the passing of the new marriage bill above referred to) the number of

marriages was 50,972; in 1764, eight years after, they increased to 63,310: by no means a proof that the people were averse to good morals. In the latter year the amiable Chesterfield writes, "The rage for marrying is very prevalent"—as if he were alluding (as the writer above quoted pertinently remarks) to the rage for South Sea Stock, or for wearing bag-wigs or high-heeled shoes. It is evident he thought it quite an odd thing—a "popular delusion;" but in this rage for marrying, when marriage had become what it ought to be, a holy institution, we perceive the haste of the people to cast out the immorality which had darkened their homes for centuries.

(To be continued.)

A NUT.

PROFESSOR WHEWELL was asked by a lady for a cypher for her name. Whewell wrote the following on a slip of paper and presented it to the puzzled woman:—

You O a O but I O thee.
O O no O, but O O me.
O let, then, my O a O go.
And give back O O I O thee so.

Our lady readers may find the interpretation interesting—if they can make it.

Notices to Correspondents.

STAMPED EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE.

In future, the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* (stamped as a newspaper) will be forwarded from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom for an annual subscription of three shillings, payable in advance. Single numbers forwarded free on receipt of three postage-stamps.

THE ANNUAL PRIZES.

In future, purchasers of the back volumes, by sending in the cheques to be found in each, will be entitled to a chance in the next distribution of Prizes. Purchasers of volumes which contain cheques for a *specie* prize may send them to the office, where they will be changed for new ones.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that Essays on the *HAPPIEST LOT* must be sent in on or before the 12th of February. The subject for the next Essay (to be printed in the April number) is "*POOR RELATIONS*." The prize in each case consists of a handsome volume.

THE PRIZE WORK PATTERNS.

The prize for the best pattern of a purse in embroidery (engraved on page 317) has been awarded to *ELIZABETH*; but we are compelled to avow that we received no pattern worthy of a second prize. Patterns of the *COLLAR IN CROCHET* (worked), announced for competition last month, should be sent in on or before the 12th of the month. The next subject for competition is

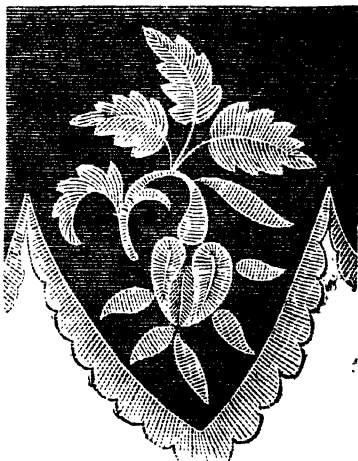
a *KNITTED NECK-TIE IN SHETLAND WOOL*. All patterns must be worked, and the description written from the working. The prize consists of a handsome volume or print. Unsuccessful patterns returned on receipt of a stamped envelope.

BOYS' MAGAZINE.

The Publishers beg to call attention to the Second Number of the "*BOYS' MAGAZINE*," just published. It contains, among other articles, amusing and instructive, the First Part of the Romantic History of the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards.

** We beg to acquaint our correspondents that we can take in no more *unpaid letters*. All letters, on whatever business, should be prepaid; and those which require a private answer should be accompanied by a postage-stamp for return. Prospectuses or communications respecting the business of the Magazine are, of course, forwarded at our own expense; but we cannot undertake to pay double postage for every application.

ROSE-BUD EDGING.—The edging below is to please several fair correspondents, and is of the



breadth desired, and may be worked either for an edging or for a handkerchief border. If the former, it must be worked in white cotton; if the latter, it may either all be worked in pink ingrain cotton, or the edging in white and the rose in red cotton; or the contrary way, according to taste.

AN *ENGLISH GIRL* writes very well. As to gathering proofs of character from a particular style of penmanship, it is all nonsense.

LAURA AND A SUBSCRIBER.—Pimpernel may be had from the herb shops, distilled like elder flowers, or lavender.

LYDIA.—We regret that LYDIA has been at any trouble, and will endeavour to remedy the evil.

DECLINED.—The "*Lament of a Lover*" (almost too true to life).—"*To M. C.*" (times ad-

dressed to any particular person have little interest for general readers, at best.)—"A Mother's Address to her Son."—"Vernal Volume"

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S FUND.

"OUR SOLDIERS.—HANNAH suggests that all the lady subscribers to the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE should contribute a little sixpence toward the comfort of our unconquerable army in the East—to form a little "Englishwoman's Fund," and to be placed at the disposal of the Editor. We are flattered by the compliment; and if the idea be carried out, or to whatever extent it may be carried out, we shall only be too happy to use the utmost diligence in finding out how such a fund might best be applied."

The foregoing was inserted in the January number of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE; and although we heartily approved HANNAH's suggestion, we did not suppose that there would be many responses, as we conceived most of our subscribers had already, through one channel or another, contributed to the comfort of those brave men upon whom all eyes are fixed. We have, however, received so many letters written in such earnest and good feeling, pressing us to urge the appeal on our subscribers, that we feel bound to do so. We beg to repeat, therefore, that we shall gladly receive, and carefully apply to a purpose at the moment most exigent, any contributions to the "Englishwoman's Fund." Stamps may be sent. The Publishers of the Magazine have already forwarded several hundred volumes (of various kinds) for the use of the sick and wounded at Scutari, and as many more await the pleasure of the Secretary-at-War.

Next month we will publish a list of the contributors.

GEORGE.—We cannot possibly state (because we cannot possibly know) "whether a number between 2,000 and 2,150 will gain a prize." On reference to an announcement above, our correspondent will perceive that he can have any number of the Magazine forwarded free to his address on receipt of three stamps.

HENRIETTA is mistaken. The reply in our last month was not intended for her, but for another Henrietta; to whom we are not nearly so much obliged. The present Henrietta's story, however, we are compelled to decline.

CHARLOTTE K.—MSS. are returned on receipt of a stamped envelope.

E. R. (or any Subscriber), should she obtain a prize, may "have the amount in books" if she chooses.

M. G.—We are not acquainted with the work.

A BACHELOR.—Your poem without a name hardly reaches the standard of the Magazine.

S. S. M.—We do not think smoking (quite in moderation) injurious.

ANXIOUS.—Not after eight years. If abandoned, the law will compel the grandparents of a child to contribute to its support.

FATHERLESS FANNY is referred to the wrapper. FRANCES' best plan would be to take the dress to a dressmaker of taste, and leave the question to her judgment.

PENELOPE.—See the "Sick Room" column of the present number.

A SEXTON.—A SEXTON's presence is not necessary at the ballot for the prizes. In no single instance has a winner been present at the ballot.

Sick Room and Nursery

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—Difficulty in going to sleep is a common affliction, and a worse one than might be supposed; but in half the cases it is a self-inflicted misery. Idleness is not the least frequent cause; and we are afraid, therefore, that the following remedies for sleepless nights will not be tried by all who deplore their misery. Finding yourself restless, rise, and rub your limbs with a good coarse towel, or a flesh brush, or even with your hands. Or before retiring take a cold bath, and rub yourself well down before you get out of it. Or if you don't like cold baths, have a warm one. Or have a good brisk walk in the open air; or if this is too much for you, run up and down stairs a half dozen times, and then to bed directly.—By doing this a few times, and then continuing the means occasionally, you will regain the old habit of going to sleep at once. Healthy people always sleep well; people cannot be healthy who do not bathe often and take good exercise. A pillow stuffed with hops acts as a narcotic.

BATHS.—A little more about bathing, a subject we shall never have done enforcing on our readers' attention. Frequent bathing, temperance, and exercise, if persevered in by the whole community for one month, would have two useful results for society: the country would be twice as healthy, and half the medical profession would be off a soldiering in the Crimea—having nothing else to do. There are all sorts of baths—hot, tepid, vapour, shower, plunge, hip, &c. &c. Hot and vapour baths are for the sick, and are extremely useful. A vapour bath, for those who suffer from rheumatism or gout, may be made thus:—Place a bucket of boiling-water under the chair on which you are seated, causing yourself, bucket, chair, and all, to be surrounded with blankets. When the vapour decreases, the bottom of the blanket may be lifted, and a hot brick dropped into the pail.—The plunge bath is not so accessible. It is cold, or cool; and one or two plunges and out again will produce more benefit than to remain in it; we speak especially of weak or sick people. The shower bath we do not recommend at all. It may do for men or women in the prime of life and health, but not for children and old people. To pregnant women it is highly dangerous. The best bath on the whole, for sick or hale, is the hip bath. Fill your bath with water cold if you can possibly bear it (and if you are well)—at any rate, merely tepid. Move your limbs well in the water for a quarter of an hour, get out, and rub yourself with a couple of rough towels till your skin begins to resent the usage. If you have no regular bath, fill a big pan or washing-tub, get into it, and sponge and sluice yourself well. It is as good a bath as any.

COD-LIVER OIL.—There can be no doubt of the extraordinary efficacy of cod-liver oil in several diseases besides that in which it is oftenest recommended. Cod-liver oil, however, is extremely liable to adulteration, and the rather high price at which the good article must necessarily be sold is found to tempt to this most dishonest practice. We advise our friends not to buy it anywhere; a physician will be glad to name some tradesman in whom he has confidence. The pale or very refined oil is useless.

CURE FOR A COUGH.—Marsh mallow root, and liquorice root, half an ounce each, boiled in a pint of water till the (water) is reduced one third, is good for a cough. Half a teaspoonful should be taken three times a day.

Things worth Knowing.

COFFEE STAINS, MUD SPLASHES, &c., will mostly give way to the use of soap and water. Curd soap should be applied for this purpose. Obsolete stains which will not yield to these treatments must be submitted to the bleaching powers of the fumes of burning sulphur. This is conveniently applied by igniting some brimstone under a cone or funnel, made of cardboard. The stains must be wetted, and then held over the top of the little chimney until they disappear.

TRACING PAPER.—Steep sheets of suitable paper in a strong solution of gum arabic, and afterwards take off the superfluity of the liquid by pressing each sheet between two others of similar paper, but dry. It will be found that the three sheets are converted into a first-rate tracing paper. It is indispensable that the solution be strong, about the consistence of boiled oil. Paper prepared as above directed possesses every requisite that can be wished for.

CEMENT FOR GLASS OR CHINA.—The expressed juice of garlic is a good cement for glass or china articles. We opine it would be better if mixed with a little of the ash of a burnt oyster-shell.

TO PRESERVE WATER-COLOUR, CHALK, AND OTHER DRAWINGS, place a sheet of glass in front, a sheet of cardboard or millboard behind, and then paste a narrow slip of coloured paper along the edge.

WOOD STAIN.—A decoction of walnut or hickory bark, with a small quantity of alum in it, to give permanency to the colour, makes an excellent dye for white woods.

GREASE SPOTS.—To obliterate grease spots from white silk or satin, we may proceed as directed for coloured silks; but acid, truit, ink, glove marks, stains from gentlemen's coats, require a different treatment. These marks are generally removed by damping the part with oxalic acid dissolved in water; about the eighth part of an ounce in a wine-glassful of water is strong enough. The common salts of lemons in water also answer well. For grease spots upon cloth and all kinds of woollen goods, soap and water may be used without fear, provided it is well washed out afterwards. Fuller's earth, or powdered French chalk, made into a paste with water, and laid upon the part, is, however, the best applicant, to be brushed out when dry.

A HINT FOR WASHING DAY.—A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing will clean the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one half the labour, and half one half less soap. Besides, the clothes will be improved in colour.

TO WASH CHINTZ.—Take two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water to become soft. Then pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till it becomes of about the warmth usual in washing coloured linens; then put the chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap. Wash it until the dirt seems to have been got out. Then boil the same quantity of rice as above, but strain the rice, and mix it (the rice) with clear warm water. Wash the chintz in this again till quite clean; then rinse it in the water strained from the last dose of rice, and this will answer the end of starch. If a gown, it must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to lay as smooth as possible.

TO CLEAN GOLD AND SILVER LACE.—Sew the lace in a clean linen cloth, boil it in a quart of soft water and a quarter pound of soap, and wash it in cold water. If tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.

Wit and Wisdom.

A German priest was walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing on the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance he would pass on; saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at a cheap rate.

I remember (says Wesley) hearing my father say to my mother, "How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" "Why," said she, "if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost my labour."

"Madam," said Old Roger to his landlady, "in primitive countries, beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he emphatically, striking his fork into the steak before him, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender."

Woman's silence, though it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister to a young man of his congregation—"Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert; "two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't mean to sustain them much longer."

"Ten measures of garrulity," says the Talmud, "went down upon earth, and the women took nine."

He who anticipates calamities suffers them twice over.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

KATE.—We suppose you don't believe in love-philtres. It would save us a world of anxiety if some of our correspondents would. Then, instead of bewildering ourselves to find advice for young ladies who love their loves, but whose loves don't love them, we might insert in the column devoted to Cookery or the Sick-Room some such recipes as these, taken from the ancients. First catch your toad. Then catch your ants. Let your ants eat your toad; then take the bones of his left side, pound them, mix with wine, and administer to the obdurate one privately. In a little while he will become a very warm lover, and ultimately the "happiest of men." But be sure to take the bones from the left side; the bones of the right side are of a different quality, and good to make people hate you. Or you may dress a lizard or two in any enticing form for supper. Or make a dish of calves' brains—mingling a little doves' blood in the loved one's beer. Or powder the bones of snakes, and administer playfully in a spoonful of sugar. Or tie the udder of a hyacinth round your left arm. Or make for your beloved a pie of young swallows who have died a natural death with their mouths open. To do this, take a nest of swallows and place them out in the garden till they are famished; and choose for your pie those which die with their beaks open. The birds deceased with their beaks shut would operate against your wishes. Or what do you think of two or three hairs from a wolf's tail—battered? Such are the recipes handed down to us by the wisdom of the ancients, and we recommend them to the attention of our readers. We may remark, however, that Lucullus, the Roman general, is said to have first lost his reason through

such affectionate confections that the poet Lucretius was killed through them and Caius Calpurnia one of the most remarkable men of the country driven to madness by a philtre administered by his wife Calpurnia. What does this prove, however, but that accidents will happen in the best regulated families? Have not babies manifold been killed by Dafty's Elixir and Godfrey's Cordial?

HELEN ESTHER—So much depends upon the nature and importance of the secret that we can not give an opinion upon your statement. The idea in our minds, however, is to let things take their course.

POLLY—In innocence there is always prudence. Why shouldn't one kiss her sweetheart at parting?

LIZZ—You may very properly accept the invitation as it was made, and make your visits *sans ceremonie*.

ALMA is one of the thousand. She is "very much attached to a gentleman who has as yet made no return." He is ten years her senior, and in much better circumstances than ALMA. ALMA has known him about a year and from the first has loved him dearly. And it makes her very unhappy for though he is very polite and attentive, she is afraid he has no stronger feeling than friendship for her.—We have certainly no advice to give in such a case, except "to suffer and be strong" to suffer as little as possible, and get over it and forget it as quick as possible.

DESPONDING—It is very unfortunate, but no doubt will soon be explained.

J. J. P.—Our notice of this gentleman's letter has provoked several replies of a sympathetic

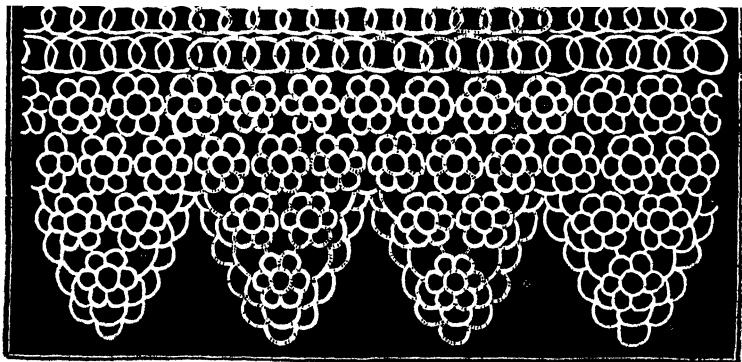
kind. But it may be unkind, and we do not care—we decline to allow any of our fair correspondents to have anything to do with him.

ADA LIGEIA—"I have been now for some years engaged to a young gentleman five years my senior and my love has been reciprocated. Time after time has been set for our union, and as often has it been postponed to some future time. A slight feud has at last taken place between our families and it is their positive wish that the engagement should at once and for ever be broken off. Now, Mr. Editor, we are both very much against such a course of proceedings. His profession enables him to live in much the same style as my own family, and his practice is on the increase. Shall we, then, set aside the wishes of our friends, and make a match of it without their consent, as I feel sure that now will never be obtained? Or what do you think would be the best course to pursue? for I feel I can never love another as I have loved him. If the engagement be broken off by mutual consent, would it be prudent to retain the presents or to return them with the letters? By replying to these my earnest inquiries, you will ever oblige," &c.—We can hardly counsel matches against the consent of parents. But does the 'feud relate to the match? That is an important part of the question, for if the quarrel is confined to matters apart from ADA's engagement we certainly do not think the parents justified in insisting on the sacrifice of their children's feelings.

CONSTANT READER—Afraid it is too late to write or to speak.

MILLCENT MARY—Affect a cool demeanour, such stratagems are fair in love.

CROCHET LACE



CROCHET LACE—Make a chain of 12 stitches, unite, and into the round work 18 double crochet. 2nd row—7 chain, miss 2, 1 double crochet 6 times. 3rd row—7 double crochet into each of the 7 chains, fasten off. This forms 1 star. Work 9 of these for each point, and join as in pattern. For heading 1st row—1 double crochet into the centre of 7 double crochet, 12 chain. Work 1 plain into 4th chain to form a round loop, 3 chain, 1 double crochet into centre of next 7, repeat. 2nd row—3 double crochet into round loop, 5 chain, repeat. 3rd row same as 1st, working DC into centre of 5 chain in last row. 4th row same as second.—Then work the edge round the points as in pattern, working 8 chain, 1 DC in 1st row, except between each point where there are only 6. 2nd row—9 DC into each 8 chain, and 7 DC into 6 chain. 3rd row—9 chain, 1 DC into centre of 9 in last row, and between the points work 3 chain. 4th row—10 DC into each 9 chain, and 4 DC into 3 chain.



KAVANAGH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(Continued from p. 233)

X

ON the following morning, very early, as the schoolmaster stood at his door, inhaling the bright, wholesome air, and beholding the shadows of the rising sun, and the glistening dew-drops on the red vine leaves, he heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Pendexter and his wife drive down the village street in their old-fashioned chaise, known by all the boys in town as 'the rick.' The old white horse, that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, and finally had been the cause of so much discord in the parish, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as it endeavoured to

shake the dust from his feet as he passed through the ungrateful village. Under the apple tree hung suspended a leather trunk, and in the chaise, between the two occupants was a large hand-box, which forced Mr. Pendexter to let his legs hang out of the vehicle, and gave him the air of imitating the Scriptural behaviour of his horse. Gravely and from a distance he saluted the schoolmaster, who saluted him in return, with a tear in his eye, that no man saw, but which, nevertheless, was not unseen.

"Farewell, poor old man!" said the schoolmaster within himself, as he shut out the cold, autumnal air, and entered his comfortable study. We are not worthy of thee, or we should have had thee with us for ever. Go

back again to the place of thy childhood, the scene of thine early labours and thine early love; let thy days end where they began, and like the emblem of eternity, let the serpent of life coil itself round and take its tail into its mouth, and be still from all its hissings for evermore! I would not call thee back; for it is better thou shouldst be where thou art than amid the angry contentions of this little town."

Not all took leave of the old clergyman in so kindly a spirit. Indeed, there was a pretty general feeling of relief in the village, as when one gets rid of an ill-fitting garment, or old-fashioned hat, which one neither wishes to wear, nor is quite willing to throw away.

Thus Mr. Penderster departed from the village. A few days afterwards he was seen at a full training, or general muster of the militia, making a prayer on horseback, with his eyes wide open; a performance in which he took evident delight, as it gave him an opportunity of going quite at large into some of the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews.

II.

FOR a while the schoolmaster walked to and fro, looking at the gleam of the sunshine on the carpet, and reveling in his day-dreams of unwritten books, and literary fame. With these day-dreams mingled confusedly the patter of little feet, and the murmuring and cooing of his children overhead. His plans that morning, could he have executed them, would have filled a shelf in his library with poems and romances of his own creation. But suddenly the vision vanished; and another from the actual world took its place. It was the canvas-covered cart of the butcher, that, like the flying wigwam of the Indian tale, flitted before his eyes. It drove up the yard, and stopped at the back door; and the poet felt that the sacred rest of Sunday, the God's truce with worldly cares, was once more at an end. A dark hand passed between him and the land of light. Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened, and he went forth to deal with the man of flesh and blood.

"Alas!" said he, with a sigh; "and must my life, then, always be like the Sabbatical river of the Jews, flowing in full stream only on the seventh day, and sandy and arid all the rest?"

Then he thought of his beautiful wife and children, and added, half aloud—

"No; not so! Rather let me look upon the seven days of the week as the seven magic rings of Jarchas, each inscribed with the name of a separate planet, and each possessing a peculiar power; or as the seven sacred and mysterious stones which the pilgrims of Mecca were fabled to have never thrown aside in the

valleys of Menah and Akbah, cursing the Devil and saying at each throw, 'God is great.'"

He found Mr. Wilmerdings, the butcher, standing beside his cart, and surrounded by five cats, that had risen simultaneously on their hind legs, to receive their quotidian morning's meal. Mr. Wilmerdings not only supplied the village with fresh provisions daily, but he likewise weighed all the babies. There was hardly a child in town that had not hung beneath his steelyards, tied in a silk handkerchief, the moveable weight above sliding along the notched beam from eight pounds to twelve. He was a young man with a very fresh and rosy complexion, and every Monday morning he appeared dressed in an exceedingly white frock. He had lately married a milliner, who sold "Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and coloured straws," and their bridal-tour had been to a neighbouring town to see a man hanged for murdering his wife. A pair of huge ox-horns branched from the gable of his slaughter-house; and near it stood the great pits of the tannery, which all the schoolboys thought were filled with blood!

Perhaps no two men could be more unlike than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Wilmerdings. Upon such a grating, iron hinges opened the door of his daily life; opened into the school-room, the theatre of those life-long labours, which theoretically are the most noble, and practically the most vexatious, in the world. Towards this as soon as breakfast was over, and he had played a while with his children, he directed his steps. On his way, he had many glimpses into the lovely realms of Nature, and one into those of Art, through the medium of a placard pasted against a wall. It was as follows:—

"The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.

"No trouble of adorning or dressing the person is required. He takes infants and children at sight, and has frames of all sizes to accommodate.

"A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face and head, the use of which when seen tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.

"WILLIAM BANTAM."

Ere long even this glimpse into the ideal world had vanished; and he felt himself bound to the earth with a hundred invisible threads, by which a hundred urchins were tugging and tormenting him; and it was only with considerable effort, and at intervals, that his mind could soar to the moral zenith of his vociferation.

Such was the schoolmaster's life; and a dreary, weary life it would have been, had not poetry from within gushed through every track and crevice in it. This transformed it, and made it resemble a well into which stones and rubbish have been thrown; but underneath is a spring of fresh, pure water, which nothing external can ever check or defile.

XII.

MR. PENDEXTER had departed. Only a few old and middle-aged people regretted him. To these few, something was wanting in the service ever afterwards. They missed the accounts of the Hebrew massacres, and the wonderful tales of the Zamzummins; they missed the venerable grey hair, and the voice that had spoken to them in childhood, and for ever preserved the memory of it in their hearts, as in the Russian Church the old hymns of the earliest centuries are still piously retained.

The winter came, with all its affluence of snows, and its many candidates for the vacant pulpit. But the parish was difficult to please, as all parishes are; and talked of dividing itself, and building a new church, and other extravagances, as all parishes do. Finally it concluded to remain as it was, and the choice of a pastor was made.

The events of the winter were few in number, and can be easily described. The following extract from a school-girl's letter to an absent friend contains the most important:—

"At school, things have gone on pretty much as usual. Jane Brown has grown very pale. They say she is in a consumption; but I think it is because she eats so many slate pencils. One of her shoulders has grown a good deal higher than the other. Billy Wilmerdings has been turned out of school for playing truant. He promised his mother, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion. I am sure I wish he would; for then he would stop looking at me through the hole in the top of his desk. Mr. Churchill is a very curious man. To-day he gave us this question in arithmetic: 'One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silanbara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbour; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of bees?' Nobody could do the sum.

"The church has been repaired; and we have a new mahogany pulpit. Mr. Churchill bought the old one, and had it put up in his study. What a strange man he is! A good many candidates have preached for us. The only one we like is Mr. Kavanagh. Arthur Kavanagh is not that a romantic name? He is, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and

hair! Sally—Alice Archer's Sally—says 'he is not a man; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw.' I think he is very handsome. And such sermons! So beautifully written, so different from old Mr. Pendexter's! He has been invited to settle here; but he cannot come till spring. Last Sunday he preached about the ruling passion. He said, that once a German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting-horn blown in his bedroom, and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him; and that so it was with the ruling passions of men; even around the death-bed, at the well-known signal, they howled and leaped about those that had fostered them! Beautiful, is it not? and so original! He said in another sermon that disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the Prophet in the wilderness; and that as, in Catholic countries, the lamps lighted before the images of saints, in narrow and dangerous streets, not only served as offerings of devotion, but likewise as lights to those who passed, so, in the dark and dismal streets of the city of Unbelief, every good thought, word, and deed of a man not only was an offering to Heaven, but likewise served to light him and others on their way homeward. I have taken a good many notes of Mr. Kavanagh's sermons, which you shall see when you come back.

"Last week we had a sleigh ride, with six white horses. We went like the wind over the hollows in the snow. The driver called them 'thank-you-ma'ams,' because they make everybody bow. And such a frantic ball as we had at Beaverstock! I wish you had been there! We did not get home till two o'clock in the morning; and the next day Hester Green's minister asked her if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet while she was dancing!

"The new fashionable boarding-school begins next week. The prospectus has been sent to our house. One of the regulations is, 'Young ladies are not allowed to cross their bendens in school!' Papa says he never heard them called so before. Old Mrs. Plainfield is gone at last. Just before she died, her Irish chamber-maid asked her if she wanted to be buried with her false teeth in! There has not been a single new engagement since you went away; but somebody asked me the other day if you were engaged to Mr. Pillsbury. I was very angry. Pillsbury, indeed! He is old enough to be your father.

"What a long, rambling letter I am writing you! and only because you will be so naughty as to stay away and leave me all alone. If you could have seen the moon last night! But what a goose I am!—as if you did not see it! Was 't not glorious? You cannot imagine,

dearest, how every hour in the day I wish you were here with me. I know you would sympathise with all my feelings, which Hester does not at all. For, if I admire the moon, she says I am romantic; and, for her part, if there is anything she despises, it is the moon! and that she prefers a snug, warm bed (oh, horrible!) to all the moons in the universe!"

XIII.

THE events mentioned in this letter were the principal ones that occurred during the winter. The case of Billy Wilmerdings grew quite desperate. In vain did his father threaten, and the schoolmaster expostulate; he was only the more sullen and stubborn. In vain did his mother represent to his weary mind that, if he did not study, the boys who knew the dead languages would throw stones at him in the street; he only answered, that he should like to see them try it. Till, finally, having lost many of his illusions, and having even discovered that his father was not the greatest man in the world, on the breaking up of the ice in the river, to his own infinite relief and that of the whole village, he departed on a coasting trip in a fore-and-aft schooner, which constituted the entire navigation of Fairmeadow.

Mr. Churchill had really put up in his study the old white, wine-glass shaped pulpit. It served as a play-house for his children, who, whether in it or out of it, daily preached to his heart, and were a living illustration of the way to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, he himself made use of it externally as a note-book, recording his many meditations with a pencil on the white panels. The following will serve as a specimen of this pulpit eloquence:—

Morality, without religion, is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought: they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold-mines under ground.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many, the trumpet of Fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like labourers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colourless when unbroken.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

The country is lyric—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

This country is not priest-ridden, but priest-ridden.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood—they are gone; for the friends of our childhood—they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept

away, like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

As no saint can be canonised until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

XIV.

AT length the spring came, and brought the birds, and the flowers, and Mr. Kavanagh, the new clergyman, who was ordained with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. The opening of the season furnished also the theme of his first discourse, which some of the congregation thought very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees—gentle, and yet irrepressible—which no force can stay, no violence restrain—like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is Divine power. If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous; and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children, who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

Such was the train of thought with which Kavanagh commenced his sermon. And then, with deep solemnity and emotion, he proceeded to speak of the spring of the soul, as from its cheerless wintry distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great sun, and clothes its dry and withered branches anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence.

While delivering the discourse, Kavanagh had not succeeded so entirely in abstracting himself from all outward things as not to note in some degree its effect upon his hearers. As in modern times no applause is permitted in our churches, however moved the audience may be, and, consequently, no one dares wave

his hat and shout, "Orthodox Chrysostom! Thirteenth Apostle! Worthy the Priesthood!" as was done in the days of the Christian Fathers; and, moreover, as no one after church spoke to him of his sermon, or of anything else, he went home with rather a heavy heart, and a feeling of discouragement. One thing had cheered and consoled him. It was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon him during the whole discourse with unflagging interest and attention. She sat alone in a pew near the pulpit. It was Alice Archer. Ah! could he have known how deeply sank his words into that simple heart, he might have shuddered with another kind of fear than that of not moving his audience sufficiently!

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN BABIES.

MR. EDITOR,—I read your last article About Baby. I liked the beginning very much. How I relished the conclusion you will see from this record of my first experience in babies.

I am an old bachelor, rusty, crusty, and fus—no, not yet; although I suppose that I shall be one of these days. It is my fate: why, I hardly know. I don't dislike the sex; in fact, I think I rather like womankind—when they let me alone, and don't dog's-ear my books. I have had visions of a cosy fireside, and somebody to sew on my buttons: buttons are not sewed on as strong as they were in my younger days, as my poor pricked fingers can testify. I have fancied myself playing the paternal, and buying lollipops and dolls; but, somehow, all my visions of a wife and—millinery bills—have proved "baseless fabrics." Yet I have none of the antipathies of old bachelorhood: no, not one. I like babies, bless them!—in the arms of somebody else—provided they keep their sweet lips at a distance.

I think, however, to be candid, that it would have been an improvement in the article, if babies had been born with their mouths sealed until crying days were passed. What an awful deal of crying they do! No barrel-organ could stand such perpetual use; and then, when they "tune up their pipes," how discordant the music! I should prefer my offspring grown up at once, without any intermediate stage. There is something terrible to me in the idea of being roused out of a comfortable snooze, and turned out of bed on a cold winter night to get the pap-spoon, or to walk up and down the room, dandling a family organ in full blast; or, perhaps, to be sent for a doctor when the pavement is like glass, and the hailstones like bullets. I could not live through the infliction. I know

I could not. A disconsolate widow would soon be left to mourn my untimely fate, and to hear her relatives declare that her "weeds were very becoming."

It may seem inconsistent to say that I like babies, and then begin to find fault with them; but there is no inconsistency about it. I like babies, but dislike annoyance. Perhaps, if I were a widower with nine small, auntless children, I might become used to it, as they say cats do to skinning.

Years ago—I was young and unsophisticated then, and had but an indistinct idea of what a baby was; at least, I had as much faith in babies as I had in a kitten, or blind puppy, or any other animated plaything—years ago, I was on a visit to a friend in the country, or so near the country that you could see the green fields from the house-door. I could describe to you the mistress of that house, and her family, and the arbour of lilacs that served for my study, and the little bridge spanning the little rivulet, with the road up a sandy hill, on the top of which was the village burying-ground, at which point I could lag in a line from Gray's "Elegy," and then expatiate on the sublimity of a distant mountain, with a canal winding round its base—but I won't. I refer you to the accompanying drawing, and stick to my subject, and that subject is the baby; for there was a baby, a little, chubby, rosy-faced, fat-legged baby, whose limbs would sprawl about in all directions imaginable, although they generally made a dead set at the eyes and lips, and were decidedly dangerous to standing collars.

It was a very nice, quiet baby, however, and I took a huge fancy to it, as a very pretty plaything, although I would handle it as gingerly as possible, for fear of smashing it like a piece of flagstone-work. I had a sort of humiliating feeling that I was as rough as a bear, and, when I spoke, was afraid of the sound of my own voice, for I was impressed with an idea that baby might think it was a wild beast growling; so I would try to chew the words soft, and endeavoured to talk baby-talk, like a nurse. I wonder whether babies understand English chopped into minuscule better than the plain words? For the life of me, I cannot remember whether I did. But, rough as I thought myself, baby and I got on swimmingly for some time. I became as bold as a lion in handling it, and thought that I could manage all the babies in creation. Why, the little thing would let me take it in my arms without struggling to get its neck broke. It would even crow, as if delighted at having got a new donkey to carry it. Sometimes I would put it down, and try to teach it to walk; but the feat was beyond my abilities. I am ashamed to acknowledge it; but, simple as the art of walking really is, I could never

coax it into baby's understanding. He, or she—upon my life, I have forgotten whether it was a boy or girl—he or she seemed to imagine that the only use of legs was to kick. Why are children dumber in that respect than infant cats? Why, my aunt had kittens that could run about before their eyes were open. I saw them myself, and nobody seemed to wonder at it.

One morning—how I remember that morning!—a bright, sunshiny morning in early summer. All nature seemed joyously happy. The matronly hens went cackling about with their broods, and the cat was stretched out, basking her brains on the stoop. Even the tall, old-fashioned clock, which stood in one corner of the room, seemed to tick in good humour, as if going on such a fine day was a luxury, and no labour at all. It was, generally speaking, a sombre old clock, in a long mahogany case, with a portion of a revolving globe visible above the dial-plate. On the globe was a ship in full sail, on a voyage of discovery—it may have been Captain Cook's, or Robinson Crusoe's, or Wilke's—but this morning it had gone out of sight, to cruise in the dark among the Antipodes, and a large blue-bottle fly stood on the glass, anxiously waiting to see it come up again, as if it owned part of the freight. The face of the clock looked dingy and black, as if it had sulked all its life in a corner, and felt angry and hurt by neglect; but to-day it had quite brightened up, as if the fine weather had led it to say to itself, "If people don't mind me, why should I care?"

There was no one at home except baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep through the waddle, and I was beginning to speculate whether, if I were an old experienced pa, the art would come as a gift, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an injunction to me to touch the cradle if baby awoke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security. History is full of similar examples.

With one eye on my book, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch-dog, I listened to the retreating footfall that should have warned me, but did not, "to look out for squalls." I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself. In fact, I rather suspect that I felt, in a trifling degree, ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was but too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn, by bitter experience, how weary is the lot of those who—tend on babies.

The baby over whose slumbers I had become

the guardian genius—how the flies pitched into its nose!—was as sound asleep as any baby could be when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room, than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh; then a chuckle, that said, as plain as a chuckle could say, "Now for some fun!" then one eye opened and shut, and then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob off the pillow.

I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. "Poh!" said I to myself, "a roll or two of the cradle will soon settle your business, youngster." But it did not. Baby knew that "its mother was out." That big, bothersome blue-bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock-face, started on a voyage of discovery on its own account, and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot, upon which it landed for refreshments, buzzing most villanously as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine, too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused. Up went its round, chubby arm; but a rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been fastened on by a toy mandarin's neck. I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliment's sake; but the baby in the cradle didn't. The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small peevish cry. O Lord, that cry! it was like the "fizzing of the fuse" of a powder magazine, sure to end in an explosion.

You cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in a cold perspiration from head to foot. I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of India-rubber. But it was all useless. I sang all the songs that I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hushaby!" to "Cease, rude Boreas!" I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang the louder it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall beat. The cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the squall imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a hornpipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalising "Go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment, I lifted the little tempest out of the cradle. Never, never, never will I commit such an act of thoughtless imprudence again! Before I did so, I could have truly sung with the poet, "The white squall

rages;" but afterwards the fiercest blasts of Boreas seemed belching from that little throat. A hundred cats—old Toms—tied together in a bag, and pricked with needles by two rival old maids, could not have created such a turmoil, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took it in my arms, waddled it to and fro the room; tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached; dandled it on my knees, now the right one, now the left; but nothing would do. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified, and saw visions of convulsions and such like ills that infant "flesh is heir to."

I knew not what to do, and rushed a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the coming relief. But the walls of the distant church and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not look through them. The brook was laughing in the sunshine, and murmuring joyously as it glided over the stones, and I felt a strong temptation to pop the piping part of baby into it. I am sure the clock cried mockingly, "Do it! do it!" But the thought of a coroner's jury restrained me.

There was a rooster upon the fence, flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan—I do believe it was over my perplexity. The pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement; and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly, a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco-pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantel-piece, and, immersing the bulb in a tumbler of water, thrust the stem into baby's mouth. No go. Baby was no genius. I became satiated of just in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desires with imperfect instruments. There was no stoppage in the pipe. I tried it myself.

I was at my wit's ends, and laid the baby on the floor, cramming my fingers into my ears. It was of no use. I could not shut out the sound. It was like a thousand "ear-piercing pipes" drilling me through and through. I was riddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires on every nerve. The clatter of a three-storey cotton-mill, with a hundred girls talking of new bonnets through the din, was nothing to it. All the locomotives in the kingdom, tortured into a state of agony, would alone compare with it. But mill and locomotive might be stopped, and baby could not be quieted, even for a moment. What would I not have given for the sight of a petticoat bearing down to my relief? Never did Robinson Crusoe on his desert island gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail, than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. But the feminine like other useful commodities, had all vanished when most wanted. Like the distressed hero

of a novel, I was left to my own resources, and had no resources left. There was baby flopping about on the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beam ends was a natural position. I righted it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if all its ballast had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs and the bellows from the fireplace, but baby wouldn't look at them, not a bit of it: although I took the trouble to blow the bellows in the blue-bottle's face, and sent the threads

on the carpet flying about the room. Even the clo hes-bush and nutmeg-grater proved no attraction, and in vain I broke my brass-flopping about like a frog on all fours. If I had stood on my head, and shook the pennies out of my pockets, it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the teakettle, and squared off at the rolling-pin. If I had given it the carving-knife, I do verily believe that it would have made a slit in its throat, and made two squalls instead of one; but I forbore. Give me credit for my magnanimity; I forbore.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hairs stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Indeed, they have stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trials had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a "grey head upon young shoulders." Perhaps I should have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "Died of baby-nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general, and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst panting into the room at the critical moment when my Job-like patience had miserably perished—by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken-hooped bucket.

Perhaps you won't believe it—the fact seems too great an enormity—but that little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why, the mother was so deceived that she actually called it her "precious lamb!" I heard her and was astounded. Lamb, indeed! If that was being a lamb, what would it be when it became mutton? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again? I did; and if ever I am, may I be served in the same manner again.





BELLINI IN LOVE.

THE hunting-castle of Moritzburg, in Saxony, is situated a few hours' ride from Dresden. It was my custom to pass a week or two there in the harvesting season, with the worthy forester. He was always glad to see me, because I took pleasure in his pursuits, drew sketches of forest-scenes, and composed hunting-songs such as were sung in Saxony and Bohemia. There were jovial meetings, too, occasionally, at the public-house in the neighbouring village of Eisenberg, where we had sometimes a dance with the merry country damsels, to the tunes played by the Bohemian fiddlers.

One afternoon in September of 1835, I was present at one of these gatherings, and had mingled freely in the sports. I was leading off my partner for a waltz, when the post-boy

from Dresden came in, and handed me a letter.

I broke the seal, it ran as follows:—

"'La Sonnambula' is performed to-morrow night, and Francilla appears as Amina. She sends you her compliments. Come and see her.
"Your friend, J P PIXIS."

I called one of the servants, and ordered my horse to be saddled immediately. After the waltz was over, I took a hasty leave, threw myself on my horse, and rode with all speed towards Dresden.

I arrived in time for the opera; of which I was glad, for I had determined not to call upon Francilla till after the representation of "La Sonnambula." The next morning I went to her lodgings in Castle-street, and was admitted. As I entered the parlour, she came to

meet me, looking unusually pale, and with eyes red, as with weeping. She held out her hand in silence; I was startled; the cheerful welcome died on my lips. I looked anxiously at her, but did not venture to speak.

At length she asked, with a pensive smile, if I had been the preceding night at the opera.

"Indeed I was, Francilla," I replied. "I saw you, and hardly know how I got home, so filled were head and heart with the music. I have much—so much to say to you! But I find you so altered—so—"

"Dejected, you would say," interrupted the singer. "Yes! and well I may be so; and you, too!"

"Why, Francilla! what has happened?"

"Alas! Bellini is dead!" she cried, and began to weep bitterly.

I was amazed. "Bellini dead!" the great master, whose noble creations had enchanted me but a few hours before! Sad news indeed! and grievous it was to think how early he had been called from us.

After a few moments Francilla endeavoured to compose herself. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, rose and went for her album, to show me the drawing I had sent her for the volume. The drawing was a sketch of herself as Romeo, in the moment that Juliet, awakening in the tomb, calls on his name, while he answers with uplifted eyes, thinking it the voice of an angel.

We turned over the leaves of the album, which she held on her lap, while I knelt beside her. It was a pleasure to observe the play of her expressive features, as this or that name presented itself, exhibiting different emotions in turn. When the bold, rude autograph of Judith Pasta was displayed, the soft and languishing eyes of Francilla kindled with a look of haughtiness; and Sontag herself never smiled more sweetly than she, pointing to the name of Countess Rossi.

While turning over the leaves of the album, she suddenly paused. Two names were recorded, opposite each other, those of Vincenzo Bellini and Maria Malibran. Maria had written a few words of friendship; Bellini a passage from the Capuletti—the beginning of Romeo's lamentation over Juliet, when he first discovers her death.

Without speaking, Francilla took from me a silver pencil she had sent me some time before, drew a cross under Bellini's signature, and gave me back the pencil with a look I shall never forget.

At length, to break the painful silence, I said, "Tell me, Francilla, why, in the last act of the Capuletti, do you make use of Vaccai's music—not Bellini's? I wonder, and so do

others, that you have changed it for Vaccai's, which is so much tamer."

Francilla did not answer immediately, but looked earnestly at me. When she spoke, it was in a strangely solemn tone. "Listen, and I will tell you a history, which is indeed a romance in itself. You will then see what our poor friend has suffered; and why Maria and I could not sing his last act."

And with her eyes fixed upon the cross under Bellini's name, she continued—

"You know, *mon ami*, that Vincenzo was born at the foot of Etna. He looked not like it, indeed, for he was fair and blue-eyed, like your pretty women of Dresden; and, to say truth, was a little effeminate, and rather foppish sometimes in his manners. Poor Vincenzo! I used to laugh, when you, in old times, described him to me as you thought him. In short, he was like any ordinary young gentleman, both in appearance and behaviour. I tell my story after a crooked fashion!" she asked, interrupting herself, with a smile.

"No, no! dear Francilla," I cried, "go on, I pray you!"

"I will, then," she continued. "Though Bellini might have been taken for a fool or a fop at the first glance, it needed but little penetration to discover that he was a genuine son of Sicily; and that, in spite of his gentleness and his weakness, all the warmth of the South glowed in his bosom. I can hardly tell how, in a few words, to give you a just and lively picture of the wonderful nature of Bellini! It was not like the volcano of his country, where you pass through luxuriant meadows, thick and stately woods, and fields of snow, before you reach, beyond a fearful lava waste, the brink of the fiery abyss; nor was it like the Hecla of your land, where eternal fire burns under eternal ice. It resembled rather an English garden, laid out with taste, with pretty shady walks and quiet streams, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, with sloping hills and fountains, and temples of delicate architecture. Ah, me! I see him bodily before me. Such a garden—half charming, half wearisome—with the abyss of fire beneath—was Bellini! And the fire burning in his breast was the love of Art—and of Maria."

"What do you mean, Francilla?"

"Yes—it is so; he loved Maria as he loved art. How could it be otherwise? Did she not surpass all others? did she not glorify sound? Was it not she who, herself inspired with a power that gave a charm irresistible to all she did, inspired the other singers who aided her in the representation of Bellini's works? With Bellini himself—in preceding anything—the question was always—'What

will Malibran say to it?" She was his muse, his ideal, his queen of art. He could not live without her. Were I Malibran, I think I should not long survive him."

"Ah, a pretty romance, Amina! But you forget that Malibran married M. Beriot."

"How can I forget that, remembering the effect produced by the information on the good Vincenzo? He turned pale, trembled and faltered, and quitted the company without saying a word. Yet he could not have dreamed that Maria would wed him, for she had always treated him as if he were ten years younger, though he was in reality a year her senior. But he thought not of the possibility of her marrying again after her divorce from that hateful Malibran; and surely M. Beriot, who was once on the point of shooting himself for the sake of Sontag, but on reflection concluded to live a little longer, was the last person he would have imagined likely to be chosen."

"After that, poor Bellini avoided Malibran as much as possible. If he caught a distant glimpse of M. Beriot, he would go quickly out of the way; not from fear of his rival, but lest he might be tempted to follow him; and after the good Sicilian fashion"—here Francilla, her eyes flashing, swung her arm with the gesture of one who gives a blow with a dagger—"do you comprehend?"

"Ay, my pretty Romeo! The pantomime is expressive enough; but surely your fancy—"

"I know a certain somebody," she interrupted, "who would have had no conscience in carrying the matter through, to be rid of a happy rival. May I be kept from such blood-thirsty lovers! But to my story. No one knows what *might* have happened, spite of the softness of heart of the good Bellini; but Malibran left Paris and went to Italy, accompanied by her husband."

"It is certain that Bellini never confided to anyone the secret of his unhappy passion—thus I must call the feeling that swayed him at this time; notwithstanding it became known ere long among his friends, and Maria must have guessed it; for from that hour she sang his pieces with reluctance. Still, she appeared in the part of Romeo; and it seemed as if she could not give it up. At the last representation of the Capuletti in Milan, it happened that, in the final act, when Romeo takes the poison, such a deathlike shuddering seized Maria's frame that she could scarcely command herself to go through with her part. When the play was over, she declared no power on earth should compel her to sing again the Romeo of Bellini. From this time she sang that of Vaccai; but she had counted too much on her own self-denial; and at a later period returned to poor Vincenzo's music

so far as to retain the first acts of his Capuletti, and to sing only the last act of Vaccai."

"When Vincenzo heard of this cruel conduct of his adored friend, he was so cast down that he would write nothing more—would think nothing more! He talked idle stuff, and would smile vacantly, if anyone addressed him, or when he spoke; in short, he was quite insufferable."

"One day the giant, Lablache, entered his apartment. Vincenzo lay on the sofa, pale and listless, and only noticed his visitor by fixing upon him his half-closed eyes. Lablache cried like a trumpet, opening his immense mouth, 'Holloa, there! what are you lying here for, like an idle lout of a lazzaroni on the Molo, wearying yourself to death with doing nothing? Up, Bellini—up and to work! Paris, France, all Europe, is full of expectation of what you are to bring forth after your "Norma," which your adversaries silenced. Bellini! do you hear me?'"

"Indeed, I do hear, my dear Lablache!" answered the composer in a lachrymose voice; 'you know my hearing is of the best; and if it were not, your excellent brazen bass pierces one through and through! But I pray, caro, think me not unkind, if I intreat you to leave me to myself; to tell the truth, I am really now fit for nothing better than the *dolce far niente*. I am indifferent to everything!'"

"Lablache struck his hands together, and cried, in a tone that vibrated through the walls, 'Is it you, Bellini—you who speak thus?—you, who till now have pressed on towards the noblest goal, nor relaxed your efforts till you reached it! Man—master—friend! will you suffer yourself to be checked in your career? Will you demean yourself like some cooing Damon who whines forth complaints of the cruelty of his Doris or Phyllis? For shame! away with these womanish pinings! I tell you—'"

"My good Lablache," interrupted Bellini very gently, but visibly embarrassed, 'you do me injustice. I know not why you suspect me of pining—I utter no complaints—'"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Lablache, much vexed. 'Will you deny it? I know where the shoe pinches very well!'"

"Bellini looked down without speaking."

"And you look at this moment," continued Lablache, 'like an apprehended schoolboy. Bellini! have you nothing to say?'"

"Since you know all," said Vincenzo, with a deep sigh, 'you know then that *she* sings nothing more of mine.'"

"Lablache came up, laid his powerful grasp on the young master's shoulders, lifted him from the soft cushions of the sofa to his feet, shook him well, and, with flashing eyes, exclaimed, 'I will sing something for you!'"

"With stentorian voice, like a martial shout, he began the allegro to that famous duet from 'I Puritani': '*Suoni la tromba e intrepido.*' Bellini's pale cheeks flushed; tears started from his eyes; at length, throwing himself into Lablache's arms, he joined his voice in the song. When it was ended, he pledged his word to his friend that in a few weeks he would finish the composition of the whole opera.

"Vincenzo did as he promised. Before many weeks had passed, he gave 'I Puritani' complete into the hands of Lablache, who, in great delight, promised that the work should be worthily represented.

"The opera was cast; the rehearsals began. After the first rehearsal, Bellini went to his country-seat at Puteaux, not far from Paris. He could not be present at the second rehearsal, on account of indisposition. It was on the night of its first representation, just at the time when that famous duet was repeated amidst thunders of applause from the enraptured audience, that the news was spread through the theatre, 'Bellini died an hour ago at his country-seat.'"

Francilla closed the album, rose quickly, and went to the window. I thought it best to leave the room quietly; but she turned as I was going, and saying in a low tone, "Stay, *mon ami*, I have not sung you anything to-day!" seated herself at the piano. The song was a melancholy one, and might have been composed for the farewell of him who had so lately gone from earth.

When she had ended, Pixis came into the room. "What is all this?" he cried, as he saw the traces of emotion on her countenance.

"Francilla," I replied, "has been telling me of Bellini's unhappy love for Malibran."

"Do not believe a word of it!" cried Pixis, laughing. "If you get her on that chapter, she will go on romancing like any poet in the world."

The conversation was broken off by the entrance of the pretty Maschinka Schneider. Francilla welcomed her friend with joy; and the two ladies talked of the representation of the Capuletts, which was to be repeated in a few days. I was consulted respecting the arrangements in the burial vault, and had many thanks for my advice about the Romeo of Francilla and the Gioletta of Maschinka.

When, in taking leave, I kissed the hand of my little friend, she whispered me earnestly that I must think of what she had told me. I did think of it when, a year afterwards, I read in the newspapers that Malibran had died on the 23rd of September at Manchester: the same day on which, a year before, the death of Bellini had taken place.

BETROTHAL & MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

(Continued from p. 317.)

HANDFASTING, and the dangerous immorality which descended from the custom to so late a period, we will leave, and strike amongst the numerous and curious customs which have attended the ceremony of betrothal or marriage at various times.* These, however, are so many and so strange that it is not easy to make any method with them. Favours, bride-cake, rush-rings, the strewing of herbs and flowers, gloves, garlands, scarfs, garters, knives, gimmel-rings, pieces of money, posies, the bride-ale, the nuptial kiss, torches, music, sorcerous divinations, posset, the flinging of the stocking, the care-cloth—all foreign and fanciful adjuncts to the rites of marriage, present themselves in miscellaneous and perfectly unchronological disorder; and so in a disorderly way we must gossip about them.

Favour to favours! Let them stand first. Readers of romances, especially of those which affect to depict the manners of mediæval times, are well acquainted with "my mistress' favour." They are familiar with the glove of the fair ladye which the gallant knight (*sans peur et sans reproche*, of course) wore in his helmet, or the scarf which with her own delicate fingers she tied about his arm. These were tokens at once of the ladye's choice, of the cavalier's pride, and of their mutual troth; and indelicate as such a publication of a contract itself beautiful and sacred may now appear, we doubt whether it does not rather indicate that simplicity which is the charm of rude times and the better part of a rude people. The spectacle of a brave fellow foolish enough to wear in his hat a token that he had fallen in love, had made his suit, and gained it, *is* charming. There is something in it beyond the simplicity of the thing; there is a pledge of sincerity in it—a chivalric sentiment of mingled pride, simplicity, frankness, devotion, and single-heartedness, quite worth cherishing; and we can well imagine that in the scarf, the kerchief, or the glove, was often found a talisman powerful against evil thoughts, mean desires, and the witcheries of folly.

This conventional smothering up of feelings and relations as pure as any in our hearts or in the world, this guilty delicacy about love and lovers (even when the terms are applicable

* One very odd handfasting custom we must mention, though it was foreign. In a book called, the "Golden Grove," printed in 1608, we read, "The ancient Frenchmen had a ceremonie that when they would marrie the bridegroom should pare his nayles, and send them unto his new wife after which—" there was no further ceremony,

to husband and wife) which now obtains in the "respectable" and higher classes of society, is neither good nor healthy. No man dare avow to another man that he is in love with a woman: or he would do so blushing, not from delicacy, but from a certain shame so false and spurious that its origin cannot be defined, or from fear that he will only expose himself to a ridicule which the avowal of guilty passions certainly would not provoke. He goes about with his secret as stealthily and as well-guarded as if it were an ignominious thing; and puts as much affectation in his eyes as if, did they once betray his feelings, they (the eyes) would be met by a visitation of avenging ravens. But why should this be so? Is it good that a man should be under conventional penalties never to betray the bond which binds society together, or to seem to make light of affections which are of themselves holy—which ennobled and chasten him, as they have chastened and ennobled thousands?

And so in the married state. It is told as a secret amongst the nearest and dearest of a woman's friends, that she devoutly loves and honours her husband; when with the most perfect delicacy, and with the best results on the minds of her children, to herself, and to all who entered her home, or she might how that fact to the world every day she lives. While as for her husband—though (also in secret) she boasts of his care and tenderness, one result of his care certainly is, that his tenderness is never betrayed, and is a good example to nobody. It may fairly be regarded as an understood thing, that in the presence of *any* third person, wives and husbands are always to disguise, and ordinarily to ignore, their affection for each other. May be this practice on the part of those who *have* affection relieves those who have it not from the necessity of pretending to its possession for appearance's sake; but on the other hand, it is so easy to love, after all—the hearts of men and women "elope" so naturally towards each other—that an affection begun in pretence would not improbably end in earnest. And the love that is kept in restraint by one set of motives may in time bow to any set of motives; instead of being the first passion in the household, it may thus become the last, and subservient to all others. It is well to be dressed, but no good ever came of moral tight lacing.

Laces, by the bye, were also bound up with betrothal and marriage ceremonies; but to proceed with our favours. These did not exclusively grace the loves of high dames and tilting knights. In the fifteenth and even in the sixteenth century, it was a common custom for *sallants*—lords, gentlemen, and commoners—o display upon their sleeves, around their

necks, or on their hats, some tangible sign of their mistress's favour; or rather let us say (for it is more pleasant) of her love. These tokens were not always accidental, such as any glove, or any scarf, which might happen to be in the lady's possession at the time they "made their vows;" but were sometimes made for the purpose.

This of itself affords a proof that the custom was general and of long standing. Favours became so common that their fashion had from time to time to be changed, in order to please the fastidious. Thus in Elizabeth's reign it was the custom for gentlewomen to present the favourite of their affections with little handkerchiefs three or four inches square! Small as they were, however, they were made valuable by the pains bestowed in making them; and of course they were made by the donors' own fair fingers. It was not then usual (let us hope) for ladies to make their lovers happy with a purse or cigar-case richly embroidered—and sold—by some poor little loveless sempstress in a garret, or to make husbands proud with a pair of braces worked at the Berlin-wool "repository" round the corner.

These Elizabethan handkerchiefs were richly worked, with a border sometimes of fine and narrow gold lace; with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the middle. They were "fouled in foure crosse foldes," we are told, so that the middle might be seen; and the fortunate recipients wore them in their hats. They were sometimes worked with coloured silk or thread, as we learn from several passages in old plays, poems, and pamphlets. Thus, in the "Vow Breaker, or the Fayre Maid of Clifton," Miles, a miller, tells his sweetheart, on going to the wars, "Mistresse Ursula, 'tis not unknowne that I have lov'd you; if I die, it shall be for your sake; and it shall be valiantly. I leave an handkercher with you; 'tis wrought with *blew Coventry*. Let me not at my returne fall to singing my old song, 'She had a clowte of mine, sowde with blew Coventry;' and so hang myself at your infidelity."

The song which Miles here alludes to was a great favourite for years. In our copy it takes its title from the burden, "Phyllida flouts me;" and it is altogether so good a specimen of the humorous songs of the time that we shall reprint it almost entire. Nor is it *malapropos* of the subject. The orthography is modernised, and "Oh," complains the swain, tuning up his "oaten reed"—

"Fair maid, be not so coy—
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy—
Sweet! entertain me!

She'll give me, when she dies,
 All that is fitting—
 Her poultry and her bees,
 And her geese sitting,
 A pair of mattress beds,
 And a bag full of shreds,*
 And yet, for all this goods,
 Phillida flouts me!

"Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting,
 And drink the crystal stream
 Pleasant in tasting;
 Wigge and whey till thou burst,
 And bramble berry,
 Pie-lid and pasty crust,
 Pear, plum, and cherry.
 Thy raiment shall be thin,
 Made of the weaven skin—
 Yet all not worth a pin
 Phillida flouts me!

"She hath a clout of mine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity.
 But i' faith! if she flinch,
 She shall not wear it;
 To Tib, my t'other wench,
 I mean to bear it.
 Yet will it grieve my heart
 So soon from her to part.
 Death, strike me with your dart!
 Phillida flouts me!

"Fair maiden, have a care
 And in time take me!
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me.
 For Doll the dairymaid
 Laughed on me lately,
 And wicked Winifred
 Favours me greatly.
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T'other toys with my nose!
 What wanton signs are those!
 Phillida flouts me!

"I cannot work and sleep
 All of a season—
 Love wounds my heart so deep
 Without all reason.
 I gin to pine away,
 With grief and sorrow,
 Like to a fatted beast
 Penned in a meadow!
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within this hundred year,
 And all for very fear—
 Phillida flouts me!"

* The housewives of olden time saved all their
 reds, to weave into quilts, rugs, carpets, &c.

It would be rather an odd sight, could we
 peep back some two centuries and a half, a few
 years more or less, and behold the gallants
 our forefathers gravely walking the streets,
 with the gloves or the handkerchiefs of our
 destined grandmothers in their hats. It would
 be also amusing to detect what impostors some
 of these gentry were—mounting apocryphal
 favours, and challenging the attention of the
 world in general, and their comrades in
 particular, to the gifts of mistresses who never
 existed but as a mockery, a delusion, and a
 snare. For it really seems that at one time the
 exquisite could not consider himself dressed
 without some such appurtenance. Without
 it he missed the charm of existence. It is said
 of a fine gentleman in 1596, "When he rides,
 you shall know him by his fan; or if he walke
 abroad, and misse his mistres' favour about his
 neck, arm, or thigh, he hangs his head like the
 soldier in the field that is disarmed." His
 occupation was gone; his glory was departed.

How much an object of desire or of fashion
 these trinkets were, and how the vain young
 men strutted in them, is seen by the satires of
 the time—a time when the Puritan element
 which afterwards shook the kingdom to its
 foundation was gaining strength, and which
 the sight of these worldly fopperies no doubt
 tended to increase. For, of course, what
 arose in simplicity and good faith, ended in
 vanity that meant nothing. The following is
 an epigram written in 1619:—

"Little Pigmeus weares his mistris' glove,
 Her ring and feather—favours of her love.
 Who could but laugh to see the little dwarfe
 Grace out himselfe with her unbroidered scarf?
 'Tis strange yet true—her glove, ring, scarf
 and fan,
 Make him, unhansome, a well-favoured man."

In a book called "The Arraignment of
 Idle, Froward, and Inconstant Women" (1632)
 we read, "Some think that if a woman smile
 on them, she is presentlie over head and eares
 in love. One must weare her glove; another
 her garter; another her *colours of delight*."

By "*colours of delight*" we suppose is
 meant a knot of ribbons of her chosen colours.*
 At any rate, the bride favours then presented
 at every marriage, and worn for days, some-
 times weeks, in the hats of relations and
 friends, were of parti-colours, chosen by the
 bride or bridesmaids; each colour bearing some
 signification. As thus. True-blue signified

* Most of the great old families had an espe-
 cial colour or combination of colours. Their
 numerous servants were attired in them, from
 certain motives of claniship; and thus we have
 the origin of the plush breeches, red, blue, and
 yellow, of the present day.

constancy—as it still does; green denoted youth; placed together, there you had youth and constancy. A knot of gold tissue and grass green was made to represent “youthful jollity.” Nor did these knots adorn ~~alone~~ the persons of those who officiated or attended at the marriage ceremony. The hangings of the bridal bed were also looped with bows of vari-coloured ribbon, and new garters of significant hue were distributed to the friends of the happy pair. This custom has been in part retained to the present day. Rosettes of ribbon—still called favours, but now usually white—appear upon the breasts of footmen and coachmen in many a marriage ceremony; and to distribute gay ribbons to the female servants of the house is a common practice. Nay, not long since, gentlemen went to be married with a knot of ribbons in their button-holes, while in the button-holes of their bridal attendants were knots of ribbons too; and we have occasional evidence even in London city, where old customs do not linger longest, that the bridegrooms and bridesmen of the humbler classes have not forgotten the etiquette of their forefathers.

But though bride favours have lived to so late a date, it is not more remarkable than the antiquity of their origin. These bridal knots of ribbon are doubtless to be traced to the true-love knots, and the true-love knot is older than this kingdom of England. Among the ancient Norsemen, a knot was the symbol of love; and it is (or was), especially among the people of our northern counties, who have a greater share of Danish blood, and whose dialect is not a little tinged, even to this day, by the Danish language, that the true-love knot is exchanged between lovers as an emblem of plighted troth. Even the name of the knot is not derived from “true” and “love” in this instance. It did not originally mean a knot of true love, but of faith. The name is from the Danish verb *Truife*—to plight faith or troth. The famous Sir Thomas Browne attests the prevalence of the custom of exchanging true-love knots in his time, and also to its antiquity. He says, in his book on *Vulgar Errors*, “The true-lover’s knot is much magnified; and still retained in practice among us.” And they seem to have been considered, not only as signs of constancy, but as a “charm” to insure it. In one of Gay’s pastorals, a rural damsel finding her “Lubberkin” asleep under a tree, snatches off his garter, and proceeds to bind it into a true-love-knot with one of her own.

“Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
Three times a true-love-knot I tie secure;
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!”

And there was another kind of divination with the knot similar to that which is practised by impatient damsels with a piece of bridecake. Young ladies who wished to peep into futurity, and behold the men who were to be their husbands or lovers, took the opportunity to do so whenever they slept in a strange bed. They then tied a garter nine times round the bedpost, knitting nine knots in it; while the following incantation was repeated:—

“This knot I knit, this knot I tie,
To see my love as he goes by;
In his apparel and array,
As he walks in every day.”

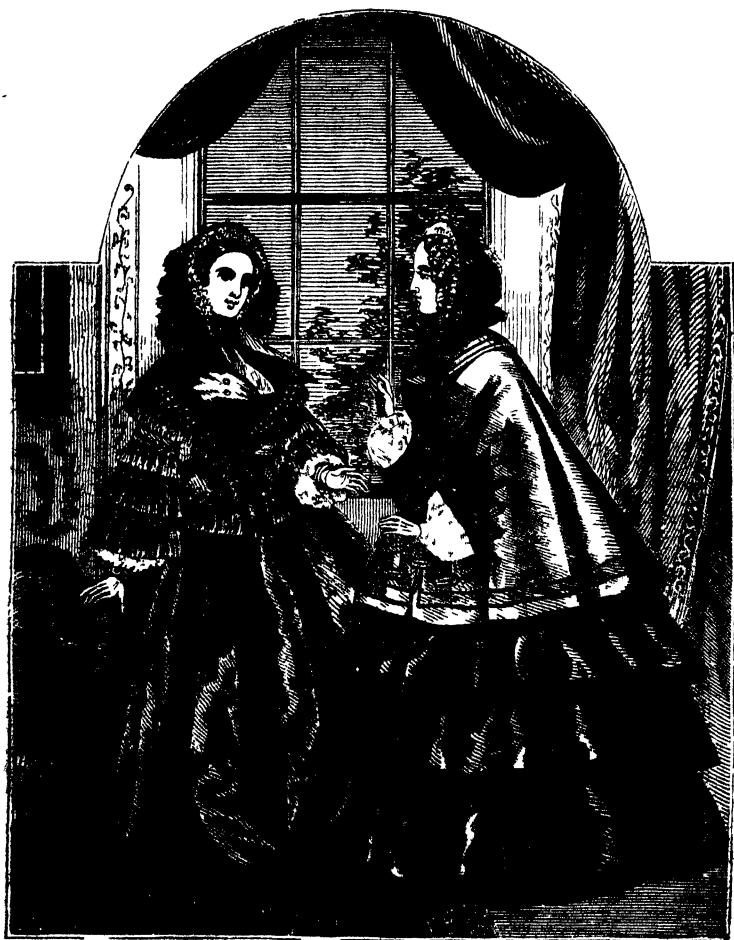
Whether they succeeded in their object better than the young ladies of the present day, who practise sorceries of a similar nature, we have no evidence to show.

Garlands are also a very ancient appearance, if not of Love, of Hymen. Flowers make so exquisite and natural a crown for the brow of youth, beauty, and innocence, that we cannot be surprised that they were so used by half the nations of the world, from the old Hebrew and Roman time to this present day. Among the Anglo-Saxons—that is to say, before the Norman Conquest—both bride and bridegroom were crowned after the nuptial benediction, with flowers kept for the purpose in the church: and as late as 1540 we find that a circlet of gold was kept in the parish churches to “marry maidens in.” At any rate, this was the case at St. Margaret’s, Westminster, as we know by an item in the churchwarden’s accounts; from which we learn also that these crowns were of a very rich character; as three pounds ten, a large sum in those days, were paid for one for this purpose. Not but that widows, as well as maidens, were married in chaplets. *Par parenheses*, let us say “garlands” rather than “chaplets.” *Chaplet* is the diminutive of *chapoun*; and, literally rendered into the language of to-day, means “little hat.” In England, the crown was not always of flowers. It was sometimes of myrtle; and in the time of Henry VIII. brides wore a garland of wheat ears—a very beautiful garland, and not without as much significance as flowers. The Romans, the Greeks, the Jews, the Northern peoples, all used garlands in their marriage ceremonies. In the modern Greek Church, about which we have heard so much lately, marriage is, indeed, called the matrimonial coronation, from this custom.

(To be continued.)

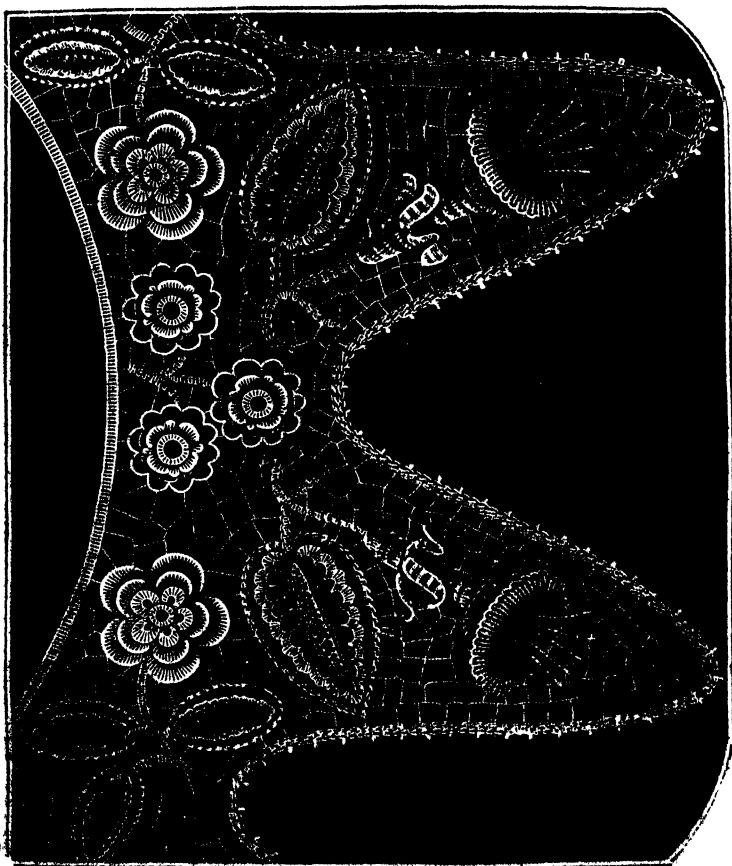
You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The Fashions.



The dresses of the present month are made much more full and warmer than last month. The materials of which they are composed are mostly of silk, moire antique, or velvet. The one we give on the left side of our engraving is made of a rich brown watered silk, with black velvet stripes: the body is high, and goes quite up to the throat, and trimmed with very rich deep fringe: the sleeves are narrow at the top, and get wider as they descend, and trimmed with three rows of fringe. The bonnet is the same colour as the dress, with a fall of rich black lace. The dress of the lady on the right is of moire antique, with four flounces, each flounce bordered with velvet. The Talma is of plain cloth of a light drab colour, and trimmed with ribbon trimmings. It is one of the warmest suit has been cut this season, and is made expressly for this inclement weather. The bonnet is of velvet, and trimmed with diamonds and lace, with long broad strings.

Prize Pattern.



RAISED CROCHET COLLAR.

(DESIGNED BY E. DAVIES.)

Evans' bear's-head cotton, 70; Penelope hook, No. 4.

Have about 3 yards of cotton, then make a chain of 8, unite the ends. 1st row—Work 10 d. c. into the 8 chain, work 3 rounds more the same. 5th round—(a) 6 chain, turn, miss 1, 1 d. c., 4 long on the 6 chain, miss 2, 1 single crochet on the lower edge of the 10 d. c., repeat from (a) twice more. 6th round—Keeping the last row down in front,

work on the upper edge left of the former round, 10 long. 7th round—D. c., increasing by working 3 in every 3rd stitch. 8th round—D. c., without any increase. 9th round—Same as 8th. 10th round—D. c., increasing every 4th stitch. 11th round—D. c., without increase. 12th round—D. c., increasing every 5th stitch. 13th round—Work-

ing on the lower edge of the 12th round, 1 d. c. into 1st stitch, 2 d. c. into next stitch; repeat all round. 13th round—1 d. c.; repeat all round. 14th round—3 chain, keeping the last 2 rounds in front; work on the upper edge left at the 13th round; work 1 round of 4 s., increasing in every 3rd stitch; repeat all round. 15th round—Row of d. c., without any increase. 16th round—D. c. round, increasing in every 3rd stitch. 17th round—D. c. round, without any increase, passing the hook through both edges. 18th round—On the lower edge of the last round, work 3 chain, 1 single crochet, into every stitch; repeat all round, fasten off; 6 more flowers the same.

1st Leaf.—Commence with the cotton left at the beginning of the flower. 26 chain, turn, miss 1, 20 single down the chain, 3 d. c. into the point; turn down the other side, 20 d. c., 1 single for the 1 chain that crosses the stem, then work on the lower edge of the 20 d. c. 5 chain, miss 1, 1 single, repeat 5 times more; 5 chain, miss 1, 1 single, repeat 11 times more; 5 chain, miss 1, 1 single, repeat 5 times more; turn the work on the wrong side, work 1 d. c. into the last 5 chain (3 chain, 1 d. c., 3 ch., 1 d. c.), all to be worked in the same 5 chain. Work the same into all the chains 1 single, on the chain that crosses the stem turn the work on the other side, and keeping the last 2 rows down in front, 5 chains, 5 treble long, 5 double long, 3 long, 2 long at the point, 3 long; down the other side 5 double long, 5 treble long, 5 chain, 1 d. c. on the last 1 chain to cross the stem, 5 d. c. into the last 5 chain, 1 d. c. on every one of the lower stitches of the last 5 d. c. into the last 5 chain, 5 d. c. on the stem, 16 chain, turn, miss 1, 15 treble, 4 d. c. on stem of flower, 20 chain, turn, miss 1, 15 single, join to single crochet, counting from the end, 5 single, 5 d. c. on the stem of flower, 1 d. c. on flower, fasten off. Make 3 leaves, same as above; then to turn the leaf the contrary way, commence with 20 chain, turn, miss 1, 13 single, join to 6th single, counting from the end, 6 single, 15 chain, turn, miss 1, 12 treble, 26 chain for the leaf; work as before for the left side of collar, 5 single on centre stem.

Forget-Me-Not.—6 chain, make it round, 12 d. c. 1st round, 12 d. c. in round long. 2nd round—Work on the lower edge of the 12 d. c. 3 chain, 1 single, repeat 11 times more. 3rd round—Work on the upper edge, keeping the last row down in front, 3 chain, 2 long (3 chain, 3 long, repeat twice more), 3 chain, 1 single on the top of the last round. 4th round—3 chain, miss 1, 1 d. c., repeat all round, fasten off; make 2 more the same to form the spray; three more sprays for the stem; 10 chain, join to the last 3 chain, of 1st flower, turn, miss 1, 1 single, 4 d. c. join to the last 3 chain of the 2nd flower, turn, miss 1, 1 single, 7 d. c., 6 chain join to the last 3 chain of 3rd flower, turn, miss 1, 1 single, 4 d. c., 4 c. to the end of centre stem, fasten off.

Raised Rose.—Commence with 5 chain, and make 3 rounds, 1st round—10 plain in foundation round. 2nd round—5 plain, miss 1, and 1 plain 5 times. 3rd round—5 plain, 1 plain, 4 long, and 1 plain, all these 6 stitches in the 4 chain of the 2nd round 5 times. 4th round—4 chain, miss 6, keeping the chain at the back of the last round; work 1 plain between the 2 plain of the last round; repeat 4 times more. 5th round—Miss 1, 1 plain, 6 long, and 1 plain, in the 4 chain of the last round 5 times. 6th round—6 chain, miss 9, 1 plain between the 2 plain of the last round, keeping the chain at the back as before; repeat 4 times more. 7th round—Miss 1, 1 plain, 10 long and 1 plain, all in the 6 chain of the last round 5 times.

Spray of Rose Leaves.—20 chain, turn, miss 1, 4 plain, 6 long, 3 plain, turn, and leaving the re-

maining chain for centre stem; work 1 chain to cross it, 11 d. c. up the leaf, 2 d. c. in the 1 stitch at the front, 11 d. c. down, 1 single on the 1 chain that crossed the stem; work on the lower edge of the d. c. 1 single, 3 chain, repeat the same all round the leaf; 1 single on single crochet that crosses the stem; work up the leaf 2 d. c., 8 long, 2 d. c., 1 d. c. at the point, turn, and on the other side work 2 d. c., 8 long, keeping the last row down in front, 4 d. c. on stem. For 2nd leaf commence with 22 chain, work as the 1st for 3rd leaf, cast on 17 chain, work as 2nd leaf until last round, work 2 d. c., 1 long, 7 chain, join to the last stitch of the rose; miss 1, 6 plain on 7 chain; finish working the leaf as 2nd double crochet to end of the stem; fasten off.

Directions for forming the Collar.—To form the Collar, cut the shape in coloured paper; then tack on the sprigs as in pattern, with the right side up, first fastening off all ends. Make a chain the exact size of the collar round the neck, and work one row of long stitches on the chain; tack it on the paper at the top of the collar. Having done this, make a chain the length of the collar, measuring round the points, turn, work on the chain 3 d. c., 4 chain, 1 single; on the top of the last d. c., * 8 d. c., 4 chain; 1 single on the last d. c.; repeat from * to the end of the chain; then tack in on the paper. The filling-in is done by a fine needle; and use the same cotton as for the sprigs. Commence by making one button-hole stitch once; pass the needle through the same stitch once more; repeat the same until you come to the first rose leaf, when join by passing the needle through the under stitch, and seam back to where you began. The same stitch is used throughout the collar, sometimes passing the needle two, three, or four times, according to the space to be filled and the taste of the worker. The petals of the convolvulus are made after the collar is taken off the paper; they are worked thus—13 chain, turn, miss 1, 12 single, repeat twice more, fasten off, and with the thread pass the bunch of petals down the centre of the convolvulus, and fasten them in firmly.

MARRIAGES IN SERBIA.—The fathers of two houses meet and settle the matter together, exchanging presents, which sometimes amount to a considerable value. Thus, by a sort of purchase, is so useful a member of a household as a grown-up maiden surrendered by one to another. The brother of the bride delivers her to the solemn procession which comes to conduct her to her new abode; and there she is received by the *sootes*, a sister-in-law of the bridegroom. She dresses a child, touches with a *shank* the walls which are so often to see her occupied with this implement, and carries bread, wine, and water up to the table which it will become her daily duty to prepare. With these symbolic ceremonies she enters into the new community. Her mouth is sealed by a *plack* or sugar, to denote that she should utter little and only what is good. As yet she is only a stranger, and for a whole year she is termed the "betrothed." By an assumption of continued bashfulness, prescribed by custom, she keeps apart even from her husband. In the presence of others she scarcely converses with him, much less would a playful phrase be permitted from her lips. It is only when years have passed, and she has become the mother of grown-up children, that she, in reality, sheds herself on an equality with the other members of the household.

MISS PATTERSON.

JEROME, the youngest brother of Napoleon, was educated for the naval service. When hostilities began between France and England, Jerome was looking for an opportunity to distinguish himself, and his vessel cruised about for several months on the South American coast, when she put into New York. He went much into society in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; and having formed an acquaintance with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of the latter city, he conceived an ardent attachment for her, and they were married in Baltimore, December 24th, 1803. The marriage-ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Baltimore, agreeably to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church and the laws of the United States. This ceremony was preceded by a marriage-contract, regularly drawn up and witnessed. Miss Patterson, now Jerome's wife, was the daughter of a rich merchant of that city, who was born of a Scotch family in the north of Ireland. She was an exceedingly beautiful and accomplished young lady, and fully worthy of her husband. It is believed that the attachment was mutual and ardent, and the fairest prospects opened before them in the future.

For more than a year Jerome remained in America, dreading the offence which his marriage had given to his brother Napoleon, who, having already in contemplation the elevation of all his brothers to European thrones, wished to form for them matrimonial alliances with the princesses of the royal houses of Europe.

In the spring of 1805, however, Jerome embarked with his wife for Europe. When their vessel arrived at Lisbon, Jerome started for Paris, directing the ship with his wife to proceed to Amsterdam, some doubt being entertained whether a passport could be procured which would admit her into France. On the arrival of the ship at the Texel, Madame Bonaparte learned that an order had already been received from the Government at Paris prohibiting her landing. She accordingly sailed for England, where she arrived in the month of June, and took up her residence at Camberwell, in the neighbourhood of London, where she passed the summer. On the 7th of July, 1805, she gave birth to her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

Jerome, who was affectionately attached to his wife, brought all the influence he could to appease the anger of his brother; but his endeavours were fruitless. Napoleon would not recognise the marriage, nor allow Jerome to bring his wife to Paris. Believing that, if she should once appear before the Emperor, her beauty, grace, and accomplishments would

secure for her a generous reception, he hoped till the last that this privilege would be accorded to him. The request, however, was resolutely refused. No step had been taken in Europe to annul this marriage until March 3rd, 1805, when the Emperor caused his Council of State to enact a special decree, "forbidding all civil officers of the Empire to receive on their registers a transcript of the act of celebration of a pretended marriage contracted by Jerome Bonaparte in a foreign country." This decree, amounting to a declaration of the nullity of the marriage, related to the formality prescribed by Article 171 of the Civil Code—viz., that three months after the return to France of a French subject, he should transcribe on the Public Register at the place of his domicile the act of the celebration of any marriage contracted in a foreign country.

In the following May, the Emperor, in a letter to Pius VII., requested him to grant a bull annulling the marriage. From this letter, which was dated May 24, 1805, we make the following extract:—

"I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, a daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I send your Holiness several papers, from one of which, by Cardinal Casselli, your Holiness will receive much light. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such matrimonies null. But it appears to me better to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants. I beg your Holiness to do this quietly; and as soon as I know that you are willing to do it, I will have it broken here civilly. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person. It is dangerous that a minor and a distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

In reply to this the Pope wrote a long letter, in which he sweeps over the entire field of ecclesiastical learning, showing at every step that there was no authority vested in him, nor could any precedent be found in the history of the Church, for dissolving the marriage; and, like an honest man, Pius VII. comes to the conclusion, which he unhesitatingly announces,

that he neither can nor will annul the marriage between Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. In the course the Emperor took in this case there was not a shadow of justification, and he cannot be

vindicated, and if a learned and complacent Pontiff could not find in the library of the Vatican a single precedent for so bad an act, we do not deem it our duty to extend our search any further



Finding that to persist in his opposition to the will of his brother would defeat his object and only offer to him a life of exile, and hoping that time would accomplish for him what persuasion could not, Jerome accepted a mission from the Emperor to the Dey of Algiers, and afterwards employed himself on sea and land. But the prince not only kept up a constant correspondence with his American wife, but continued to entertain for her the same attachment he felt in the beginning; yet finding that every artifice and attempt at persua-

sion failed with his brother, and being assured that the American marriage never would be recognised, he yielded at last, for the sake of peace, and doubtless under the illusion of glory, to the imperial policy of Napoleon, and immolated himself, to use his own language, on the altar of the Napoleon dynasty. On the 12th of August he married the Princess Frederica Catherina, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. A few days after his marriage, he was proclaimed King of Westphalia. As for his first and true wife, she returned to Ame-

rica, and occupied herself with the education of her son.

She lived an unmarried life. Opulent, highly educated, and gifted with qualities which have rendered her happiness in a great measure independent of others, she has passed a long, serene, and useful life, and doubtless feels now, in the evening of her days (for we believe she is still living—she was two or three years ago), that it was no malicious fortune which withheld from her a European diadem. The history of the family into which she married strikingly illustrates Shakespeare's words, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

A few words as to the children of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, as we must call her. Her son was educated at Harvard University, in America, and studied the law; but his marriage with a rich lady of Baltimore, and his own ample fortune, decided him to abandon the profession. In the year 1832 he had a son, Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, who received a military education, and obtained a commission in the army of the United States. Since the accession of the present Emperor of the French, however, he was invited to join the armies of France, and he is now a soldier and an adopted son of that country. His father, who was very much like the Bonaparte family, passed his time in books and study, if he does not so pass it still.

THE FALSE LADY.

"Not so, not so," said King Henry, "I have sworn it; and though I may pity thee, I may not be forsworn. To-morrow thou must to a convent, there to abide for ever!"

"And that will not be long," answered the girl, a gleam of her old pride and impetuosity lighting up her fair features.

"By Heaven, I say for ever!" cried Henry, stamping his foot on the ground angrily.

"And I reply, not long!"

A cold and dark north-easter had swept together a host of straggling vapours and thin lowering clouds over the French metropolis—the course of the Seine might be traced easily among the grotesque roofs and Gothic towers which at that day adorned its banks, by the grey ghostly mist which seethed up from its sluggish waters—a small fine rain was falling noiselessly, and almost imperceptibly, by its own weight, as it were, from the surcharged and watery atmosphere—the air was keenly cold and piercing, although the seasons had not crept far as yet beyond the confines of the summer. The trees, for there were many in the streets of Paris, and still more in the

fauxbourgs and gardens of the *haute noblesse*, were thickly covered with white rime, as were the manes and frontlets of the horses, the clothes, and hair, and eye-brows of the human beings who ventured forth in spite of the inclement weather. A sadder and more gloomy scene can scarcely be conceived than is presented by the streets of a large city in such a time as that I have attempted to describe. But this peculiar sadness was, on the day of which I write, augmented and exaggerated by the continual tolling of the great bell of St. Germain Auxerrois, replying to the iron din which arose from the grey towers of Notre Dame. From an early hour of the day the people had been congregating in the streets and about the bridges leading to the precincts of the royal palace, the Chateau des Tournelles, which then stood—long since obliterated almost from the memory of men—upon the Isle de Paris, the greater part of which was covered with the courts, and terraces, and gardens of that princely pile.

Strong bodies of the household troops were posted here and there about the avenues and gates of the royal demesne, and several large detachments of the archers of the *prevot's* guard—still called so from the arms which they had long since ceased to carry—might be seen everywhere on duty. Yet there were no symptoms of an *emeute* among the crowd, which was increasing every moment as the day waxed toward noon. Some feeling certainly there was. Grief, wonder, expectation, and a sort of half-doubtful pity, as far as might be gathered from the words of the passing speakers, were the more prominent ingredients of the common feeling which had called out so large a portion of the city's population on a day so unsuited to any spectacle of interest. For several hours this mob, increasing, as it has been described, from hour to hour, varied but little in its character, save that, as the day wore, it became more and more respectable in the appearance of its members. At first it had been composed, almost without exception, of artisans and shop-boys. As the morning advanced, however, many of the burghers of the city and respectable craftsmen might be seen among the crowd; and a little later many of the secondary gentry and *petite noblesse*, with women and children, all showing the same symptoms of sad yet eager expectation. Now, when it lacked but a few minutes of noon, long trains of courtiers with their retinues and armed attendants, many a head of a renowned and ancient house, many a warrior famous for valour and for conduct might be seen threading the mazes of the crowded thoroughfares toward the royal palace.

A double ceremony of singular and solemn

nature was soon to be enacted there—the interment of a noble soldier, slain lately in an unjust quarrel, and the investiture of an unwilling woman with the robes of a holy sisterhood preparatory to her life-long interment in that sepulchre of the living body—sepulchre of the pining soul—the convent cloisters. Armand de Laguy!—Marguerite de Vaudreuil!

Many circumstances had united to call forth much excitement, much grave interest in the minds of all who had heard the singular and wild romance of the story, the furious and cruel combat which had resulted from it, and last, not least, the violent resentment of the King toward the guilty victim who survived the ruin she had wrought.

The story was, in truth, then, but little understood. A thousand rumours were abroad; yet in each there was a share of truth; and the amount of the whole was perhaps less wide of the mark than is usual in matters of the kind. And thus they ran: Marguerite de Vaudreuil had been betrothed to the youngest of France's famous warriors, Charles de La-Hiré, who after a time fell—as it was related by his young friend and kinsman, Armand de Laguy—covered with wounds and honour. The body had been found outstretched beneath the survivor, who, himself desperately hurt, had alone witnessed and in vain endeavoured—he said—to prevent his cousin's slaughter. The face of Charles de La-Hiré, as all men deemed the corpse to be, was mangled and defaced so frightfully as to render recognition by the features utterly hopeless; yet, from the emblazoned surcoat which it bore, the well-known armour on the limbs, the signet-ring upon the finger, and the accustomed sword clenched in the dead right hand, none doubted the identity of the body, or questioned the truth of Armand's story.

Armand de Laguy, succeeding by La-Hiré's death to all his lands and lordships, returned to the metropolis, and mixed in the gaudies of that gay period, when all the court of France was revelling in the celebration of the union of the dauphin with the lovely Mary Stuart, in after-days the hapless queen of Scotland. He wore no decent and accustomed garb of mourning. He suffered no interval, however brief—due to decorum at least, if not to kindly feeling—to elapse, before it was announced that Marguerite de Vaudreuil, the dead man's late betrothed, was instantly to wed his living cousin! She had already accepted him, and declared her love for him. Her wondrous beauty, her all-seductive manners, her extreme youth, had in vain pleaded against the general censure of the court—the world. Men had frowned on her for a while, and women sneered and slandered: but after

a little while, as the novelty of the story wore away, the indignation against her inconstancy ceased, and she was once again installed the leader of the court's unwedded beauties.

Suddenly, on the very eve of her intended nuptials, Charles de La-Hiré returned!—ransomed, as it turned out, from the Italian dungeons of the prince of Parma, and making fearful charges of treason and intended murder against Armand de Laguy. The king had commanded that the truth should be proved by a solemn combat; had sworn to execute upon the felon's block whichever of the two should yield or confess falsehood; had sworn that the inconstant Marguerite (who, on the return of De La-Hiré, had returned instantly to her former feelings, asserting her perfect confidence in the truth of Charles, the treachery of Armand) should either wed the victor, or live and die the inmate of the most rigorous convent in his realm.

The battle had been fought yesterday! Armand de Laguy fell, mortally wounded by his wronged cousin's hand, and with his latest breath declared his treasons, and implored pardon from his king, his kinsman, and his God—happy to perish by a brave man's sword, not by a headman's axe. And Marguerite, rejected by the man she had once betrayed—herself refusing, even if he were willing, to wed with him whom she could but dishonour—had now no option save death or the cloister.

And now men pitied—women wept—all frowned, and wondered, and kept silence. That a young, vain, capricious beauty—the pet and spoiled child from her very cradle of a gay and luxurious court, worshipped for her charms like a second Aphrodite, intoxicated with the love of admiration—that such a one should be inconstant, fickle—should swerve from her fealty to the dead—a questionable fealty always—and be won to a rash second love by the falsehood and treasons of a man young, and brave, and handsome—falsehood which had deceived wise men—that such should be the course of events, men said, was neither strange nor monstrous! It was a fault, which might indeed make her future faith suspected, which would surely justify Charles de La-Hiré in casting back her hand—but which at the worst, deserved no such doom as the soul-chilling cloister. She had, they said, in no respect participated in the guilt, or shared the treacheries of Armand. On the contrary, she, the victim of his fraud, had been the first to denounce him.

But the king was relentless. "Either the wife of De La-Hiré, or the bride of God in the cloister!" was his unvarying reply. No further answer would he give—no disclosure of his motives would he make, even to his

wisest councillors. Some, indeed, augured that the good monarch's anger was but feigned, and that, deeming her sufficiently punished already, he was desirous still of forcing her to be the bride of him to whom she had been destined, and whom she still, despite her brief inconstancy, worshipped in her heart; and all men still supposed that at the last Charles would forgive the hapless girl, and so relieve her from the tomb that seemed yawning to enclose her. But others—and they were those who best understood the mood of France's second Henry—vowed that the wrath was real; and felt that he never would forgive the guilty girl, whose frailty, as he swore, had caused such bloodshed.

But now it was high noon; and forth filed from the palace-gates a long and glittering train—Henry and all his Court, with all the rank and beauty of the realm, knights, nobles, peers and princes, damsels and dames, the pride of France and Europe. But at the monarch's right walked one, clad in no gay attire, pale, languid, wounded, and war-worn—Charles de La-Hirè, the victor. A sad, deep gloom o'ercast his large dark eye, and threw a shadow over his massy forehead. His lip had forgot to smile, his glance to lighten; yet was there no remorse, no doubt, no wavering in his calm, noble features—only fixed, settled sorrow. His long and waving hair, evenly parted on his crown, fell down on either cheek, while a scarf of black taffeta supported his weapon—a heavy, double-edged, straight broadsword—and served at the same time to support his left arm, the sleeve of which hung open, tied in with points of riband. He was clad in black, and a slouched hat, without feather, completed the suit of melancholy mourning.

In the midst of the train was a yet sadder sight—Marguerite de Vaudreuil, robed in the snow-white vestments of a novice, with all her glorious ringlets, soon to be shorn, flowing in loose redundancy over her shoulders and bosom, pale as the monumental stone, and only not as rigid. A hard-featured, grey-headed monk supported her on either hand; and a long train of priests swept after, with crucifix, and rosary, and censer.

Scarcely had this strange procession issued from the great gates of Les Tournelles—the death-bells tolling still from every tower and steeple—before another train, gloomier yet and sadder, filed out from the gate of the royal tilt-yard, at the farther end of which stood a superb pavilion. Sixteen black Benedictine monks led the array, chanting the mournful *Miserere*. Next behind these (strange contrast!) strode on the grim, gaunt form, clad in his blood-stained tabard, and bearing full displayed his broad two-handed axe—fell emblem

of his odious calling—the public executioner of Paris. Immediately in the rear of this dark-functionary, not borne by his bold captains, nor followed by his gallant vassals with arms reversed and signs of martial sorrow, but ignominiously supported by the grim-visaged ministers of the law, came on the bier of Armand, the last Count de Laguy.

Stretched in a coffin of the rudest material and construction, with his pale visage bare, displaying still in its distorted lines and sharpened features the agonies of mind and body which had preceded his untimely dissolution, the bad but haughty noble was borne to his long home in the graveyard of Notre Dame. His sword, broken in twain, was laid across his breast, his spurs had been hacked from his heels by the cleaver of the scullion, and his reversed escutcheon was hung above his head.

The funeral-train proceeded; the King and his Court followed. They reached the graveyard, hard beneath those superb grey towers; they reached the grave, in a remote and gloomy corner, where, in unconsecrated earth, reposed the executed felon. The priests attended not the corpse beyond the precincts of that unholy spot; their solemn chant died mournfully away; no rites were done, no prayers were said above the senseless clay, but in silence was it lowered into the ready pit—silence disturbed only by the deep, hollow sound of the clods that fell fast and heavy on the breast of the guilty noble! Three forms stood by the grave—stood till the last clod had been heaped upon its kindred clay, and the dark headstone planted: Henry, the King; Charles, Baron de La-Hirè; and Marguerite de Vaudreuil.

And as the last clod was flattened down upon the dead—after the stone was fixed—De La-Hirè crossed the grave to the despairing girl, where she had stood gazing with a fixed, rayless eye on the sad ceremony, and took her by the hand, and spoke so loud that all might hear his words, while Henry looked on, not without an air of wondering excitement:—

“Not that I did not love thee,” he said, “Marguerite! Not that I did not pardon thee thy brief inconstancy, caused as it was by evil arts of which we will say nothing now—since he who plotted them hath suffered even above his merits, and is, we trust, now pardoned! Not for these causes, nor for any of them, I have declined thine hand thus far; but that the king commanded, judging it in his wisdom best for both of us. Now, Armand is gone hence; and let all doubt and sorrow go hence with him! Let all your tears, all my suspicions, be buried in his grave for ever! I take your hand, dear Marguerite—I take you as my bride—I claim you mine for ever!”

Thus far the girl had listened to him, not

with any sign of renewed hope or rekindled happiness in her pale features—but with cold attention. But now she put away his hand, and spoke with a stern, unflinching voice.

"Be not so weak!" she said; "be not so weak, Charles de La-Hiré—nor fancy me so vain! The weight and wisdom of years have passed above my head since yester morning; then was I a vain, thoughtless girl; now am I a woman! That I have sinned, is very true—that I have betrayed thee, wronged thee! It may be, you had spoken of pardon yesterday—it all might have been well! But if it were dishonour to take me yesterday, by what is it made honour now? No! no! Charles de La-Hiré, do not think that Marguerite de Vaudreuil will owe to man's compassion what she owes not to love! Peace, Charles de La-Hiré! my last words to thee have been spoken. And now, Sir King, may God judge between thee and me, as thou hast judged! If I was frail and fickle, if I sinned deeply against De La-Hiré, I sinned not knowingly. If I sinned deeply, more deeply was I sinned against—more deeply was I left to suffer—even hadst thou heaped no more brands upon the burning! If to bear hopeless love—to repent with continual remorse—to writhe with trampled pride!—if this be to suffer, then, Sir King, had I enough suffered without thy just interposition!" As she spoke, a bitter sneer curled her lip for a moment; but as she saw Henry again about to speak, a wilder and higher expression flashed over all her features.

"Nay," she cried, "thou shalt hear me out! Thou didst swear yesterday I should live in a cloister-cell for ever! and I replied to thy words then, 'Not long!' I have thought better now; and now I answer, 'NEVER!' Lo here! ye who have marked the doom of Armand—mark now the doom of Marguerite!"

And with the words, before any one could interfere, she raised her right hand on high—and all then saw the quick twinkle of a weapon—and struck herself, a quick, slight blow immediately under the left bosom! It seemed a quick, slight blow, but it had been so accurately studied—so steadily aimed and fatally—that the keen blade, scarcely three inches long, was driven home into her heart. She spoke no syllable again, nor uttered any cry!—nor did a single spasm contract her pallid features, a single convulsion distort her shapely limbs; but she leaped forward, and fell upon her face, quite dead, at the king's feet!

Henry smiled not again for many a day thereafter. Charles de La-Hiré died very old, a Carthusian monk of the strictest order, having mourned sixty years and prayed in silence for the sorrows and the sins of that most hapless woman.

THE CREEPERS.

THE tribe *Troglodytes* embraces several groups of beautiful and interesting birds, the greater part of which are peculiar to the warmer regions of the globe. They are all distinguished by long slender bills, and hence their name. They are adapted to those parts of the earth where flowers appear in constant succession; from these they obtain their nectar, and an endless supply of the smaller insects designed for their subsistence. We shall, therefore, proceed to trace the outline of the principal families of the troglodyte birds, and point out their character by some of the most prominent and interesting examples.

The old genus *Certhia* of Linnæus was characterised by an arched bill; but the species



possessed but little else in common, and have been therefore formed into several minor groups. The true or restricted creepers, so called from their habit of running round the trunks of trees, have the bill of medium length, curved, compressed, slender, sharp-pointed. The tail is wedge-shaped, and composed of stiff deflected feathers. Our well-known British species is the only example of the genus found in Europe, and it is, in fact, doubtful whether there is any other elsewhere. The North American creeper seems identical; but the numerous other birds described as creepers do not belong to the genus. The solitary type is a retired inhabitant of the woods, in no way conspicuous in colour, though pleasingly mottled above with black, brown, and greyish white; and, being of small size, and seldom showing itself in open places, is deemed rarer than it really is.

In the greater number the tail is equal. Of these we may name the superb creeper. Its length is six inches; the crown of the head, upper part of the neck, smaller wing-coverts, back, and rump, are bright greenish-gold; across the upper part of the breast runs a bar of bright gilded yellow, beneath which the whole under parts are deep brownish crimson; the wings and tail are blackish-brown, the legs are also brown, the bill is black. This beautiful species was discovered at Malimba, in Africa, by M. Perrein. Another highly adorned

species, such as limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon, is the *Certhia splendida* of Shaw. It usually occurs in woody places, and, in addition to its splendid plumage, is said to be worthy of admiration for its musical powers, its song being by some esteemed equal to that of the nightingale. The spotted-breasted cinnyris also dwells in the forests of Malimba, and



frequently approaches the habitations of the natives, allured by the flowers of the Congo pea, which, according to Dr. Shaw, is much cultivated by the negroes.

In some of these birds the central feathers of the tail are lengthened in the males. Such as *C. violacea*, a Cape species, which likewise dwells in woods, and is said to build a nest of

a singularly elegant construction. In a few the bill is almost straight. Our restricted limits will not admit of our expatiating on this delightful group.

The common creeper, though of a somewhat lengthened form, is probably, with the exception of the yellow-crested wren, the smallest bodied British bird. It is said to feed entirely

upon insects, although, as a winter resident in many frost-bound regions, we cannot aver that it never swallows seeds. It builds in the hollows of trees, and may be often seen during the delightful autumn, when the rustling woods are fragrant with fallen leaves, flitting from the top of one trunk to the bottom of another, which it ascends by a kind of spiral progression; and then darting downwards to a neighbouring tree, it thus busily pursues from time to time its uninterrupted flight. This bird chiefly shows itself in our shrubberies and wooded pleasure-grounds in winter.

It inhabits not only Britain, but the continent of Europe. It is said to migrate to Italy in September and October. It has been particularly noticed in various parts of Germany, and is described as inhabiting North America. Prince Musignano states that it is common and permanent near Rome, and rare near Philadelphia.

The creeper is a most active and restless little bird, ever on the alert, intent on picking up its food, which it finds on the trunks and branches of trees. A constant resident in Britain, it is not easily seen there, for its activity in shifting its position makes it very difficult to follow with the eye. One instant it is before the spectator, and the next, from the rapidity of its passage, the intervening branch or trunk hides the bird from his view. The form of its tail and the structure of its feet are exquisitely adapted to its rapid locomotion. Its oft-repeated note is monotonous.

This bird provides a nest in the hole or behind the bark of decayed trees, formed of dry grass, and the inner part of the bark is lined with small feathers. Here six or eight eggs are deposited. While the female sits on these she is regularly fed by the male bird.

The habitat of the wall-creeper is the south of Europe. It is tolerably abundant in Spain and Italy, always, however, on the most elevated rocks, and very rare on mountains of moderate height. According to Temminck, it is never found in the north. This bird is common in Provence, and may be seen creeping on the outer walls of St. Peter's at Rome.

This bird does against the vertical faces of rocks what the common creeper does on trees. To these surfaces it adheres firmly, without, however, mounting or descending by creeping. Clefts and crevices of rocks are its favourite haunts, and sometimes, but very rarely, the trunks of trees. It feeds on insects, their caterpillars and chrysalises, and is particularly fond of spiders and their eggs.

The wall-creeper moults twice in the year. In the spring only the throat of the bird is attired in black: this ornament disappears

before the other feathers fall. It is impossible to distinguish the sexes after pairing and breeding-time. The young may be distinguished from their parents before their first moult, but in winter no difference is observable.

PRIZE COMPOSITION.

Our Essays of this month are remarkable in one particular at least: they are perfectly unanimous. The conclusion they all come to is this: that the Christian, whether rich or poor, obscure or famous, is the man whose lot is happiest. EMMA S., MARITANA, EMMA SOPHIA, JANE S., and ELLIE, briefly as they write, write enough to advocate this view of the case very well; ELFRIDA, KITTY, and ELIZA, still more pleasingly show that, in giving mankind a common Christianity, He has given them a common blessing (if they will but accept it), which the variations of fortune affect not at all. FRANCES E.'s vigour, and her logical method, please us much; and it is a pity she did not work out her ideas to greater length. The efforts of JANE and of HYPERION, very creditable: the good results of practice are evident in both. We must remind H.—that the best composition needs revision. ALIENA'S Essay deserves especial credit; it wins a Certificate of Merit, as does also that of MRS. J. S.—ALIENA has not sent her address.—MARY L.'s paper is not an essay; it nevertheless evinces considerable talent of a kind not peculiarly feminine—the imaginative.

The essay selected for the printer is that of M. S. R. We beg to call attention to the honest excellence of its style, and the unquestionable earnestness of the writer.

THE HAPPIEST LOT.

If there is one characteristic of nature more obvious than another, it is the variety of its scenery. Uniformity is unknown. The traveller beholds here the rugged mountain, with its roaring cataract; and there the plain, with its smooth, expansive river: "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields" in our own climate, and in another the barren wilderness or the burning desert. The adventurous explorer of polar latitudes struggles through the dread sublimities of icebergs and desolate wastes of snow; the merchant traffics amid spicy groves and the brilliant regions of the tropics.

Were all these irregularities to be reduced, doubtless many inconveniences would be overcome, and some evils eradicated; but many advantages would be lost, and evils of disastrous consequences incurred.

As it is in the natural world, so it is in the moral world, and among humanity. How striking and strong are the contrasts furnished by its various conditions! The rich and the poor; the young and old; the learned and the ignorant; healthy and sick; industrious and idle; the variety is legion—yet each with a separate inward history and experience. But, dissimilar as are their outward distinctions, and wider far as is their individual history, here is one unvarying aspiration in the heart, one predominant idea in the minds of all, "that runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on"—one object after which each, in his own fashion, and according to the strength of his character, is in anxious and ceaseless pursuit. *Happiness* is the one object after which they all toil; the fascinating vision they all desire to realise—happiness the blessing which, though yet unattained, all still believe attainable. Accordingly, Utopian schemes for the realisation of happiness have not only been discussed, but attempts have been made to carry them into practice. But in vain! To fill up the valleys, and bring down the high places, would be far easier; and we marvel not on hearing that the glittering bubble has burst, scattering destruction wherever it has fallen.*

Men have laboured to attain happiness by scaling the paths of ambition; how successfully, we may gather from the death-bed of Wolsey, the tears of Alexander, or the restless torment of Richard the Third. It has been sought in gathering silver and gold, in making great works, building houses, and planting vineyards; how vainly still, let the mournful murmurings of the Preacher who was king over Israel, and the lives and deaths of such men as Beekford, Buckingham, Marlborough, and Colonel Charteris tell. And though the body has been pampered, and the senses gratified to the full, even such men have been constrained in the bitterness of disappointment to acknowledge, it has been all vanity and vexation of spirit.

Others, pursuing this same object by opposite paths, have rejected the good things of this life (which are to be received with thanksgiving), and, despising the purple and fine linen of courts, immured themselves in convents; and, hiding themselves from their own flesh, sought in the austeries of ascetic solitude that peace which the world cannot give.

Despising those who heap to themselves riches, and rejecting the fanaticism of the hermit, there is a large class of men whose

idea of happiness is bound up in a literary life. With some it may be a pure thirst after knowledge; but with others it is only an ardent longing to live after this life in the annals of posterity. To this they sacrifice as much, often more, than the man who adds houses to houses; but they, too, discover that of making many books there is no end, and that much study is a weariness to the flesh.

The young dream of attaining this much-prized object in after-life; and attribute its absence to the world's injustice, or some mischance in the direction of their affairs. Old age sighs for the happy days of youth; and memory, recalling only the sunny spots of life, inquires, but not wisely, why the former times were better than these.

The path of the poor is strewn with thorns. Shall we look for happiness there, since we see that it eludes the grasp of the rich, the learned, and the young? As a mass they cry, It is not with us; and ignorant of the burden borne by his richer neighbour, the poor man has his dreams of Elysium, stretching into the domains of idleness and plenty.

The married declare they have much to endure, and the single say also they have their trials.

And how is it to be accounted for, that each remains unsatisfied? Why is it that, like the bird from the ark, the soul of man wanders over the wide surface of creation, and finds no rest? Surely, it must be because the material can never satisfy the immaterial, nor the mortal the immortal. Refusing the River of Life, we stoop to drink at earthly streams, and then complain that their water, like that of Marah, is bitter. The day of prosperity comes, and we misuse it; the night of adversity follows, and we repine; death steals on, and we go down to the house appointed for all living; and the conviction of the survivors is, that we are happier now.

But when Adam and Eve stood in that garden, of which all was pronounced "very good," can we for one moment imagine that they drew their happiness alone from these things? Was the voice of the Lord God walking in the cool of the day nothing? The land into which they wandered, when driven from Paradise, could not have been very far distant; and all that had been pronounced good in Eden was, doubtless, there. But the separation of the soul from God had taken place; and they then experienced all that bitterness of spirit which men now undergo, who endeavour to draw their happiness from this world.

And in what did the felicity of Paradise consist?—what constitutes the enjoyment of the soul in heaven? Conformity of the will of

* We presume the writer here refers to "Abelard of Love," and such communistic schemes to reduce men and women to the happy lot of harding brutes.

the creature to that of the Creator, from which spring love, obedience, and contentment, rendering all duties pleasing, and all situations happy. Where such a conformity of will is, there alone is happiness, whether it be among the spirits of the just made perfect, or among the children of the sons of men; and since nothing but true religion can overcome our will, and bring it into subjection to Him who is higher than the highest, and restore us to that communion for which we were originally created—hence we argue, that a religious life must make the happiest lot.

Where this is the case, it matters little to a man where he is placed, or what his relation to the outward world may be. He who carries with him the conviction that all things are working together for his good, can never be really unhappy. He may have his trials and sorrows; but, notwithstanding these, he has an abiding conviction that happiness must be their ultimate result, and he enjoys a quietness and repose to other men unknown.

We do not presume to say that poverty is in itself desirable, or ignorance bliss, because riches too often lead to arrogance, and learning to presumption; still less would we advocate celibacy, because an earthly attachment sometimes engrosses the entire affections. Riches, learning, and marriage are all consistent with the happiness for which we plead. The man whose soul is transformed into the image of his Maker will find objects enough for the right disposal of his riches. It gives him power, influence, and position; and his must be indeed a cold philanthropy that could be content with the absence of these *in order to* be freed from their inevitable responsibility: so that while such an one can be happy *without* riches and honour if his lot be poverty and insignificance, he hails them as means towards Godlike practices, and feels that he is the happiest man who has the greatest power of conferring happiness on others. And so with learning. He who has eyes to see, and ears to hear, and who is continually adding knowledge to knowledge, discovering fresh beauties, and gaining more exalted because more extended views, becomes a humbler, and therefore a happier man, than he whose whole life is one continuous answer to the questions, What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? The effect of ignorance is to deaden the better, and to arouse and foster in their fullest vigour all the worst, passions of our nature. Pride rises against reason, and a quieting because stupefying silence conceals from its unhappy victim his degraded position; and unable (if willing) to decide for himself, he becomes an easy prey to the first demagogue or fanatic who crosses his path.

There remains but one other question, Is it better to be married or single? Wits and poets pretend that it is still an open question, but in their own persons generally contrive to ratify the truth of the assertion made six thousand years ago, "It is not good for man to be alone." Matrimony has its trials, if celibacy its sorrows; but the former are more easily borne than the latter. Two are better than one, for the joys are doubled and the griefs divided; the motives for self-exertion are increased, and the incentives for self-denial multiplied. In unmarried persons (too frequently) self is the pivot round which all their actions turn, producing either morbid sensitiveness or withering coldness—ending in both cases in death to those kindlier feelings which form so great a solace of this life. It is easy and pleasant enough to travel alone (if so it can be called) on the path of life, when the family circle is unbroken, and realities are lost in the misty dreams of youth; but maturity bears with impatience the dissolution of its aerial castles, and dreads to contemplate in solitude the vacant chairs by the hearth. That matrimony does not in itself constitute the happiest lot, we need not assert. But where in the biography of the lonely shall we find such traits of character as shone in Lady Jane Grey, Lady Nitheedale, Lady Rachel Russell, the wives of the younger Pliny, Grotius, Baron Haller, or Margaret Duchess of Newcastle?

But imperfection is written on all things here; and though it is better to be rich than poor, better to be learned than ignorant, happier to be married than single, it is happiest of all to be able to say—"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

M. S. R.

THE KERNEL OF THE NUT.

Lucretia and Homer have cracked the nut. O as our readers all know stands for "cypher." Now sometimes read *cypher* as *sigh for*, and we have—

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee.
Oh, sigh for no cypher, but oh sigh for me.
Oh, let, then, my sigh for a cypher go,
And give back sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so

Notices to Correspondents.

STAMPED EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE.

In future, the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE (stamped as a newspaper) will be forwarded from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom for an annual subscription of three shillings, payable in advance. Single numbers forwarded free on receipt of three postage stamps.

THE ANNUAL PRIZES.

In future, purchasers of the back volumes, by sending in the cheques to be found in each, will be entitled to a chance in the next distribution of prizes. Purchasers of volumes which contain cheques for a specific prize may send them to the office, where they will be changed for new ones.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

Competitors are reminded that Essays on "POOR RELATIONS" must be sent in on or before the 12th of March. The subject for the next Essay (to be printed in the May number) is the "PLEASURES OF CHARITY." The prize in each case consists of a handsome volume.

Competitors should write *legibly* on only one side of the paper; and their real name and address should be sent in confidence.

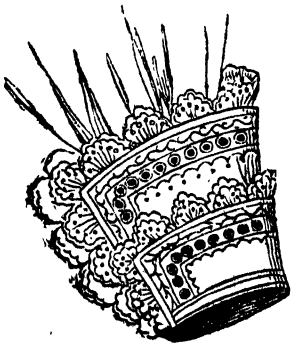
PRIZE WORK PATTERNS.

The prize this month is awarded to E. DAVIES, of Chepstow, for the beautiful pattern of a CROCHET COLLAR engraved on p. 337. We ought to remark, too, that this pattern was exquisitely worked. Several other designs of merit were received—that of ENDYMION, pretty and simple; Miss F.'s, both original and well-worked; but certainly the second best is that of Miss von K. Indeed, we have thoughts of engraving it in a future number, and awarding it an extra prize.—Patterns of the KNITTED NECK-TIE (announced for competition last month) must be sent in on or before the 10th of the month. The next subject for competition is an INFANT'S CAP IN CROCHET, worked.

ELIZA.—We shall probably renew the feature in the next volume.

R. E. S.—We know of no work from which you could attain the art of ventriloquism.

GAUNTLET.—CLARA W. will, we hope, be content with the Gauntlet. It is worked in. An-

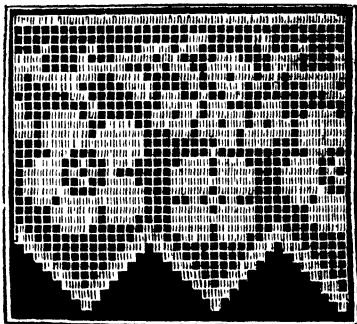


laise, and embroidered and edged with rich thread lace.

NOVION is assured that ladies do write the

essays and gain prizes. We regret that we are not always permitted to give the real names of the essayists at the foot of their compositions, which certainly would not appear in the Magazine at all if there were the least reason to be ashamed of them. However, for NOVICE's satisfaction, and having permission to do so, we will just state both the name and address of the lady who won the last prize for composition, and the prize for the chemisette pattern in the previous number: Miss Eliza Jacob, Albion-terrace, Southampton.—NOVICE's verses are not without merit: but her ear wants a little cultivation.

CROCHET VANDYKE EDGING.—To please several of our patrons, we give a Crochet Vandyke



Edging, and hope it will please. It is also very suitable for diamond netting.

LITTLE CLARA shall be "obliged" if possible. Covers for the third volume, exactly like those of the first and second, will be ready at the book-sellers by the end of next month.

HENRIETTA R.—It matters not at all in what situation a person of sound education, refined manners, and honourable mind may be placed: she is still a gentlewoman, and every man or woman whose opinion is worth a moment's respect will so regard her. While fully appreciating your feelings, we believe that your uneasiness is purely unnecessary, and hope you will endeavour to overcome it.

M. M. N.—We receive every month numerous letters from correspondents who desire to know where to apply for certain situations—where to dispose of, or where to buy, certain articles. Of these M. M. N. is one. It is impossible for us to satisfy these inquiries, and can only suggest that we will advertise the wants and wishes of any correspondents on the wrapper or advertisement sheet. But as the space they would occupy has a real money value to the proprietors, our correspondents must inclose a shilling's worth of stamps to pay for the paper on which their requests appear.

LUOT A.'s pretty story was too long for "a leaf," or we should, perhaps, have inserted it. But the MS. has been preserved, and shall be returned on receipt of a stamped address.

JOSEPH.—We had already determined to make the improvements you suggest. After next month, Cupid's Letter-Bag will be closed to make way for a new feature; and the Correspondence will be printed on the wrapper.

DEWDROP.—The first volume can be had unbound. The cost of binding the three volumes

would probably be about 2s. 6d., or 3s. Cases or covers for binding the volumes may be ordered of any bookseller at 6d. each.—The cheque of the first volume must be sent to the office to be changed.

M. B.—The Berlin Wool Book shall be sent on receipt of seven stamps, with address. See answer above.

HOMER.—The cheques in the first and second volumes both entitle to a chance in the next distribution of prizes. They must be sent to the office to be changed for new cheques.

CHARLOTTE may do so as she desires; but to prevent mistake at the office, she should write on the substituted paper, "By permission of the Editor."

LOVING HEART.—It is of no consequence whether you purchase the first volume in numbers or bound; in either case, the cheques entitle to a chance in the distribution of prizes.

G. D.'s pattern is respectfully declined.
VIOLET.—Good designs for potichomanie are rather expensive. The cheapest we have seen are in No. 3 of the "Ladies' Book of Fancy Work"; there are fifteen designs, and the cost of the book is sixpence.

BOUGHTON shall have the recipe next month.

C.M.C. should address a note to Mr. Slack. We will try and give the receipt she asks in our next.

COFFEE-CANISTER.—Will one of our subscribers oblige us by obliging a clever correspondent writing under this very odd *nom de plume*, with a receipt for varnish for coloured prints?

ROBERT T.—The cases for the **ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE** are lettered on the back.—The cost of the letters would be two or three shillings.

M. L. P. may deposit the money in her own name, but her parents may nevertheless control it during her minority.

S. B.—We certainly cannot refuse to print the "Lines written in a Servant's Album."

Sarah Byrne, Ned Byrne's daughter,
Got this book for carrying water,
A fire broke out in the house of her master,
And no one could help to extinguish it faster.
She brought up the water in less than a minute,
For her master to dip the blankets in it,
And slash away at the burning wood.
None but her sister gave her assistance,
For all the policemen were little good,
And might just as well have been at a distance,
As they hindered the work by asking questions,
Of "How did it happen?" and making suggestions.

Nor was this the only thing that vexed us;
For Atkinson's men (whose yard is next us)
Looked over the wall at the girls' hard labour,
And never once thought of helping their neighbour.

We were left to chance for what might befall, but
For Mr. Boylan, and Mr. Talbot,
And Louisa Byrne, and Sarah the maid,
Who formed the whole of our "Fire Brigade."
And Sarah may say that this book was bought
her.

To show of what service the family thought her,
And to keep in remembrance that fire and water,

DECLINE.—"A Landlady."—"A Love Tale."
—"The Opera Night."—"Death of a Friend."
—"Not Caught Yet."—"Bygone."—"A Trip to France"
(left at the office).—"Friendship" (W. B. should try again).—"The Bridge Bridge" (a pretty story, in essence).—"The Samplish Gatherer" (hardly poetical enough).

Sick Room and Nursery.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Place the feet for half an hour, two or three nights successively, into a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the indurated cuticle, and the corn comes away; leaving a little cavity, which, however, soon fills up.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR CORNS.—Soak ivy leaves in vinegar during the space of fifteen days; then place a leaf, or part of one, over the corn, renew it every morning, and scrape off, with pumice-stone dipped in vinegar each time, the portion of hard skin which is detached. The vinegar acts by stimulating the absorbents; and the friction hastens their action. The pumice-stone and vinegar will equally answer the purpose if used every morning.

COFFEE A DISINFECTANT.—Great attention has been lately called to coffee, as the best beverage that can be taken by men employed laboriously in inclement weather. It is said that the railway guards and drivers on the northern lines of the kingdom, accustomed as they are to whirl through the cold and driving blasts of winter, declare that they could not endure the intense cold and fatigue of their occupation were it not for frequent cups of good coffee. Pilots, who knock about for days in all weathers, habitually sustain themselves with it. This is worth knowing at this season of the year; but coffee has another good quality—that of disinfecting. In sick rooms whenever fever is present, or in any room where there is a bad smell, much good is derived from roasting green coffee (dried and pounded) on a hot plate, and, while hot, carrying it backwards and forwards through the room for a few minutes. Any bad smell is, indeed, almost instantly removed.

A GOOD RESTORATIVE.—Bake two calves' feet in two pints of water, and the same quantity of new milk, in a jar closely covered, three hours and a half. When cold, remove the fat. Give a large teaspoonful the last and first thing. Whatever flavour is approved, give it by baking in it lemon-peel, cinnamon, or mace. Add sugar after.

VALUABLE STOMACHIC TINCTURE.—Cascarilla bark bruised, and orange peel dried, of each one ounce; brandy, or proof spirit, one pint. Let the ingredients steep for a fortnight, and decant the clear liquor. Take two or three teaspoonfuls in a wineglass of water twice a day.

TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent (to whom we are obliged) strongly recommends the following simple remedy for toothache, from her own experience of its benefit. It is simply two or three drops of oil of juniper used every morning on the tooth-brush after washing the teeth.—We may say here that we are always very glad to receive recipes tested by correspondents.

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.—A very frequent cause of nervous affections is intense or unreasonable application of the mind, as in reading while at dinner. By this untimely exercise of the brain, the blood is diverted from its proper course, namely, to the stomach, at a time when it is more particularly required there to enable the viscous to secrete and supply a redundancy of gastric juice. Such patients cannot be benefited except they alter their habits; because so long as they force the current of blood towards the brain when the vital fluid is required elsewhere for the purpose of digestion, this function will be impaired, and but very imperfectly performed, and nervous derangement will continue to result.

Cookery, Pickling, and Preserving.

TEA-MAKING.—Dr. Kitchener recommends that the water necessary should be poured in at once, as the second drawing is bad. When much is wanted, it is better to have two teapots than two drawings. Soyer's method of making tea was given in a back number.

STRAWBERRY-TEA.—Perhaps we have not told all the way to China for herbs to make a beverage that cheers and does not inebriate. That do our readers say to strawberry-leaves as substitute for tea? We are informed that the young and tender leaves of this plant, picked from a stalk, and dried in an airy shady place, make really excellent and agreeable beverage. Very young leaves of rue, dried and used with the strawberry-leaves in the proportion of one-twelfth the former (that is to say, an ounce of rue-leaves eleven of strawberry), even give the flavour of nine green tea from the Celestial Empire; that if there be any genuine green tea, which is doubted.—This may be worth trying.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Get a hundred of oysters in good condition, open them, place them in a saucepan, and simmer in their own liquor for about ten minutes, very gently. Then take them out one by one and place them in a jar. Then cover em, when cold, with a pickle made as follows: oil the liquor with a piece of mace, lemon-peel, and some black peppers; and three or four spoonsful of good vinegar. They should be kept in small jars, and tied very close, for contact with the air spoils them.

OX-CHEEK.—The best way to dress ox-cheek is to make an excellent dish is as follows:—Well cleanse half the head of an ox, take the meat off the bones and put it in a pan, or large dish that will stand the heat, adding a large onion, some sweet herbs, bruised allspice, pepper and salt. Lay the bones on the top; pour over all two or three quarts of water, and cover the pan close with a sheet of brown paper, or a dish that will close. Now place it in the oven, or simmer it on the side of the fire or on a hot hearth, for eight hours. When done tender, take the meat out and put it in a dish; let the soup get cold. You then take off the fat, in a cake; and then warm the meat in the soup again, as or when you want it.

ROAST CALF'S LIVER.—From March till July it is at its best. To roast calf's liver, wash and wipe it, cut a good hole in it, and stuff with cranberries, bread, a good deal of fat bacon (chopped, of course), onions, salt, pepper, a piece of butter, and an egg. Sew the liver up, lard and roast it.

CALF'S KIDNEY should be chopped with some of the fat, a small onion, some pepper and salt, roll it up with an egg into balls, and fry.

CALF'S HEART should be stuffed and roasted like beef heart; or sliced and made into a pudding with beef, or without.

JUGGED HARE.—An old hare, which would be tough roasted, may be jugged as follows. After eaning and skinning, cut it up, and season with pepper, salt, allspice, pounded mace, and a little nutmeg. Put it into a jar with an onion, a clove of nutmeg, a bunch of sweet herbs, a small piece of beef, and the bones over all. Tie the jar down with a bladder, and strong paper; and put it into a saucepan of water up to the neck, but no higher. Keep the water boiling four or five hours. When it is to be served, boil the gravy up with a piece of butter and flour; and if the meat gets also cold, mix it in this gravy, but do not boil.

The Toilette.

ELDER FLOWER POMATUM.—Take of elder flower oil, four ounces; fine mutton suet, two ounces; best lard, two ounces; melt the suet and lard together, with as little heat as possible, then add the elder oil, and beat up the mixture with a fork (to make it light) till nearly cold. If agreeable, any other perfume may be added before the pomatum is set.

DENTAL PARASITES.—The American "Annual of Scientific Discovery" (1850) says, microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness.

TO RESTORE HAIR.—Hair, when removed by illness or old age, has been restored by the following simple means; though they are not likely to prove efficacious in all cases. Rub the bald places frequently with an onion.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

ANXIOUS.—Now, here's a good young man. "DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly give me your advice under the following circumstances? About two years ago I became acquainted with a young lady, in my own station of life, at a dancing academy, but she did not at that time take my fancy. Since then I have lived upwards of twelve months in the country; but, leaving there to live in town again, I became again acquainted with her, and was deeply smitten, and own that I am sincerely attached to her, and have every reason to believe she is the same towards me. The question I wish to ask, after explaining my circumstances to you, is, whether I should be acting honourably in keeping up the acquaintance, or at once break it off before it is too late; but, at the same time, I must state that, to the best of my knowledge, her parents are not aware of the acquaintance between us; but of course, if you think I am acting right, I shall make it my duty to acquaint them of the state of my feelings. I am twenty-one years of age, with a salary of twenty-three shillings per week, and with a prospect of an increase. I have no money put by, which most young men have, for reasons which are best explained as follows. My father was a tradesman in the city of London; but, through heavy losses in business, after paying his debts, he was only in receipt of a small income, insufficient to support himself, my mother, and sister; therefore I have always taken my money home towards their support, and have done so for the last five years; but at the commencement of this year he began to receive enough for their support without my assistance, and I have it now in my power to put by a weekly sum, which I shall do. My reason for troubling you (for which I beg to apologise) was, knowing your Magazine was devoted to the fair sex, you would the more

likely, in giving your opinion, lean towards them, which it would be your duty to do. I am young (I own), of a persevering disposition, and am, thank God, in the enjoyment of good health; and I should endeavour, to the best of my power, to better my prospects in life, so that, at a future time, I should be in a better position to think of marrying than I am at present." Does nobody see the feeling and politeness of a gentleman in this simple note? His reason for putting the case to our judgment is, because we are likely to lean rather toward the weaker one, and from him. Even in asking advice, ANXIOUS desires to act handsomely, and to give the advantage against his inclinations. It is our decided opinion that ANXIOUS is going to prosper, humble as his station now seems to be; and that his wife (when he marries) will be rather a lucky woman. Meanwhile, ANXIOUS had better wait a year or so, till he is better circumstanced; but unless he proposes to put off marriage to a very distant day, there is no occasion in the world to break acquaintance with a woman young, of his own station, whom he loves, and who loves him. Let him read the above letter to her, and say, "Now, suppose that were our case; eh?" And so bring matters to a comfortable explanation.

ACACIA.—What do we think of such a lover as this? ACACIA's father lives next door to the father of a young gentleman to whom she is devoted, and who is equally devoted to her. But the young man's father, it appears, is (to look at) like a lion just respectable enough to shave; and is pretty much like a lion in other respects. He will not hear of any sweet-heating between the young people, and has even got up quite a feud with ACACIA's father about it. The chief objection of the lion shaven is that his son is too young; to wit, twenty. The consequence of all this is that ACACIA's father, though he rather likes

young Leo, indignantly insists that his daughter shall not speak to or notice him. But how can ACACIA help it when Leo comes round by the tank? Perhaps the reader does not yet see the whole force of that question: the facts are as follow. Between the young lady's own private little sitting-room and the gentleman's room next door is a tank. This tank is accessible from either room; and the young Leo, these dark evenings, goes down to the borders of his Hellespont, creeps round the edge on his knees, and so works his way to the lady's window. What, to repeat ACACIA's question, do we think of a lover like that? Why, that the age of chivalry is not past. And how funny it *would* be if he were to tumble into the tank one evening, and get fished out by that roaring lion, his papa!

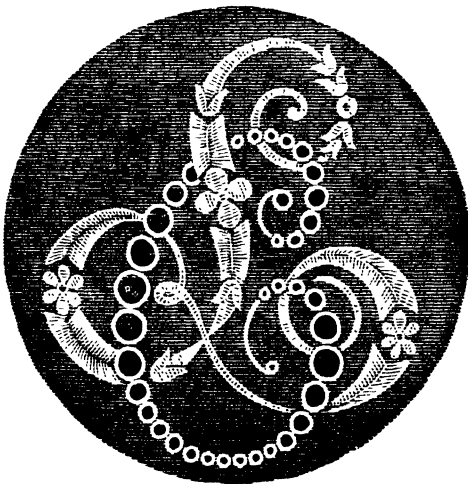
ROSE, who has evidently been treated badly, had better return the letters, as the young gentleman desires.

LOVING HEART.—The "officiating clergyman" who made eyes at LOVING HEART over his pulpit ought to officiate no more; and the HEART should certainly not have fallen in love with him. And now she is forlorn, we are not very sorry for her.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The pony, the chaise, the farmer, and the garden, by all means.

TARDY sends us a doleful story. She has been married fourteen years, and now her niece has supplanted her in the affections of her husband; and between this precious pair (for the niece lives in the same house) she is victimised and insulted.—We do not like to give advice in such cases; but well fare the spirit that will not endure such indignities, say we.

NOTICE.—The Letter Bag will be closed with the publication of the next number, to make room for a new feature of general interest.



INITIALS.—To please Miss Edith E., we have designed the initials she wished, and hope they will please her. The letter L should be worked in satin-stitch, in red ingrain cotton. The C must be done in eyelet-holes marked round in white cotton. They are suitable either for a handkerchief corner or the centre of a toilet-cushion; either article is proper for a wedding-present.



KAVANAGH.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFEL LOW.

(Continued from p. 325.)

XV.

On the following morning Kavanagh sat musing upon his worldly affairs, and upon various little household arrangements which it would be necessary for him to make. To aid him in these, he had taken up the village paper, and was running over the columns of advertisements—those narrow and crowded thoroughfares, in which the wants and wishes of humanity display themselves like mendicants without disguise. His eye ran hastily over the advantageous offers of the cheap tailors, and the dealers in patent medicines. He

wished neither to be clothed nor cured. In one place he saw that a young lady, perfectly competent, deared to form a class of young mothers and nurses, and to instruct them in the art of talking to infants so as to interest and amuse them, and in another, that the firemen of Fairmeadow wished well to those hostile editors who had called them gamblers, drunkards, and rioters, and hoped that they might be spared from that great fire which, they were told, could never be extinguished. Finally, his eye rested on the advertisement of a carpet-warehouse, in which the one-price

system was strictly adhered to. It was further stated that a discount would be made "to clergymen on small salaries, feeble churches, and charitable institutions." Thinking that this was doubtless the place for one who united in himself two of these qualifications for a discount, with a smile on his lips, he took his hat and sallied forth into the street.

A few days previous, Kavanagh had discovered in the tower of the church a vacant room, which he had immediately determined to take possession of, and to convert into a study. From this retreat, through the four oval windows, fronting the four corners of the heavens, he could look down upon the streets, the roofs, and gardens of the village—on the winding river, the meadows, the farms, the distant blue mountains. Here he could sit and meditate in that peculiar sense of seclusion and spiritual elevation, that entire separation from the world below, which a chamber in a tower always gives. Here, uninterrupted and aloof from all intrusion, he could pour his heart into those discourses with which he hoped to reach and move the hearts of his parishioners.

It was to furnish this retreat that he went forth on the Monday morning after his first sermon. He was not long in procuring the few things needed—the carpet, the table, the chairs, the shelves for books; and was returning thoughtfully homeward, when his eye was caught by a sign-board on the corner of the street, inscribed, "Moses Merryweather, Dealer in Singing Birds, foreign and domestic." He saw also a whole chamber window transformed into a cage, in which sundry canary-birds, and others of gayer plumage, were jargoning together, like people in the market-places of foreign towns. At the sight of these old favourites, a long-slumbering passion awoke within him, and he straightway ascended the dark wooden staircase, with the intent of enlightening his solitary room with the vivacity and song of these captive ballad-singers.

In a moment he found himself in a little room hung round with cages, roof and walls, full of sunshine; full of twitterings, cooings, and flutterings; full of downy odours, suggesting nests, and doves, and distant islands inhabited only by birds. The taxidermist—the Selkirk of the sunny island—was not there; but a young lady of noble mien, who was looking at an English goldfinch in a square cage with a portico, turned upon him, as he entered, a fair and beautiful face, shaded by long, light locks, in which the sunshine seemed unmingled, as among the boughs of trees. That face he had never seen before, and yet it seemed familiar to him; and the added light in her large, celestial eyes, and the almost im-

perceptible expression that passed over her face, showed that she knew who he was.

At the same moment the taxidermist presented himself, coming from an inner room; a little man in grey, with spectacles upon his nose, holding in his hands, with wings and legs drawn close and smoothly together, like the green husks of the maize ear, a beautiful carrier-pigeon, who turned up first one bright eye and then the other, as if asking, "What are you going to do with me now?" This silent inquiry was soon answered by Mr. Merryweather, who said to the young lady—

"Here, Miss Vaughan, is the best carrier-pigeon in my whole collection. The real Columba Tabularia. He is about three years old, as you can see by his wattle."

"A very pretty bird," said the lady; "and how shall I train it?"

"Oh, that is very easy. You have only to keep it shut up for a few days, well fed and well treated. Then take it in an open cage to the place you mean it to fly to, and do the same thing there. Afterwards it will give you no trouble; it will always fly between those two places."

"That, certainly, is not very difficult. At all events, I will make the trial. You may send the bird home to me. On what shall I feed it?"

"On any kind of grain—barley and buckwheat are best; and remember to let it have a plenty of gravel in the bottom of its cage."

"I will not forget. Send me the bird to-day, if possible."

With these words she departed, much too soon for Kavanagh, who was charmed with her form, her face, her voice, and who, when left alone with the little taxidermist, felt that the momentary fascination of the place was gone. He heard no longer the singing of the birds; he saw no longer their gay plumage; and, having specially made the purchase of a canary and a cage, he likewise departed, thinking of the carrier-pigeons of Bagdad, and the columbaries of Egypt, stationed at fixed intervals as relays and resting-places for the flying post. With an indefinable feeling of sadness, too, came wafted like a perfume through his memory those tender, melancholy lines of Maria del Occidente:—

And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,

From where her native fountains of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, pining, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring—
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, un-
quaffed—

Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest
draught.

Meanwhile, Mr. Merryweather, left to himself, walked about his aviary, musing, and talking to his birds. Finally, he paused before the tin cage of a grey African parrot, between which and himself there was a strong family likeness, and, giving it his finger to peck and perch upon, conversed with it in that peculiar dialect with which it had often made vocal the distant groves of Zanguebar. He then withdrew to the inner room, where he resumed his labour of stuffing a cardinal grosbeak, saying to himself between whiles—

"I wonder what Miss Cecilia Vaughan means to do with a carrier-pigeon!"

Some mysterious connexion he had evidently established already between this pigeon and Mr. Kavanagh; for, continuing his reverie, he said, half-aloud—

"Of course she would never think of marrying a poor cleigynau!"

XVI.

THE old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The county road was not near enough to annoy; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. They spoke of safety and companionship, and too! away all loneliness from the solitude.

On three sides the farm was inclosed by willow and alder edges, and the flowing wall of a river; nearer the house were groves clear of all underwood, with rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of beech; and afar off the blue hills broke the horizon, creating secret longings for what lay behind them, and filling the mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley.

The house was one of the few old houses still standing in New England; a large, square building, with a portico in front, whose door in summer time stood open from morning until night. A pleasing stillness reigned about it; and soft gusts of pine-embalmed air, and distant cawings from the crow-haunted mountains, filled its airy and ample halls.

In this old-fashioned house had Cecilia Vaughan grown up to maidenhood. The travelling shadows of the clouds on the hill-sides, the sudden summer wind, that lifted the languid leaves, and rushed from field to field, from grove to grove, the forerunner of the rain—and, most of all, the mysterious mountain, whose coolness was a perpetual invitation to her, and whose silence a perpetual fear—fostered her dreamy and poetic temperament. Not less so did the reading of poetry and romance in the long, silent, solitary winter evenings. Her mother had been dead for many years, and the memory of that mother

had become almost a religion to her. She recalled it incessantly; and the reverential love which it inspired completely filled her soul with melancholy delight. Her father was a kindly old man, a judge in one of the courts, dignified, affable, somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it. His papers incumbered the study table; his law books, the study floor. They seemed to shut out from his mind the lovely daughter who had grown up to womanhood by his side, but almost without its recognition. Always affectionate, always indulgent, he left her to walk alone, without his stronger thought and firmer purpose to lean upon; and though her education had been, on this account, somewhat desultory, and her imagination indulged in many dreams and vagaries, yet, on the whole, the result had been more favourable than in many cases where the process of instruction has been too diligently carried on, and where, as sometimes on the roofs of farm-houses and barns, the scaffolding has been left to deform the building.

Cecilia's bosom-friend at school was Alice Archer; and after they left school, the love between them, and consequently the letters, rather increased than diminished. These two young hearts found not only a delight, but a necessity, in pouring forth their thoughts and feelings to each other; and it was to facilitate this intercommunication, for whose exigencies the ordinary methods were now found inadequate, that the carrier-pigeon had been purchased. He was to be the flying-post; their bed-rooms the dovescots, the pure and friendly columbaria.

Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed; young men, who made an ostentatious display of their affection; boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth of elegant manners and varnished leather boots was sure to hover round the village inn for a few days—was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then, silently to disappear, and be seen no more. Of course, nothing could be known of the secret history of such individuals; but shrewd surmises were formed as to their designs and their destinies; till finally, any well-dressed stranger lingering in the village without ostensible business, was set down as "one of Miss Vaughan's lovers."

In all this, what a contrast was there between the two young friends! The wealth of

one and the poverty of the other were not so strikingly at variance, as this affluence and reluctance of love. To the one, so much was given that she became regardless of the gift; from the other, so much withheld, that, if possible, she exaggerated its importance.

XVII.

In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way, in an incredibly short space of time, from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets; a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breast-pins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, "soft finish for family use." Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and, bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet—so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as a "pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?" and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the *Poet's Corner of the Fairmeadow Advertiser*; and it was a relief to know that in private life, as his sister remarked, he was "by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply."

Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop-door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corners of the streets; he paraded himself at the church-steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he sallied

from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!

Of these persecutions Cecilia was for a long time the unconscious victim. She saw this individual, with rings and strange waistcoats, performing his gyrations before her, but did not suspect that she was the centre of attraction—not imagining that any man would begin his wooing with such outrages. Gradually the truth dawned upon her, and became the source of indescribable annoyance, which was augmented by a series of anonymous letters, written in a female hand, and setting forth the excellences of a certain mysterious relative—his modesty, his reserve, his extreme delicacy, his talent for poetry—rendered authentic by extracts from his papers, made, of course, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on his part. Whence came these sybilline leaves? At first Cecilia could not divine: but, ere long, her woman's instinct traced them to the thin and nervous hand of the poet's sister. This surmise was confirmed by her maid, who asked the boy that brought them.

It was with one of these missives in her hand that Cecilia entered Mrs. Archer's house, after purchasing the carrier-pigeon. Unannounced she entered, and walked up the narrow and imperfectly lighted stairs to Alice's bedroom—that little sanctuary draped with white—that columbarium lined with warmth, and softness, and silence. Alice was not there; but the chair by the window, the open volume of poems on the table, the note to Cecilia by its side, and the ink not yet dry in the pen, were like the vibration of a bough, when the bird has just left it—like the rising of the grass, when the foot has just pressed it. In a moment she returned. She had been down to her mother, who sat talking, talking, talking with an old friend in the parlour below, even as these young friends were talking together in the bedroom above. Ah, how different were their themes! Death and Love—apples of Sodom, that crumble to ashes at a touch—golden fruits of the Hesperides—golden fruits of Paradise, fragrant, ambrosial, perennial!

"I have just been writing to you," said Alice; "I wanted so much to see you, this morning!"

"Why this morning in particular? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing; only I had such a longing to see you!"

And, seating herself in a low chair by Cecilia's side, she laid her head upon the shoulder of her friend, who, taking one of her pale thin hands in both her own, silently kissed her forehead again and again.

Alice was not aware, that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet had nothing happened? Was it nothing, that among her thoughts a new thought had risen, like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was it nothing, that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was; and this stronger yearning—this unappeasable desire for her friend—was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart that as yet knows not its own secret.

"I am so glad to see you, Cecilia!" she continued. "You are so beautiful! I love so much to sit and look at you! Ah, how I wish Heaven had made me as tall, and strong, and beautiful as you are!"

"You little flatterer! What an affectionate, lover-like friend you are! What have you been doing all the morning?"

"Looking out of the window, thinking of you, and writing you this letter, to beg you to come and see me."

"And I have been buying a carrier-pigeon, to fly between us, and carry all our letters."

"That will be delightful."

"He is to be sent home to-day; and after he gets accustomed to my room, I shall send him here, to get acquainted with yours—an Iachimo in my Imogen's bedchamber, to spy out its secrets."

"If he sees Cleopatra in these white curtains, and silver Cupids in these andirons, he will have your imagination."

"He will see the book with the leaf turned down, and you asleep, and tell me all about you."

"A carrier-pigeon! What a charming idea! and how like you to think of it!"

"But to-day I have been obliged to bring my own letters. I have some more syllable leaves from my anonymous correspondent, in laud and exaltation of her modest relative, who

speaks blank verse in the bosom of his family. I have brought them to read you some extracts, and to take your advice; for, really and seriously, this must be stopped. It has grown too annoying."

"How much love you have offered you!" said Alice, sighing.

"Yes, quite too much of this kind. On my way here, I saw the modest relative, standing at the corner of the street, hanging his head in this way."

And she imitated the melancholy Hiram Adolphus, and the young friends laughed.

"I hope you did not notice him?" resumed Alice.

"Certainly not. But what do you suppose he did? As soon as he saw me, he began to walk backward down the street, only a short distance in front of me, staring at me most impertinently. Of course, I took no notice of this strange conduct. I felt myself blushing to the eyes with indignation, and yet could hardly suppress my desire to laugh."

"If you had laughed, he would have taken it for an encouragement; and I have no doubt it would have brought on the catastrophe."

"And that would have ended the matter. I half wished I had laughed."

"But think of the immortal glory of marrying a poet!"

"And of inscribing on my cards, Mrs. Hiram Adolphus Flawkins!"

"A few days ago, I went to buy something at his shop, and, leaning over the counter, he asked me if I had seen the sun set on the evening before, adding that it was gorgeous, and that the grass and trees were of a beautiful Paris green!"

And again the young friends gave way to their mirth.

"One thing, dear Alice, you must consent to do for me. You must write to Miss Martha Amelia, the author of all these epistles, and tell her very plainly how indelicate her conduct is, and how utterly useless all such proceedings will prove in effecting her purpose."

"I will write this very day. You shall be no longer persecuted."

"And now let me give you a few extracts from these wonderful epistles."

So saying, Cecilia drew forth a small package of three-cornered billets, tied with a bit of pink ribbon. Taking one of them at random, she was on the point of beginning, but paused, as if her attention had been attracted by something out of doors. The sound of passing footsteps was heard on the gravel-walk.

"There goes Mr. Kavanagh," said she, in a half-whisper.

Alice rose suddenly from her low chair at

Cecilia's side, and the young friends looked from the window to see the clergyman pass.

"How handsome he is!" said Alice involuntarily.

"He is, indeed."

At that moment Alice started back from the window. Kavanagh had looked up in passing, as if his eye had been drawn by some secret magnetism. A bright colour flushed the cheek of Alice; her eyes fell; but Cecilia continued to look steadily into the street. Kavanagh passed on, and in a few moments was out of sight.

The two friends stood silent, side by side.

(To be continued.)

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

AN institution of so disagreeable a nature as "The Ladies' Carriage," now established on our railways, merits at least a short notice from one "who has suffered from it." It was in the spring of last summer that I found myself bound on a visit to a friend in the north of England. The distance was short; and being, for "an unprotected female," of an independent spirit, I had rather scrupulously avoided contact with carriages that I saw were hermetically sealed for female society. But I fell into the snare unwarily. Looking about to see that my luggage was safely handled, and that I had collected all my small parcels, I found the door of a carriage suddenly opened upon me, and my seat taken opposite to its solitary occupant (a stout lady, of middle age) before I was at all aware that I was in *bona fide* a lady's carriage. One glance at my companion, however, told me all, and that she had ensconced herself comfortably.

She had a basket by her side, divided into compartments, half of it being devoted to needlework, and half to refreshment. There was a tangle of crochet-work, and the end of a needle with a crooked point to it (an instrument that must certainly have been invented by the gentleman who mustn't be named, to hook females into the path of destruction, through the waste of hours in loop-making for every purpose but useful ones) sticking up from the basket; and opposite to her, on a little cushion, reposed a small dog of the lap species, fat, lazy, querulous, and owning a pair of sharp bright eyes, and the smuggest of blue ribbons. The lady herself was of the countenance usually called "brazen;" but the day being cold, all the ochre and vermilion of her complexion had on this occasion gone to reinforce her nose.

She wore spectacles, and looked at me from over them in a sharp, suspicious manner. She had evidently doubts whether I had not taken her in, or was entitled to entrance there at all.

Observing, however, that I returned her gaze, she pulled up the window vehemently, and became suddenly so engaged in a book of devotions that she seemed for ever lost to all mundane things. This did not last long, however; the train, which had been started slowly from the station, now put on steam, and we were just getting into that sort of jerky, rolly, dreamy, altogether indescribable sort of motion which is the perfection and charm of railway travelling, when my companion suddenly pulled down the window, then shut it up again, and, after a few minutes, let it down once more in such a nervous, uncomfortable, heated, fidgetted kind of manner that I thought something must have gone wrong with her, and actually summoned up assurance to ask her if there was anything I could do for her; when she surprised me by turning short upon me, saying, "I shall speak to the Company about it; I am not used to be treated in this sort of way. Years ago they set fire to the wheels of my post-chaise; and if they do the same now, I shall indict them." Seeing my look of amazement, she addressed herself to me more explicitly: "I am sure, miss, you must be of my opinion, that we travel far too fast now-a-days—the lives of passengers ought to be considered." Then, on my assuring her I did not think there was the least danger, she relaxed into seriousness, and, saying devoutly "I am glad you think so," asked me if I ever read these kind of works, and became once more deeply engrossed in the little volume of devotions before mentioned.

Well, I began to be rather wearied of all this, when the next station brought us another reinforcement, in the shape of a lady with a baby—a waiting-woman with a baby's feeding-bottle in a napkin doing attendance on the same; a portentous woman with a green silk umbrella, and a perfect garland of gorgeous flowers inside her bonnet; and an old young lady, who wore an ugly to hide an ugly, I might say—only I disdain vulgar wit—and who was slender, and interesting, and faded-looking altogether; and was studying a German dictionary; and who fortified herself every now and then with some lozenges out of her reticule, but who was far too genteel to offer any to anybody else. There was a little delay, as all these ladies, with their respective parcels, took their places in the carriage; and my first companion's lap-dog had to be removed from his seat of honour to make room for them. I do not think the guard had before perceived him; indeed, I still incline to the secret opinion that he was smuggled in feloniously amid shawls, rugs, cushions, muff, and such other lady-apurtenances. However that might be, he now objected strongly to his presence, saying, they

did not allow dogs to be passengers in the railway-carriages; whereupon my first companion asked indignantly why, then, they allowed babies. And then the young person thus alighted to set up such a howl that he did not seem likely to be propitiated by any amount of feeding-bottle or endearments in baby-language, and finally secured the object of my first friend's ambition; for the poor guard beat a retreat; and the spoilt little animal, having been stuffed with biscuit till he made portentous signs of being very unwell, was at last deposited on his cushion at his mistress's feet. The carriage moved on; and then I estimated to the utmost what it is to be the inmate of a 'Ladies' Carriage.'

The first sign peculiar to this conveyance was the anxiety I noticed in everyone to know who everybody else was, and to make their own individual selves comfortable at everybody else's expense. Thus, the mother, with the baby and his attendant nurse, had seats opposite to each other; and the first thing they did was to hoist a large shawl between themselves and the rest of our party; which shawl, I fancy, was part of a temple dedicated to maternal rites, but of a temporary nature evidently; as it was always put up when the little dear screamed loudest, and fell down again in his placid moments. Then the young lady with the ugly, having seated herself to her own peculiar satisfaction, had a series of little *ruses* by which she managed to bring within easy range of her vision the various directions of the various parcels; and having apparently satisfied herself that she alone was of the *élite*, she took two or three lozenges into her mouth at once, as though to digest so much plebeianism, and then, falling back with the German dictionary on her knees, and her eyes on the ceiling of the carriage, appeared to give herself up then and there to a metaphysical reverie.

It was very different, though, with the lady of the flowers and the silk umbrella. Her chief concern appeared to be about her dress. I observed how carefully she brushed off the crumbs of biscuit that had fallen from the lap-dog's meal on her gown of bristling silk of many colours, and how she pulled up still tighter the bright yellow gloves on her fat hands, and then folded her cambric pocket-handkerchief into two, four, six—after the manner in which tidy nursery-maidens teach young ladies "to put away their things." Having settled herself to her satisfaction, she tried to get up some conversation, beginning brilliantly on that well-known topic, the weather; but only receiving in return sundry "Hems," with an "Ha," an "Oh, yes," and a "Well, I think so," she ceased, sighed deeply from her capacious bosom,

as though she could a tale unfold, if pressed—which did not seem very likely, under present circumstances—and then, reaching forth her hand to a bulky reticule, she took from it a parcel of greasy sandwiches, and some dark, strong-smelling liquor in a bottle, observing, that she always carried her meals about with her, and in the warmth of her heart proffering it first of all to the rest of us. As, however, we none of us seemed inclined for eating, she begged that we would excuse her, and without waiting for an answer, set herself at once to work on the edibles I have mentioned. There was a long silence after this, only broken by our arrival at one station, where a gentleman of rather seedy appearance, and smoking a cigar of certainly disreputable odour, appeared to have conceived a sudden affection to our carriage; and, pointing us out to the guard, assured him he would go with "them young women, and nobody else." I observed that the flag from the tower of the maternal rites waved vehemently and indignantly whilst this intruder thus inserted himself; whilst the young lady with the ugly muttered, "a low fellow," and my first companion assured us all she should write to the Company directly she got home, and inform them how she had been insulted. The lady of the flowers seemed alone to pity the unfortunate offender. She said, "She was sure he was very pretty spoken, and we ought not to blame gallantry and passion of the old chivalric order." She said these last lines as though it was something in the way of poetry she had once learnt by rote, and which had now returned to her as *apropos* of the occasion; but perceiving that she and I were in a minority, she returned once more to her sandwiches, asking me, *sub rosa*, to take a pull at the bottle, and stooping forward, "As you might not like others to see you, my dear, and I am sure it would do a poor delicate thing like you good." But time would fail me to tell of all that took place in our Ladies' Carriage—how the lap-dog and its mistress snored one against the other; and the darling, having ceased screaming, kept up one incessant wailing and kicking, as a *divertissement* to our nerves—how the carriage got very close, from maternal affection keeping it hermetically sealed; and how the lady with the ugly, having concluded her lozenges, took to saturating her pocket-handkerchief with scent of a second-rate description, and moving about her feet so as to disturb the lap-dog; who in return defied the whole company, and especially the baby, with dreadful growlings; or how with the concentrated essences of sandwiches, lap-dog, eau-de-vie, "pap," bad lavender-water, and the faint odour of expiring flowers, the carriage became so oppressive that I was forced to beat a retreat at the next station. And should any

strong-minded female beg to differ from me in the result of my observations, I will only say to her: First catch a carriage like the one I have drawn for you, and, having caught your prize, digest its consequences likewise.

DOMESTIC ENCHANTMENT.

SOMETHING very mysterious over at Mary's, yesterday. All the children belonging to all the neighbours were cautioned not to "come a-near," and Charles went dashing off to town like a king's courier, and there was much talk among the feminines, that grew beautifully inaudible at my approach. Whatever it was, or would be, it created a strange commotion in all the little region round about. At our house, bureau-drawers tumbled out their treasures of flannels and linens; closets and upper shelves were ransacked for this, that, and t'other; odd little pockets and papers were disturbed, amidst general confusion.

What could it all mean? Three women in secret conclave stood sentry at the kitchen-door. Why did they look at me? What had I to do with it, or them, or anything?

An exodus was effected; once in the fields, I breathed freer, and who wonders?

Mercy on the house that never had a baby in it? Don't you remember when you were "little," how you sighed for a playfellow, and how, some bright morning, they took you mysteriously and smilingly by the hand, and led you into a darkened room, with a gleam of white drapery in it; and how you trembled in your little shoes as you stood there, everything was so dim, and solemn, and whispered, and how Aunt Green, or Brown, or somebody, took out, exactly from the midst of the drapery, a nice little bundle, bordered about with ribbon, and you discovered a face of the littlest, and eyes of the bluest, and fingers of the tiniest, and you were enjoined to kiss it, and love it, and "be good" to it, for ever and ever? And you asked all in a breath, whence it came, and when it came, and who brought it, and whose it was, and were told, "From heaven—last night—an Angel—yours!" How you wished you had been awake, to see that beautiful Angel with her long white wings! And did she go "all away?" and would she come again and bring another? Perhaps they averred that the precious little creature was found, like a young quail, hidden beneath some marvellous leaf. And many a time since, whether you will own it or not, now you have grown old and wise, you have peeped beneath the burdocks, in the secret hope of finding another little Moses ready to smile, that you might have all to yourself.

Just heard from Mary's. Enchantment, necromancy, sorcery, and incantation are all true

—never doubt it! Her house is haunted! A "charmer" has come into that quiet family, and the wonders she works would put Persians and East Indians to their trumps. The first thing she did was to give the wheel of Time a tremendous whirl forward, and throw a respectable couple, if not exactly into "kingdom come," at least into the generation on before, and transform them into grandfather and grandmother in a twinkling; turn innocent young women into aunts, and roistering boys into uncles, before they knew it, and cap the climax by making a young pair, who fancied, a minute ago, they had their fortunes to make, independent for life. And all this time, and doing all this, she never said a word! But this charmer wrought other wonders. She made an error of one in the tables of a Census-taker, and puzzled him sadly; she prolonged a piece of delicate flannel then going through the loom, just three yards; gave the spool of the ribbon-weaver a dozen turns more than was intended; kept the weary lace-maker, in spite of herself, full two hours longer at her task, she wondering, the while, why she tarried at her toil. And so she went on with her witchery, further than I have time to think or patience to tell, and yet—people profess to believe that the days of enchantment have passed away!

"The name of this charmer?" inquires somebody; and there he has me at fault. She is nameless, like the clouds and the flowers. She came unannounced. She bore no letters of introduction. She presented no card; and, indeed, saving and excepting the wonders she works, she is an emphatic nobody. Strange world, isn't it? Strange visitors enter it, don't there?

THE COQUETTE.

LASHES that droop over eyes that are fearless,
Lips that will falter o'er thoughts that are fearless,
Hands that will tremble, enthralled by the touch,
Words that can mean so little, and *may* mean so much—

Looks that make the shy silence far richer than speech—

The flirt's thousand weapons; she practises each.

The phrase well-remembered; the long-treasured flower;

The song softly sung at the still twilight hour;

The mystical talk of attraction's strange laws,
Of souls that are kindred, and sympathy's cause;
The half-uttered word, and the half-smothered sigh;

Oh, well the coquette every weapon can try!

But ye who are won by the grace of her wiles.

To trust in her glances and kneel for her smiles,
When ye wake, as ye will, from that beautiful dreaming.

In pity, not anger, look back on the seeming.

The crushed woman-heart, could ye read it, might tell

That the feeling she ayes has avenged ye too well.

KATIA.



EUGENIE'S CHOICE.

BY J. ST. CLEMENT.

NOON: ST. CLOUD, 1787.

It was the fête of the village; and Eugénie Dupont was the Queen—Queen of Beauty, not alone for her lovely face, but also for that other beauty which never dies; a beauty which hung about her as a cloud of light—palpable without, shining from within, and casting a brightness on her path of life. So what wonder that Eugénie was crowned Queen of the maids of St. Cloud on the fête of the village?

The day is stealing on amid music, and singing, and dancing, and blessing (for the old priest has given his benediction, and the poor have confirmed it); yet Eugénie is only now looking her brightest—a light is beaming from her eye which, with all her joy, was not there before for the Queen of the fête is a daughter

of Eve and of the earth, and Adolphe St. Leon is now her partner in the dance.

It was a promise of long standing that Eugénie should say yea or nay on the fête-day; and as time was slipping away, the heart of the maiden became flooded with sensations unknown till that moment. And when the dance was over, Adolphe walked by her side, and they sauntered into that old park of St. Cloud.

What is it, that silent talking of two knit souls? Not a word had Adolphe uttered, not a syllable Eugénie; yet much had been made understood as they sauntered down the shadowy avenue. Eugénie *felt* that her secret was known; Adolphe knew that his love was accepted. But at length this knowledge took to itself words, and then they spoke as if their souls had long been communing together.

Hand in hand—heart in heart—with slow, lingering steps, walked back the lovers to the revelling villagers. And when the gay shouts of laughter fell on their ears, they pressed instinctively each the hand of the other, and spoke through their earnest looks—

“For ever; is it so, Adolphe?”

“Eugénie, for ever!”

II.

NIGHT: PARIS, 1786.

WHOEVER has walked through the old *cité* of Paris, especially on the day is closing and

shadows throw gaunt figures on the path, must have felt the darkness falling upon himself, as it seems to fall upon the old gabled houses of that once celebrated quarter. The repose so pleasant in most cities when the day is over, and the work and whirl of daily life have ceased for the time, seems here to be interrupted by an inquietude which, though it has no reality, has yet sufficient hold on the imagination to disturb it. But at the date of which we write, there was a seething, bubbling cauldron of hot blood, throwing its fiery vapours through every interstice of those narrow streets. The old and the young, the grave and the jocose, all were more or less infected; and men were seeking after a revolutionary light which receded the more it seemed within their grasp. Mud with the delusion, on still they went—on, till wreck followed upon wreck, hearts lay crushed under the feet of those who swore to cherish them, and, in the wild delirium, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, forgot their relative positions to follow the phantom of their own creation.

And where, in this mad turmoil—where is Adolphe St. Leon? Yonder he walks, down that narrow street, leading towards the Seine. He has just emerged, furtively and with stealthy tread, from yon dark doorway.

But Adolphe is somewhat altered in these two years past.

At first, with, as he thought, cautious step, he strode around the circle of the furious fire which was raging in society. Now dazzled by its glare, now bewildered by the pictures raised before his wondering eyes, round and round the charmed ring he walked, never thinking that at each circuit the distance from the centre was narrowing. Now, at the time we meet again, he has rushed into the heat and fury of the struggle. Even now, he has left his secret club—his brain heated, his heart heaving with the contention of wild passions; and he is wending his way to Eugénie.

Poor Eugénie—with St. Cloud and its fine old park—which has other than pleasant remembrances to echo now, and the walk in it still clinging on the wings of Memory; with the—“For ever, Adolphe?” “Eugénie, for ever!”—still wafting such sweetness as may be left, to comfort her disconsolate heart. Pale with long vigils and wonderings; distressed with earnest watching after Adolphe in his wild career; trembling lest he fall, never, never to rise again; lost to himself—lost to her “for ever!” not so had she interpreted those words—when walking and communing at St. Cloud.

This night was to decide it. She had promised “yes” or “nay.” Follow him, hither or thither, not only in this life, but—and Eugénie, educated in strict obedience to her church,

trembled. Adolphe was of the new school—he was a philosopher, a worshipper of reason, who ignored the “To Come.” Eugénie opened the door of a little recess in her room; it was her oratory: and she humbled her spirit as she knelt before the sacred symbol it contained. Could she, believing in the truth of Him, follow her own way, and forsake the Comforter—she, who needed so much comfort? Suddenly she closed the door—she would not have her sacred little nook profaned, and Adolphe’s steps were on the stair. Poor Eugénie! love and doubt—doubt and love; she is but mortal—which shall be the bridegroom?

Eugénie sat listening, striving to be calm. Another moment, and Adolphe entered.

It was difficult even for *her* heart to believe that *he* was the lover who had wooed and won her. Changed every way—inwardly, outwardly, all changed.

“Well, Eugénie,” said Adolphe, with some touch of the old feeling, “will you perform your promise—will you redeem your pledge?” and he paused; but Eugénie at the moment *could* not speak, so he resumed. “It is the last time, Eugénie. Me and my principles—both or none; say the word—you love me, or you do not. Say you do not; belie your conscience and forswear yourself—and I am gone!”

“Adolphe, you sorely try me,” faltered the maiden; “you know I love you; but I cannot, will not, dare not forsake my God—my faith.”

“Faith!” sincerely exclaimed Adolphe, his excitement momentarily increasing, “faith in what? In a church founded on imposture, and supported by superstition?—a religion which cannot stand the test of reason, which lives on the faith of foolish women, and falls before the glorious light of our philosophy; in a tradition originating in Paganism, and perpetuated by designing priests? Faith, forsooth! Try it how you will, it fails: philosophy repudiates it, nature abhors it, and reason, glorious reason, condemns it. Is this the thing you hold by? for which you throw me aside? O Eugénie! you cannot be so mad! Cast away this foolish, this baseless faith; and cling to me and our philosophy. Speak, Eugénie, for the time is short.”

“Never, Adolphe, never,” cried Eugénie, roused by the taunts of her lover. “Never will I forsake the faith of my fathers and of yours! No; I will throw my arms around that cross, which, in your heart of hearts, you tremble at, while you affect to despise it—that cross which shall stand a tower of strength when your philosophies are scattered to the winds—and bow in resignation to the worst!” Eugénie sank back, overcome by the vehemence of her feelings. But Adolphe was unmoved; again he spoke—

"Ephemeral nothings!" he exclaimed. "No, no, Eugénie, once more I ask you! throw away this unsubstantial faith, and hold on by the truth, the truth as proved by reason and philosophy! Your religion, your cross, your so-called Son—"

"Hold, Adolphe!" passionately exclaimed Eugénie; "for my sake—for your soul's sake! Never again will I listen to such words!" and then, the tears fast flowing down her cheek, she added, "No, Adolphe! you may break my heart, but you shall never shake my faith!"

"Hypocrite!" shouted Adolphe, with that violence and vehemence with which the philosophers of that day were wont to enforce their reasonings.

Eugénie, as if deep-smitten by the word, rose from her seat, her eyes flashing; but with a mighty effort she mastered her indignation, and said, in the softest and most touching tones—

"May God forgive you for *that* word, Adolphe!"

"Mockery, mockery!" cried the young man. "Eugénie, you are as false as your faith! Farewell for ever!"

Adolphe has gone. Eugénie kneels once more in her oratory; and as the last words of her lover strike upon her ear, she whispers with upraised eyes, "In mercy, no—not, Adolphe, for ever!"

III.

MORNING: PARIS, 1793.

Onward still flow the life-streams of Adolphe and Eugénie; but in the meantime Philosophy waves her banners over a kingly corpse, and the God of Reason has supped on the blood of thousands. To be true was to be suspected; to be religious was to be accused; to be accused was to be condemned. So, what wonder that the nuns of the Sacred Heart were in daily expectation of exile, or worse? Resignation reigning on every brow, they yet could not stifle natural fear; and if upon the face of *one* there was a more deadly pallor than on the faces of the rest, it was not that she had less faith, but that she had more suffering. True, she had renounced the world—true, she was the bride of the Church; but she had not yet, in spite of all her efforts, quite forgotten the days gone by, or healed the deep wound in her heart. For hours would she kneel before the altar in the cloisters, asking forgiveness for her own sins—for *his* sins; the while starting like some scared dove at every sound, as with trembling hands she placed her wreath of "immortelles," sweet symbols of the never-dying soul, as offerings at the feet of The Master.

It was after one of these acts of devotion, as she was returning to her room, that a sound fell upon her ear which transfixed her where she stood—with her hands clasped over her throbbing heart, her aching eyes piercing the cloisters' depth, her head outstretched, her cheeks of deathlike hue, her whole frame trembling; till at last, as again that sound reached her ears, her limbs utterly refused her their support, and she sank, senseless, nerveless on the stones.

The order has come at length, the bearer is at hand, and he stalks up the cloistered aisle, his sword and spurs clanking as he comes.

"Away with them!—away with them, fools and fanatics!" he cries to his followers—soldiers of the Republic—executors of the will of the sovereign people. "Never, till we clear the earth of these and such as these, shall we have rest. These are they who stab us in the dark. Out with them, citizens! let's cleanse the den out and out. Why"—and he strode up to the prostrate form of the senseless nun—"how, now, another!" and with the scabbard of his sword he sought to rouse the lifeless form before him. "A little shamming here, citizens, I'll take my oath; but it won't do. Come, Pierre, try the effect of just the faintest touch of your bayonet."

A low moan was the only response as the brutal soldier by no means gently rolled the fair form over on the pavement. But presently her face is turned towards them, and with a feeble effort the deathlike form strives to support herself on one hand. Her eyes slowly open; but on one form only is that gaze fixed—the palest there where all are now so pale. But a mildness and beauty of expression has replaced that wild and staring look—words quiver on those bloodless lips, and a thin hand is stretched towards the leader of the citizen soldiers.

"Adolphe!" was all that could be heard.

There was a small spot of humanity left in the young man's heart, and that word pierced it. "Eugénie!" he said, and knelt beside her.

Recovering herself as with an effort, she slowly pointed to the crucifix which towered above the altar; and then, with a look in which was mingled prayer, forgiveness, and death, she whispered—

"For ever, Adolphe?"

The stricken man leant and kissed the hand he held; and then, bowing before the sacred symbol he had so long despised, he faltered—

"No, Eugénie, not for ever!"

A smile played upon the half-parted lips of the nun, two holy names were breathed in whispers forth, and Eugénie ceased to live among men—and citizens.

MARIA LOUISA.

MARIA LOUISA, who succeeded Josephine on the throne of Napoleon, was the eldest daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria, and Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of Naples. She was descended from Henry IV., King of France, through Philip, Duke of Orleans, second son of Louis XIII., and Elizabeth of Orleans, who married Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. She was educated with all the care which the Hapsburg House have been accustomed to bestow upon their children. At an early age she had made great progress in painting, music, and other accomplishments, and at the time of her marriage was conversant with several foreign languages.

Her portrait at this period is drawn by Benjamin Constant, in the following words. "The Empress Maria Louisa was nineteen years of age when she married Napoleon. Her hair was of a light colour, her eyes blue and expressive, her walk noble, and her figure imposing. Her hands and feet were beautifully formed, and might have served for models. Healthy hues and a florid complexion were joined to great timidity; the latter occasioned the Empress to appear haughty before the ladies of the court, but in private she was amiable and even affectionate." When the union with Napoleon was proposed to her, she manifested the most decided repugnance, and said that she considered herself a "victim devoted to the Minotaur;" but she yielded passive obedience to the wishes of her family, and the commands of her father. Alexander of Russia had shown so much partiality for Napoleon, and had, in fact, conceived so romantic an attachment for the young conqueror, that the latter had first opened negotiations with Alexander's sister, though she had not yet attained the age of womanhood. The Empress-mother had, however, interposed several objections, and the negotiation was thus for a considerable period prolonged. Napoleon at last grew weary, and, half-suspecting that the obstacles interposed were owing to some secret objections against the union, finally fixed a period of ten days, at the end of which, if a favourable answer were not returned, he should end the negotiation. When the ten days had passed, he instructed Maret, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to sound Prince Schwartzenburg, the Austrian Ambassador, on a union with a princess of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The advances of Napoleon were eagerly met by the Austrian Minister, and the preliminaries quickly settled. On the 11th of March—less than a month afterwards—the marriage was celebrated at Vienna with great pomp. Marshal Berthier,

acting for Napoleon, demanded the hand of the Archduchess, and the Archduke Charles, her uncle, stood as proxy for Napoleon.

The departure of the Princess for the capital of France was arranged for the following day. She was to proceed to Braunau, on the frontiers of Austria and Bavaria, and there await the escort which Napoleon was to provide. So, too, the ladies of honour, who had been sent forward from Paris, with the French Chevalier, Marshal Berthier, a magnificent retinue, waited to receive her. This ceremony took place in a small house which had been built for the occasion near the spot. It was divided into three apartments—the Austrian, the French, and one between called the Neutral Room. The Grand Duchess arrived at Althiem—a village near by, on the morning of the 16th of March; where the French escort had already arrived.

Hazlitt, who has written so charming a life of Napoleon, relates an incident which happened at the time; and as it is really one of the most important events that ever occurred in the history of Maria Louisa, we feel bound to speak of it, for we have with some perseverance surveyed a very liberal range of French, English, German, Spanish, and Italian literature, without being able to discover anything of the slightest importance to mankind, in the life of this imperial personage; which we give only to complete our biographies of the women of the Bonaparte family.

As a matter of course, the French escort were eager to set their eyes upon the Archduchess; and it will never be doubted by our readers, or anybody else, that the beautiful and brilliant women of the French court, in that *cortège*, were dying with curiosity to catch a glimpse of the youthful sovereign who was soon to preside over the courtly scenes of the Napoleon Empire. Therefore, the good Beauset, prefect of Napoleon's palace, bored a number of holes in the thin wooden partition that separated them from the Austrian court, where Maria Louisa, all unconscious, was standing on the throne prepared for her, going through the ceremonies, to which she was carefully trained, as ballet-girls are before they appear on the boards of the Opera. Hazlitt says that "her person was tall and graceful, her hair flaxen, her eyes blue, expressive of happiness and innocence, and her whole visage proved the goodness of her disposition. She had on a robe of gold tissue, ornamented with rich flowers, and around her neck the miniature picture of Napoleon, encircled with diamonds of immense value. She was surrounded by the highest persons of her court, ranged on her right and left, according to their rank, and by the Hungarian officers, in their rich and handsome

uniform." So much for the first sight of this personage, as related to us on the authority of Mr. Haslitt, which we presume was obtained directly from those who had the honour of holding their eyes to the auger-holes made in the partition that separated the Archduchess from the impatient dames of the imperial court of the Empire of Napoleon. Napoleon drew up instructions for all the details of the journey of the Archduchess.



from Vienna to Paris, with as much care as if he had been marking out the campaign of Russia. These instructions of the Emperor extend over a considerable number of pages, and to each movement of the Archduchess he seemed to attach as much importance as to a charge by Ney or Lannes at the crisis of

battle. The ceremonial, however, was complied with as prescribed, with the same fidelity as all the other orders of Napoleon. When the Archduchess arrived at Braunau, and the cortege was preparing to advance over the French frontier, she exchanged her German dress for one in the French fashion—received

the oath of fidelity from all her attendants—received the last farewell of the personages of the court of Vienna, and set out for Munich. Says Mr. Hazlitt, "She was met by the Baron St. Aignan, ~~equerry~~ to Napoleon, who brought her a letter from the Emperor. At Munich she was obliged to part with the Countess Lazanski, who had been her governess, and to whom she was much attached. So many mischiefs had arisen from allowing early advisers to accompany youthful princesses into foreign countries, that the practice was given up as dangerous. On setting her foot on the soil of France, the Empress was hailed as the Aurora of a brighter day, of a new age of gold. At Strasbourg she was met by a page of the Emperor, who brought a letter, the choicest flowers of the season, and some pheasants of his own shooting." (We never had heard before that his fire-arms had ever been used for such harmless purposes.)

But the impatience of Napoleon disconcerted all his own fine schemes, and cut short the ceremony. The escort was ordered to Compiègne; and Napoleon, putting on his grey coat, and stealing out of the park gate with the King of Naples, hastened to meet his bride. He passed through Soissons, and as the carriage in which Maria Louisa was, drew up to change horses at the village of Courcelles, he flew to the coach-door, opened it himself, and the Queen of Naples saying, "It is the Emperor," he threw himself on the Empress's neck, who was unprepared for this abrupt and romantic meeting. The carriage was ordered on with all speed to Compiègne, where it arrived at ten the same evening. The rejoicings and congratulations on her arrival were universal; the city of Paris made costly presents to the Emperor and Empress; the procession at the public marriage passed from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, and through the great gallery of the Louvre, which was lined on each side with a triple row of all that was most distinguished in France, or nearly in Europe. On the 27th of April the Emperor and Empress set out on a tour through the northern Departments, to give the good city of Paris time to breathe. Dances, garlands of flowers, triumphal arches, welcomed them all the way. On one of these last, at a small hamlet (to show how easily French enthusiasm may run into blasphemy), was inscribed in front, *Pater Noster*, and on the reverse side, *Ave Maria, plena gratia*.

Maria Louisa, it was stated on good authority, was far from being displeased with the demonstrations of impetuous love which the hero of Marengo had displayed in the carriage; and her only reproof was, "The portrait of your Majesty, which was given to me, does

you justice by no means." A pretty little incident, however, happened when the Empress entered the palace of the Tuileries. As Berthier, the Imperial Commissioner, entered her apartment, to conduct her to the carriage which was to bear her to France, he found her bathed in tears. "My conduct may seem childish," she said, "but this must be my excuse;" and pointing to the various articles of art and taste which adorned her apartment, her birds and dog, she spoke of them as the cherished tokens of love from her different friends. This hint was enough for any man that Napoleon would confide such a commission as that to; and, consequently, when her husband received her in the court-yard of the Tuileries, and conducted her through a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp, and she said, "Where are you going?" "Come, come," was the Emperor's reply; "surely, you are not afraid to follow me!" At the end of the corridor, the Emperor threw open a cabinet. The blaze of light dazzled her; but when she recovered she found herself in a room fitted up in the same style, with the very articles of furniture she had left in tears at Vienna. Even the poodle-dog was there, to greet its regal mistress with a joyous bark. Overcome with pleasure and gratitude, she threw herself into Napoleon's arms; and she often remarked that it was the happiest moment of her life.

There is little to be said of Maria Louisa as Empress of the French. In public she maintained her imperial state with dignity, and in private she relaxed her frigid manners, and even at times appeared amiable. From 1810 to 1814 her life was what it had always been—one of inactivity—if we except two occasions, when she was appointed Empress Regent of France. The first was when Napoleon started on his Russian campaign (14th of April, 1812,) the second was marked by the destruction of the Grand Army, and the advance of the Allies on Paris. Their headquarters had been established on the heights of Montmartre. On the morning of the 29th of March, the Russians advanced on the wood of Vincennes, and the reverberations of their cannon carried dismay into the hearts of the Regent Government of Paris. In a few days that Government and the Empire of Napoleon had fallen.

The Treaty of Fontainebleau (11th of April, 1814) settled for life the title of Emperor on Napoleon, and Empress on Maria Louisa. The island of Elba was given in full sovereignty to Napoleon, with a pension of two millions of francs, half of which was to be in reversion to Maria Louisa, on whom the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla

were conferred. Although the Baron Capfigue tells a story about Maria Louisa attempting on the 19th of March, 1815, to escape with her son from the castle of Schoenbrunn, to rejoin her husband after his return from Elba, sober history gives no credence to this piece of romance. 'This report was started by Metternich, who conceived it necessary, the first moment he heard of the return of Napoleon from Elba, and that he was advancing triumphantly to Paris, to seize his son, and make him a prisoner for life. Under the pretext of preventing another attempt at escape, Maria Louisa was also herself closely guarded. On the 14th of September she signed a paper, by which she renounced for herself and her child the title of Majesty, and all claims whatever to the crown of France. She was thereafter to take the title of Archduchess of Austria and Duchess of Parma, and her son was to be called Hereditary Prince of Parma. On the 22nd of July, 1818, the Emperor of Austria conferred on his pale little prisoner and grand-child the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with that also of Serene Highness. And the mother who bore him went into perpetual exile in the narrow territory which Austria had stolen from Tuscany.

Maria Louisa was doubtless glad to escape from the oppressive splendour of a brilliant career. We should be glad, since her ashes have long years ago mouldered, if we could exempt her memory from the disgraceful indulgences of too many of the royal palaces of Europe. Contracting, not long after her flight from France, a wicked connexion with a German soldier, she became the mother of several children, who were recognized as the sons of Count Neipperg. But this was not all. Intrigue after intrigue disgraced her name, and she went down to an unhonoured grave. She died at Parma, December 15, 1847. Where she was buried we do not know.

BETROTHAL & MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

(Continued from p. 335)

RINGS, of all the insignia of love and marriage, have been held as especially significant from the remotest times to the present; and now they are essential to the marriage ceremony in many countries. Much has been said of their origin and signification—much that is fanciful, more that is absurd, but very little that is satisfactory. For instance, we place little reliance on the information of a certain Alberic de Rosa, who says, "The first inventor of the ring was one Prometheus. The workman who made it was Tubal Cain; and Tubal Cain, by the counsel of our first parent, Adam, gave it unto his son to this

end, that therewith he should espouse a wife like as Abraham delivered unto his servants bracelets and ear-rings of gold. The form of the ring being circular—that is, round and without end imputeth thus much: that their mutual love and affection should roundly flow from the one to the other in a circle, and that continually and for ever."

There is much confusion, it will be observed, in this account of the "invention" and first use of the ring; but the signification here attached to it—the *meaning* of the betrothal and marriage ring—is that which has been familiarly ascribed to it for many centuries. So Herrick sings in the "Hesperides"—

"And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flay or else to sever
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever."

And though we do not believe the use of the betrothing or marriage ring was originally due to such poetical sign-speaking, it is not quite so absurd as another old superstition which survives among the ignorant to this day. Ask why the wedding-ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, and you will not unfrequently be told, because a nerve runs from that finger direct to the heart, and is in especial connexion with it. Sometimes this nerve is magnified into a more important link. Says an old writer, "A small branch of the arterie, and not of the nerves, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you shall perceive in women wearied with travel, and all affections of the heart, by the touch of your fore-finger. I used to raise such as are fallen in a swoon by pinching this joynt, and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron; for by this a restoring force that is in it [the joint or the ring?] passeth to the heart and refresheth the fountain of life, unto which this finger is joynted: wherefore it deserved that honour above the rest, and antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold." The same writer mentions a fact which still more surprisingly attests the ignorance and superstition of the time. The old physicians were so assured of the virtues derived by this finger from the heart, that they used to mix their medications and potions with it.

Our own notion of the matter is this. We believe the use of the ring, first in betrothal, and afterwards in marriage, had its origin in the ancient custom of presenting the *signet ring* in token of faith or trust. Many instances of this will occur to the reader, as recorded in Eastern annals; and from the

East this custom, like many more, seems to have come. There is some evidence that the custom of marrying with a ring obtained among the ancient Jews, as it does among the Jewish people of the present day.* And as to the ring-finger question, it is easily determinable by the test of convenience. Rings are naturally worn on the left hand, because it is less employed than the right; and the third finger has this same advantage over all the others. It has the peculiarity that it cannot be extended, or easily used, alone; it cannot be lifted except with one of its neighbours; and consequently it is the least liable to expose a ring to wear and tear. A ring worn upon the index finger of the left hand would wear away in half the time; and, worn upon any finger of the right hand, would be under a constant course of abrasion. The Greeks and Romans wore their rings on this finger; and both held the superstition about the nerve.

A peculiar kind of ring was adopted by lovers of antique time. They were called Gimmel or Jimmel rings. They were double, sometimes treble, with joints or links by which they could be separated. From this peculiarity they seem to have obtained their name; as *jimmer* (a north country word) signifies hinges. Others ascribe the name to *Gemelli*, twins. They were also called St. Martin's rings. It would seem that it was sometimes the practice for lovers to wear each a link of these twin rings. Though they have long become forgotten, they were once very common, and formed not the least interesting item in the pack of trinkets, ballads, and ribbons, with which the pedler charmed the village belles. And the pedler, to accommodate his customers, did not insist on selling gimmals of pure gold. They were often of counterfeit metal—oftener, no doubt, than they represented counterfeit love. An old pamphleteer says, "I doubt whether all be gold that glisteneth, since Saint Martin's rings be but copper within, though they be gilt without, sayes the goldsmith." It is equally true that all gold does not glitter; and we can easily imagine the village girls—bright, rosy women as they were before they dreamed of becoming the mothers of our grandmamas—looking

on their copper gimmals with eyes glowing, with more than the riches of gold, and with hearts as unalloyed. Not that the use of these peculiar rings was confined to the humbler class of society. In Dryden's play of "Don Sebastian," a very well-bred couple are introduced as betrothed by gimmel-rings, which are thus particularly described—

"A curious artist wrought 'em,
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet they are both each other's counterpart.
Her part had Juan inscribed, and his had Zayda
(You knew those names were theirs), and in the midst

A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now, if the rivets of those rings, inclosed,
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie:
But if they join you must for ever part."

Rings of rush were also at one time in favour as betrothal gifts; and the ancient dames of two hundred years ago used to aver, "twas a good world when such simplicity was used, and a ring of rush would tie as much love together as a gimmel of gold." Rush rings were also too much used—not only in our own but in other countries—in mock marriages, made with mock ceremonies, to the mockery of conscience and good morals.

Wedding-rings, by the rites of the Catholic Church, used to be consecrated. The following is the form of consecration from a "Masse Booke," published in 1554.

"*The Halowing of the Woman's Ring at Wedding.*

"Thou Maker and Conserver of mankind, Giver of spirituall grace, and Graunter of eternal salvation, Lord, send Thy blessing upon this ring, that she who shall weare it maye be armed wyth the vertue of heavenly defence, and that it may profit her to eternal salvation, thorowe Christ," &c.

Then follows a prayer for a blessing on the ring, "that what woman soever shall weare it, may stand fast in Thy peace, and continue in Thy wyl, and live and grow and waxe old in Thy love, and be multiplied into length of daies." The ceremony concluded with sprinkling the ring with holy water.

We dismiss the subject of rings with the following beautiful old sonnet, "Upon sending his mistresse a gold ring with this posy, Pure and Endlesse:"—

"If you would know the love which I you bear,
Compare it with the ring which your faire hand
Shall make more precious when you shall it weare;
So my love's nature shall you understand.
Is it of metal pure? So you shall prove
My love—which ne'er disloyall thought did
staine.
Hath it no end? So endless is my love
Unless you it destroy with your disdain."

* The 7th verse of the 4th chapter of Ruth is as follows. "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel, concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour, and this was a testimony in Israel." The next verse recites that Boaz, in token of taking Ruth to wife, drew off his shoe. But it appears that the word here translated "shoe," in both instances, really means "ring."

Doth fit the purer wax the more 'tis tried!
 So doth my love; yet herein they dissent:
 That whereas gold, the more 'tis purified,
 By waxing lesse doth shew some part is spent—
 My love doth wax more pure by your more trying,
 And yet encreaseth in the purifying."

Somewhat akin to the exchanging of rings was the fashion of exchanging a bent coin, or for lovers to break a piece of money between them. The beautiful use which Sir Walter Scott has made of this custom, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," will at once occur to the reader's mind. A *ninepence* seems to have been the coin chiefly in demand for this purpose, though groats are frequently mentioned by the old playwrights and ballad-makers; by whom a "piece of gold" is allotted to lovers in refined society. This innocent and significant old token of troth is mentioned in company with another in "The Connoisseur." "If, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or break a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolate fidelity." And a lady in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "Cupid's Revenge," says—

"Given earrings we will wear—
 Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
 Which they on our arms shall twist
 (With their names carved) on our wrist."

It was also an old custom of the Irish to present their lovers with bracelets of hair.

Bridecakes have a very ancient and respectable origin. They seem to be derived from the old heathen ceremony (common, among other nations, to the Hebrews and Romans) of *confarreatio*: in which wheat, flour, or cakes were used. "The English," says an old writer, "when the bride comes from the church, are wont to cast wheat upon her head; and when the bride and bridegroom return home, one presents them with a pot of butter, as presaging plenty, and an abundance of all good things." And Herrick, in his "Hesperides," speaking as to the bride, says—

—"while some repeat
 Your praise, and bless you—sprinkling you with wheat."

This showering of corn upon a young bride's head (we might dispense with the pot of butter) is certainly a beautiful and significant custom, and one the abolition of which has conferred no benefit on mankind. The connexion between bridecakes and the sprinkling with wheat is strongly marked in the following custom, still retained in some parts of Yorkshire. There the bridecake is cut into little square pieces, like dice, thrown over the heads of both bride and bridegroom, and then passed through the ring. Sometimes, however, the cake is broken over the bride's head, and then

thrown up to be scrambled for. From the north of England also seems to have come the practice of passing slips of the bridecake through the wedding-ring, for sorcerous purposes. It is now common usage among young ladies to place these hallowed slices under their pillows, that they may dream of their sweethearts.

Now, only one cake appears at the wedding feast: in old time there were several; and the bride and bridegroom kissed each other over them from opposite sides of the table. This ceremony took place towards the end of dinner, and the cakes were piled on one another, we are told, "like the picture of the shew-bread in the old Bibles." Then (before the civil wars) the bridegroom waited on the wedding guests at dinner.

Bridemaids attended at weddings as long ago as the time of the Anglo-Saxons. Among this people, the bride was led to church by a matron—a bevy of young maidens, called the bride's maids, following them. In later times, however, it was the duty of the bride's maids to lead the *bridegroom* to church; while the bridegroom's men conducted the bride to the altar. We read, in a poetical account of a collier's wedding—

"Two lusty lads, well dressed and strong,
 Stepped out to lead the bride along,
 While two young maids of equal size,
 As soon the bridegroom's hand surprise."

And in the "Scornful Lady," a passage runs—"Were these two arms encompassed with the hands of batchelors, to lead me to the church?" In the Isle of Man, the same ceremony obtained, with this variation: the bride-men bore osier wands in their hands—a very invidious symbol of superiority.

Sometimes, however, two boys were chosen to lead the bride to church, as was the Roman custom; a third boy (in their case) preceding them with a torch of whitethorn in honour of Ceres. In England, for whitethorn rosemary was substituted; or sometimes a bridesman went before the bride, bearing a cup of gold or silver. In the old "History of John Newchombe," the wealthy clothier of Newbury, edited by Strutt, this custom is well illustrated. We have there a "full, true, and particular account" of John Newchombe's marriage; and we find that the bride was led to church between "two sweet boys, with bridelaces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves: the one was Sir Thomas Parry, the other Sir Francis Hungerford. After them walked the chiefest maidens of the country, some bearing bridecakes, and some garlands of wheat-ears finely gilded;" while before the bride was carried "a fair bride cup," of silver gilt, wherein was a goodly branch of rosemary.

gilded very fair, and hung about with silken ribbons of all colours. John Newchombe seems to have gathered at his wedding, not only the chiefest maidens of the country, but its most significant ceremonies; and it must have been a "fair sight," that procession—the bride led by two children, the maidens with their garlands of the wealthy wheat, and the cakes and the cup, all significant of innocence, and peace, and plenty.

Rosemary, whether gilt very fair and hung with gay ribbonings, or fresh from the field, was much used in the ceremonies of our forefathers. This herb was thought to strengthen the memory; and it not only did duty at weddings, but at funerals also; and the good old dames used to carry little sprigs to church with them—as a sign, perhaps, that at least they meant to commit to heart the exhortations of their pastor. The pastor, in his turn, was grateful to the herb which helped his readers to retain the words of his wisdom; and it was a pastor (Dr. Roger Hackett) who thus eulogised the rosemary in a wedding sermon, preached in 1607. "The last of the flowers is the rosemary (*rosmarinus*, the rosemary, is for married men), the which by name, nature, and continued use, man challengeth as properly belonging to himself. It overtoppeth all the flowers in the garden, boasting man's rule. It helpeth the brain, strengtheneth the memory, is very medicinal for the head. Another property of the rosemary is, it affects the heart. Let this *rosmarinus*, this flower of men, a sign of your wisdom, love, and loyalty, be carried not only in your heads, but in your hearts."

An old writer says, "The garden rosemary is called *rosemarium coronarium*, the rather because women have been accustomed to make crowns and garlands thereof."

Rosemary, both at funerals and at weddings, was frequently associated with bays. Sprigs of these, dipped in scented water, or with the stems and leaves gilded, were carried in the hands of the women, and worn in the hats of the men. The bridegroom seems to have been furnished with his own particular sprig of rosemary, bound with ribands, by the bridesmaids, on his first appearance on the bridal day; and in some parts of the country it was customary to deck the bridal bed with sprigs of this favourite herb. The bay, however, was hardly less favourite. It also had its eulogists, as "necessary both for the sick and the sound, the living and the dead. It serveth to adorn the house of God as well as man; to crown or encircle, as with a garland, the heads of the living, and to deck forth the bodies of the dead—at weddings, at funerals, and to bestow among friends." The bay is

also characterised as "a notable smell-feast, and is so good a fellow in them, that almost it is no feast without him. He is a great companion with the rosemary, who is as good a gossip in all feasts as a trencher man." Perhaps this last sentence alludes to the practice (still partially retained) of sticking sprigs of rosemary and bay into the joints at a feast. "I will have no great store of company at the wedding," says the bridegroom in an ancient play—"a couple of neighbours and their wives, and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary."

Since the bay and the rosemary were in such excellent esteem, it may be supposed that they were not omitted from among the herbs and flowers which used to be thrown before the bride in the procession to church. Everyone will recall to mind a passage in Shakspeare to this purpose, "Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

Many extracts from old writers might be given to illustrate this custom. In "Ram Alley," printed in 1636, we read—

"Come, strew apace! Lord, shall I never live
To walke to church on flowers? Oh, 'tis fine
To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
As if her new choppines would scorn to braze
A silly flower."

Roses, the "lucky four-leaved grass," rosemary, bays, primroses, pansies, maiden-blushes, and violets, are especially mentioned as chosen to be strown in the path of the bride; but these were not all.

"The wheaten ear was scattered near the porch,
The green bloom blossomed strewed the way to church."

It is really delightful to find how highly appreciated was the wheat ear in old times—the wheat ear, surrounded with whole halos of beauty and meaning as it is, and banished as it also is from both poetry and art, except in decorating the edges of a "fine-art" bread-platter, or to supply the over-exigent fancy of those who make artificial flowers.

To corn and herbs and flowers add rushes. In Braithwaite's "Strappado for the Divell," this occurs—

"All halle to Hymen and his marriage day!
Strew rushes, and quickly come away!
Strew rushes, maidens, and ever as you strew,
Think, one day, maidens, like will be done for you."

With which comfortable reflection let us conclude for the present.

(To be continued.)

ELEGY TO THE Memory of an Unfortunate Army.

(AFTER MR. POPE'S MANNER.)

WHAT shivering ghosts, along the moonlight
shade
Invite my steps to yon Crimean glade?
'Tis they!—but why those rumbling bellies
prest?
Why sullen glare, the missionary pest?
Oh, ever brave and uncomplaining, tell,
Is it indeed a crime to serve so well?—
To bear so faithful and so firm a heart—
To act a Roman to a cuckoo part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly starve, nor reason why?

Why else, ye Powers! did ye their souls inspire
With British pluck as well as Gallic fire?
Why did ye dower them from your blest abodes,
With arms of giants and with hearts of gods?
Why in their veins the glorious purple pour
That dyed the olden field of Agincour?
Such souls, 'tis true, peep out but once an age—
Dull, sullen prisoners in Inaction's cage—
Dim lights that burn in what we've heard de-
fined

As the rag, tag, and bobtail of mankind;
But once aroused, such fires as well might throw
O'er every foeman's hearth a warning glow—
Burn on the hills for unborn Time to see,
And fright the foxes from our liberty.

O ye false guardians of a charge too good—
Ye mean deserters of your brother's blood!
See on these wordless lips the trembling breath—
These limbs that all too truly freeze in death!
Cold is that breast, the shield of kings before,
And those foe-quelling arms shall smite no more!
Oh, if relentless Justice rules the ball,
How shall your fortunes, how your children fall?
Arouse! amend! for sudden vengeance waits,
And Retribution sitteth at your gates!
There shall the people stand, and pointing, say,
(While their dark faces shadow all the way,)
"Lo! these the traitors! these the dolts who
stand

And play away the fortunes of the land!
Our legions have they slain—and still they've
breath
To yawn, and yawn, and yawn the yawn of
Death."

What shall atone, O host in heaven arrayed,
Thy fate unremedied—thy wrongs unpaid?

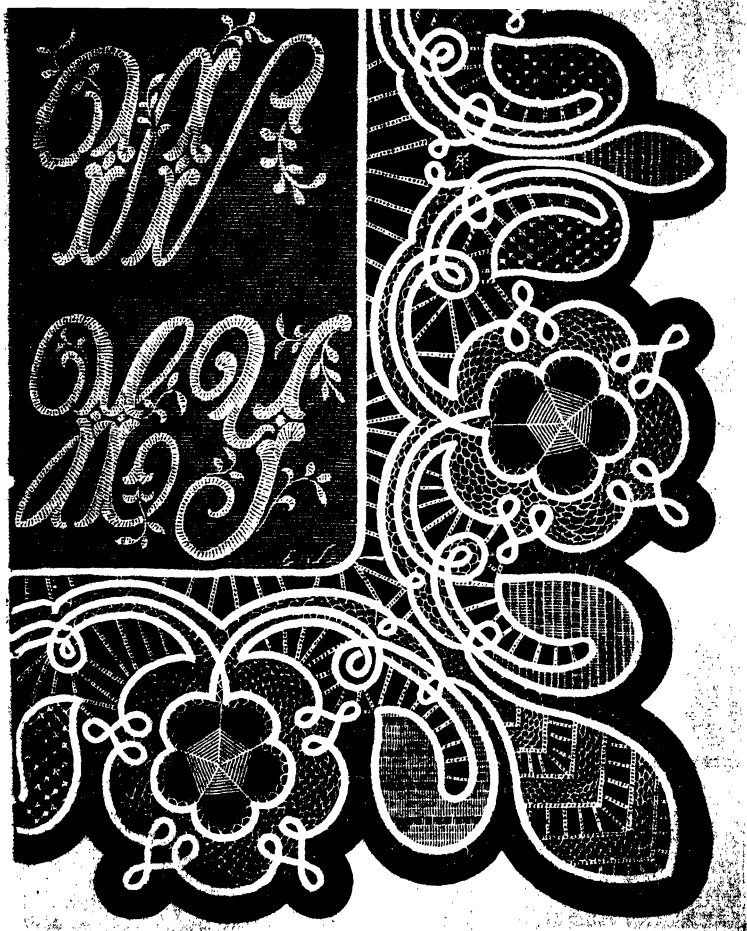
Oh, if a nation's grief, a nation's tear
Please thy pale ghosts, behold her weeping
here

In foreign lands their dying eyes did close,
In foreign lands their noble limbs repose,
A foreign land their barbarous grave adorns—
But England sits upon the seas, and mourns!
What though no splendid pageantry of woe,
No public sorrow made for public show,
Attest their martyrdom and own our crime,
Nor polished marble tell the tale to Time—
What though no sacred earth allow them room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er the tomb—
Still on their grave our hearts' best thoughts shall
dwell,
And as they suffered, so we'll love them, well!
While Honour, with her spotless wings, shall
shade
The ground now sacred by their relics made.

So peaceful rest! our strength, our pride, our
shame,
O blot and glory of our British name!
How loved, how honoured now avails thee not,
Then turn we to the wrongs thy wrongs begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
And as thou art the treacherous soon shall be.
Kingdoms themselves must fall when those they
wrong
Are their best, only bulwarks 'gainst the
strong;
And mighty England may not oft afford
To snap the faithful arm that wields her sword!

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT.—The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities, or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favourable direction of the prevailing wind. Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of the Orinoco on the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day. Some authors ascribed the fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees; but M. Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinoco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere.

Embroidery.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN POINT LACE.

This border is given the full size for working, and all the stitches given, so that there will be no difficulty in its working. It is composed of the rose and fleur-de-lis, emblematical of our alliance with France, and therefore a very eligible pattern for patriotic Englishwomen. The wide lines forming the flowers are made on narrow flat braid. The stitches are worked in Evans' board-headed cotton of three different thicknesses.

Embroidery.



LOUNGING CAP.

In answer to the inquiries of several valued friends, we give a pattern of a Lounging Cap suitable for two kinds of work. The engraving represents it in appliqué; for that, the ground will be cut out of a rich deep purple velvet, with the wreath cut out of a bright green velvet, and the pattern done in gold braid, with the tassels and cord to bind the edge must be done in colour, and should be gold and green. Or the cap may be made of the same material as above, and the pattern done in gold braid, with the veining of the leaves worked in chain-stitch with a bright green silk. The pattern we give is the full size for working, both for the crown and the sides.

SABBATH EVENING ON THE BALTIC SEA.

It is the evening hour,
 Yet but a single star
 In silent silence o'er the waters sendeth;
 Far still the cloudless sky
 Hath the soft roseate dye
 That the bright orb of day so richly lendeth!

The fair blue Baltic's wave
 Our gallant bark doth lave,
 And now, like a young steed all wildly prancing,
 They lightly spring and leap,
 And to their music deep,
 Light as the sea-nymphs, they are gaily dancing

This lovely Sabbath eve,
 Its memory may not leave
 My soul, while it the power to think shall keep!
 For it hath glided by
 In gait so heavenly,
 It seemeth like a vision of my sleep!

The sun, in gory red,
 Hath sought his briny bed—
 Yet all around, his farewell rays are gleaming,
 And ere the lovely dye
 Leaveth the evening sky,
 The moon a cold light upon us will be streaming

How solemn tis to be
 Thus tossing on the sea,
 Naught save "the blue above and blue below"
 And yet no thought of fear
 Creepeth upon me here—
 For He, the Mighty One, our course doth know!

He, that the voice hath heard
 E'en of the tiniest bird,
 When unto Him its feeble chirp ascendeth,
 Oh! He our souls doth keep
 Whilst here upon the deep
 Our solitary bark its pathway wendeth.

Oh! how the thoughts of home
 Involuntarily come
 Upon us in this solemn evening hour!
 O Father! wilt thou not
 Protect the dear, loved spot?
 For thine alone, O Holiest! is the power
 And, oh! should tempests sweep
 The bosom of the deep,
 While we are dreaming, we will doubt thee never!
 So thou art watching here,
 Thou, who art everywhere,
 And we, thine own, will trust in thee for ever.

Things Worth Knowing.

VARNISH FOR COLOURED PAPER.—In reply to the inquiry of our readers concerning "Coloured Castles," &c. &c. we give the following recipe: Take an ounce of Canada balsam, and two ounces of spirits of turpentine. Mix well together. Before this composition is applied, the print should be sized with a solution of alumina in water. When this size is dry, apply the varnish with a camel hair brush.

TO BLEACH ENGRAVINGS.—A correspondent lately asked how she might bleach some engravings; perhaps the following recipe will suit her. Immerse the print in oxygenated muriatic acid—letting the engraving remain in the acid a shorter or longer time according to the strength of the acid, this may be tested by first immersing a leaf of an old book. The acid may be obtained of a chemist.

GUTTA PERCHA FOR A DECAYED TOOTH.—Procure a small piece of gutta-percha, about as much as will fill the cavity in your tooth, nearly level; drop it into boiling water, and while in the soft state press it into the tooth, then held in the mouth cold water to harden the gutta-percha.

BEECH LEAVES FOR MATTRESSES.—The leaves were formerly used in Britain, and are to this day in some parts of Europe, for filling beds. Evelyn says that "its very leaves, which form a natural and most agreeable canopy all the summer, being gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are much frost bitten, afford the best and the easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw; because, besides their tenderness and their loose lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years long, before which time straw becomes musty and hard. They are used by divers persons of quality in Dauphine, and in Switzerland I have lain on them to my very great refreshment." "We can," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "from our own experience, bear testimony to the truth of what Evelyn says here as to the excellence of beech leaves for mattresses. We used always to think that the most luxurious and refreshing bed was that which prevails universally in Italy, and which consists of an absolute pile of mattresses filled with the elastic spaw of the Indian corn—which beds have the advantage of being soft as well as elastic—and we have always found the sleep enjoyed on them to be peculiarly sound and restorative. But the beds made of beech leaves are really not a whit behind them in these qualities, while the fragrant smell of green tea which the leaves retain is most gratifying."

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—After all the dust is taken out, tack your carpets down to the floor. Then mix half a pint of bullock's gall with two gallons of soft water, scrub it well with soap and this gall mixture, let it remain till dry—it will then look like new. Be careful your brush be not too hard.

MASTIC VARNISH FOR PICTURES.—To one pint of spirits of turpentine put ten ounces of the clearest gum mastic, set it in a sand bath till it is all dissolved, then strain it through a fine sieve. If too thick, thin it with spirits of turpentine.

Sick Room and Nursery

AGUE.—The following is an excellent prescription for ague:—Take three quarters of an ounce of bark, a nutmeg grated, a tablespoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, eighty drops of hawthorn, and forty drops of syrup of red popples; mix them into an electuary with aniseed-water or brandy. Take first a little opening medicine; then a teaspoonful of the electuary every four hours—but only when the fit is off. In about two days, when the ague has abated, take the same every six hours, until you think the disorder has left you. For a time you must avoid the use of meat, malt liquor, or spirits, and live upon flour victuals and broths. A week after the ague has disappeared, the above remedy should be taken again, to prevent a relapse.

TO REMOVE DISCOLOURATION OCCASIONED BY BRUISES &c.—Should the eye, or any other part, be blackened by a fall, a blow, or running against any hard substance, apply a cloth wrung out of very warm water, and renew it until the pain ceases. The moisture and heat liquefies the blood, and sends it back to its proper channel. Use warm water, or hot, but never cold water to a bruise.

EXTRACT OF MALT FOR COUGHS.—Over a peck of pale ground malt pour as much hot (not boiling) water as will cover it. In forty-eight hours draw off the liquor entirely, but without squeezing the grains. Put the former into a large saucepan, that there may be room to boil as fast as possible without boiling over; when it begins to thicken, keep stirring it. It should be as thick as treacle. A dessert-spoonful should be taken thrice a day.

RICE CAUDLE.—Soak some good rice in water for an hour; strain it, and put two spoonfuls of the rice into a little more than a pint of milk; simmer till it is reduced to a fine pulp. Add a bruised clove or two, and a piece of white sugar. If too thick, a little milk may be added. Serve with thin toast.

THE EYES.—Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal-fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

CURE FOR COUGHS.—Boil a quarter of a pound of suet in a pint of new milk. A glass to be taken when the cough is troublesome.

TO CURE DEAFNESS.—Put a teaspoonful of bay salt into half a pint of cold spring water; steep it for twenty-four hours, now and then shaking the phial. Pour a small teaspoonful into the ear every night when in bed, for seven or eight nights.

GARGLE FOR RELAXED SORE THROATS.—Five ounces of cayenne pepper gargle, two ounces of infusion of roses, one ounce of syrup of roses, mix

well.—A simpler, and perhaps equally effectual gargle may be made by well steeping a handful or two of red sage in boiling-water. The decoction thus made should be strong enough to be of a mahogany colour. Add to say half a pint of it, a large tablespoonful of moist sugar, and half a teaspoonful of vinegar.

HOARSENESS.—Mix one teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a wineglass of water. This may be taken two or three times a day.

The Toilette.

INVALUABLE DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of hot water; before quite cold, add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirit of camphor; bott the mixture for use. A small wine-glass of the solution, added to half a pint of tepid water, is sufficient for each application. This solution, applied daily, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay, and induces a healthy action in the gums. C. L. having fully tested the above recipe, and recommended it to others, is desirous of making its efficacy known to the subscribers of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SCURF IN THE HEAD.—Dissolve a piece of fresh quicklime about the size of a walnut with a pint of cold water; let it stand twelve or fourteen hours, then pour the water off carefully without disturbing the sediment; add a gill of the best vinegar. This is an excellent remedy, and perfectly harmless.

ELDER FLOWER WATER is commonly prepared by distillation, using about one pound of flowers to every gallon of water required. As, however, this plan cannot be put into operation by the majority of our readers, we suggest the following more simple method. Take of elder flower oil three ounces, rectified spirit, three ounces; place them together in a bottle, and shake well, twice a day, for a week. After standing, the spirit will rise and float on the oil, from which it may be poured off quite clear. One ounce of this spirit of elder flowers, added to one quart of soft water (rain or distilled water is the best), will make very excellent elder flower water. It is probable that this mixture will have a milky appearance, but it is none the worse for that. If required bright, a teaspoonful of magnesia must be stirred in, and the water filtered through blotting-paper.

ELDER FLOWER OIL FOR THE HAIR.—Take of the best almond or olive oil, one pound; elder flowers (free from stalk), two ounces; place the flowers in the oil in a jar, or wide-mouthed bottle; let them remain forty-eight hours, then strain. The oil must now stand in a quiet and cool place for at least a month, in order to clear itself. The bright part being poured off, is fit for use. If considered too strong, plain oil may be added.

MOUTH WASH.—Persons who have carious teeth, or who desire to rid the mouth and breath of the odour of tobacco, &c., will find the following preparation very beneficial.—Take a quarter of an ounce each of dried mint, thyme, and lemon-thyme; half an ounce of cloves or shad; half a nutmeg, grated; pour on these ingredients half a pint of any spirit, and let the mixture stand together for two or three days; then strain off the tincture, formed, and add ten drops of oil of peppermint; it is then ready for use. It may be used either as a gargle or to clean the teeth.

Cupid's Letter-Bag.

AMANDA—"Dear Cupid.—I am acquainted with a promising young man, who is four years my senior, and just entering manhood. We have known each other, I may say, almost from childhood, have played together and planned together, but now he is about to leave me and enter on the busy scenes of life; but before he goes he speaks to me of love, and hopes that at some future time he may make me his wife. Dear Cupid, such ideas never entered my head till now; I am but a mere girl, and never dreamt of love, but I feel it imperceptibly creeping over me since he avowed his affection. Dear Cupid, would it be wise of me to encourage this attachment at so early an age?"—A very dangerous case. On the whole (and we get a very broad view from this letter), we think it would not be wise to encourage the attachment—too much; AMANDA should break it—and keep the pieces.

CLARA AUGUSTA.—It is really delightful to meet in this subliminary vale, a being so blessed as CLARA AUGUSTA—so blessed, and so blessed innocent. CLARA AUGUSTA is "a young girl of eighteen summers, of middle stature, pale, not beautiful; yet my friends think me lovely and lovable, and the children of my acquaintance say, 'Don't put your bonnet on yet (when I wish to go out), you look so lovely without it.'" Beautiful—sweet childhood! And how naive is CLARA AUGUSTA!—how considerate, how good! She proceeds—"I know I am lovely, yet I feel not proud of it, for beauty fades. I do not feel at all superior to my plainer companions; it is a fact forced upon me rather than thought of. I am of a shrinking, reserved disposition, open and truthful, hating lies and all prevarications; generous, loving, trusting every one, not at all inclined to jealousy, very hopeful—I do not know what it is to despair. I seldom go out into company, but am often sought after by gentlemen, more frequently than I like, preferring ladies to gentlemen. Before my eighteenth birthday I had four offers of marriage, all of which I refused." The good creature! But even she is exposed to the sorrows of the world. Refused though she has four offers of marriage, though she undoubtedly prefers the society of women to that of nasty men, yet she has been abandoned by one of the creatures, and she sighs for his return. "Twelve months ago I met a gentleman of pleasing manners and address, of lovely appearance, and unsullied reputation; a noble countenance, but more noble mind, well informed, quite a learned man. During winter and spring he paid most marked attentions to me; among other things,

quite offended a young gentleman who often sought my side. Week after week, regularly I have met him in the social circle, when he has always been by my side; if I left before he was aware, I seldom got above a dozen yards before he overtook me, and seemed to claim the right always to be with me. He was the same as usual until a month ago, and without any reason whatever he passes me as if he knew me not. I know not that I have done anything. I have searched and researched my own conduct, and feel satisfied that I am innocent of any cause of complaint. I feel very unhappy about it. If I have offended, and knew what it was in, I might have an opportunity of exculpating myself; as it is, I cannot. Would Cupid kindly lead me his aid, and tell me what I am to infer from the conduct of a gentleman who one week almost by look and word tells me he loves me, and the other passes me as a stranger? Shall I meet him as friend or stranger when next we meet, or strive to banish and forget one so inconstant?"—We really cannot explain the gentleman's rash and astounding conduct. But perhaps CLARA AUGUSTA's loveliness is too much; perhaps her *naïveté*, her innocence, the beautiful unconsciousness of her virtues, have overcome him; and he has only retired to take breath.

CARLI has "been for some time past much annoyed by the addresses of an elderly gentleman, who on every opportunity makes himself absurd, and will not take her refusal for an answer. Now CARLI does not know how to act; and she does not consult her friends, fearful of being laughed at, and also for some other private reasons, but she will feel greatly obliged to Mr. Editor by his giving her advice on this subject."—CARLI had better tell the old gentleman on the next occasion (or a private little note will do) that a repetition of his annoyances will oblige her to reveal them to her father, brother, or guardian, as the case may be. And if he persists, she had better keep her word.

LUCY must wait and see what time brings forth.

ALMA.—The "notions" of the gentleman in question are so obvious that we are rather surprised at being asked for an opinion concerning them. ALMA has already behaved very indiscreetly, and had better beat a rapid and decisive retreat.

ANGELICA.—Sacred as a large white cushion with a motto done in pins.

S. S.—It cannot be doubted. A melancholy fact. There is competition for husbands in every grade of society, and it isn't uncommon for young ladies to talk of matrimonial engagements in some such frame of mind, or at any rate in some such form of words, as diggers of nuggets, or mining adventurers, of veins and lodes.

END OF VOL. III.

